

ESSAYS OF THE YEAR
(1933-1934)

ESSAYS

of the Year

1933—1934



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COMPILER'S NOTE

ALL the eminent men of letters (Sir John Squire, Mr. Robert Lynd, and Mr. G. K. Chesterton) who have thus far prefaced these volumes of *Essays of the Year* have really been unable to say in precise terms what an essay is. Even Mr. Ivor Brown, who now introduces other practitioners, is baffled, apt though he is to the combustion of loose thinking. That is a very good thing for the compiler of this collection, because the pure essay—the essay-in-the-heavens, so to speak, the beginning-middle-and-end literary treatment of a declared theme—is becoming as it were a scarce butterfly or bird. The author “occurs,” is “secured,” “obtained,” in an almost larval stage, and is at once set to writing reviews, or “causeries,” or topical observations in short paragraphs; or even essays disguised as leading articles, which a Great Newspaper, happily represented in this collection, still offers to the glad suffrages of the judicious. But the potential essayist is not to be silenced. He can expatiate just as well in such circum-

stances as in the older dignity of grave reflection in the library or closet: better, maybe, for he has a more flexible medium in to-day's Press. Whatever men do—prayers, fears, anger, desires—remains his pasture.

It is under that conviction that I have here interpreted the term "essay" very loosely, and make no excuse for it. I have considered the writer's attitude of mind rather than his method of expression, his substance rather than the mere bones of his form. It seems to me a dry scholastic refinement that would rule out from an assembly of "essays" the well-rounded criticism of a matter of interest simply because the author happens to be able to express himself best in a letter or a dialogue, or even a parody. These papers have been chosen (upon that principle, or lack of it) because, to me, they are readable after their brief first life; because, though they may have had a special occasion, their subject is of more than temporary interest; and because their very occasion itself may be worth remembering. They are grouped—perhaps a little arbitrarily, for the essence of an essay is its personal whimsy—in such a way that the few readers who are not so agile-minded as the writers can devour or neglect any subject at will. But those

readers can also (and will, I hope) disregard classification and take the luck of the dip: as I have, in selecting the papers.

It should be stated, in justice to Mr. Ivor Brown, that he is no way responsible for the selection. The period covered is, roughly, from the beginning of 1933 to Midsummer, 1934, as no collection was published by the Argonaut Press in 1933 itself.

The warmest thanks are due to the authors for allowing their work to be included, and to the editors of the following journals for their generous consent to the reproduction of contributions they so wisely published in the first instance:

To *The Quarterly Review*, for that by Miss Elizabeth Haldane.

To *The Times*, for its own leading articles, and for contributions by Prof. A. F. Pollard, Mr. Denis Mackail, and Mr. Bernard Darwin.

To *The Manchester Guardian*, for those by Mr. Neville Cardus, Mr. Gordon Phillips, and Mr. J. L. Hammond.

To Mr. Gerald Barry and *The Week-End Review* (in its former independence), for those by Mr. Hugh Walpole, Miss Rose Macaulay, Miss Naomi Royde-Smith, and its Editor.

To *The Church Times*, for that by Mr. Charles Bernard Mortlock.

To *The Sketch*, for that by Mr. Alan Kemp.

To *The Fortnightly Review*, for that by Mr. G. W. Stonier.

To *The Sunday Times*, for that by Mr. E. V. Knox.

To *The Observer*, for that by Sir W. Beach Thomas.

To *The Evening News*, for those by Mr. K. R. G. Browne and Mr. John Connell.

To *Time and Tide*, for that by Miss E. M. Delafield.

To *The London Mercury*, for those by Mr. Shane Leslie and Mr. Philip Gosse.

To *The New Statesman and Nation*, for those by Mr. Robert Lynd, Mr. R. Ellis Roberts, and Mr. Leonard Woolf.

To *The Nineteenth Century and After*, for those by Mr. L. A. G. Strong and Mr. Seton Gordon.

To *The Cornhill Magazine*, for those by Mr. C. E. Lawrence and Mr. Llewelyn Powys.

To *The Book Collector's Quarterly*, for that by Mr. Ralph Straus.

To *The Spectator*, for those by Dr. W. J. Lawrence and Mr. E. F. Benson.

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To *The English Review*, for that by Mr. Montgomery Belgion.

To *The Sunday Pictorial*, for that by Mr. Bernard Falk.

To *John o' London's Weekly*, for that by Mr. Richard Prentis.

The papers by Miss V. Sackville-West, Mr. T. R. Henn and Mr. A. Edward Newton have not been previously published in England, and many of the others have been considerably revised since their appearance in periodicals.

F. J. HARVEY DARTON.

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INTRODUCTION

YET AGAIN THE ESSAY

By Ivor Brown

ESSAYISTS far better qualified than myself both to compose and to define the subject of this book have, in their introductory essays to succeeding numbers of this annual volume, prodded and probed the body of the Essay in order to discover its nature. Of these analysts Mr. Chesterton came quickest to the point when he applied the literal test to the literary problem and described the Essay as an effort, a try-on, a pot-shot. But pot-shottery does not carry the Earnest Inquirer (and I assume the reader to be that, however little he likes the name) very far towards the Pure Essay-Form, the Essay laid up in Heaven, as Plato would have said. Far be it from me to chase the Essay so far. There is no more compulsion on those who write essays to define them than there is on hens to provide a chemical analysis of eggs. But distinctions can be made between various kinds of Essay and there is one particular difference of which

every writer, amateur or professional, is immediately aware. One sort of Essay is attached to a set subject; the other is the Essay at large, the Essay libertine and enjoying all the miseries of that licentious state.

An essay, for the school-boy, school-girl, and all the trembling host who sit for examinations, means a subject or a limited choice of subjects. Often there is one literary theme and one political. The wretches are commanded to discuss the allegation that "The style is the man" or to consider the sage remark that "It was the function of the nineteenth century to liberate; it will be the function of the twentieth to control." You know the kind of thing.

The people confronted with the hideous necessity of being curtly critical and promptly wise about one or other of these remarks immediately reflect on the cruelty of their fortune. Their minds, on either subject, are obstinately blank; the clock is ticking away the fugitive minutes; some ruthless and detestable neighbour is scribbling furiously on as though ideas about style or liberty were twelve-a-penny to him and composition were as easy as munching caramels. They, the hitherto quiescent, must somehow compete with that too fluent knave and start this penning of profundities. What

sensitive, what decent person can be punctually profound? Yet the occasion inexorably calls. "Scribble, scribble, scribble, Mr. Gibbon," said George III to the historian of Rome's decline. "Scribble, scribble, scribble," say the soulless walls of the examination room.

And on set subjects! How different the task, how slight the ordeal, how exquisite the freedom if only the essayist could pick his subject. "On Seeing the First Primrose." That would be, to put it vulgarly, money for jam. We did it—did we not?—last March. Ideas about first primroses remain, ready-packed for delivery, with perhaps a neat quotation as the ribbon. In any case anything would be preferable to this abominable tyranny which pins us down to be stylish about style or politic about politics. Immediately the theme-bound essayist decides that the writing job would be all very well if only he were free. How happy the lot of the "littery gent" who has but to follow his own fancy and write what he likes and then will see it actually in print and even receive a small reward for it! No "Style is the Man" for him; he can decant his impressions on anything under the sun, moon, or limelight, anything that he saw last week or hopes to see next. Given liberty to range about and pick your

own theme, this business of essay-writing would be as comfortable a way of earning bread-and-butter as selling ice-cream in a heat-wave.

Grotesque illusion ! The professional essayist, who has to turn out an essay a week or possibly even two, lives amid all the strain of dubiety. The essay, which must be ready on Friday, begins to destroy his peace of mind on Tuesday. What subject next? Where is a peg on which to hang those humours or sagacities which—so a kindly editor presumes—some people are eager to read, whose absence they would actually deplore? He thinks of the happy schoolboy with subject handed out, so punctual and precise. It is all very well to give him the poet's advice, to bid him look in his soul and write. He looked there last week and the week before and he found little that was not stale or flat, nothing that would be prop to a column. He scours the news; he even scours the advertisements, for the Agonists of *The Times* are often helpful; he pounces on those "Sayings of the Week" in which, by sub-editorial snipping, the supposedly wise are made to look uncommonly foolish. He considers the calendar, the anniversaries, the centenaries, the records in which modern sport so obviously abounds; he looks at the clock quite as anxiously as any

examinee; he yawns, he fidgets, he despairs. If only the editor would compel him, like a tyrannical dominie, to face this subject or that. But the editor, having himself no ideas of a novel order, is only too ready to leave it to his scribe. So some already rejected theme is accepted in despair. A gentleman has just established a record by rolling a pea up Mont Blanc with the tip of his nose. Peas, Alps, noses, something surely can be done. Something must be done. Something is done. But, such is the professional guile and craft of this artificer of essays, that you, the reader, will never have the slightest idea of the agony that has been undergone. I trust that I libel no author whose essay does honour to this volume and deserves a worthier prologue, when I suggest that some of these excellent pieces have been thus painfully conceived and executed in despair. For it is out of such agony that invention glitters, wit sparkles, wisdom flows.

It is worth remembering, especially in schools, examination-rooms, and places where they suffer, that art is the child of despair and necessity the mother of inspiration. Some of the world's greatest literature has been written by the clock and forcibly dragged from a costive and reluctant brain by the need to buy a loaf or

meet a bill. When an author begins to fuss about the condition of his labour, I suspect him of being a charlatan. Should he announce that he cannot possibly pour his true self upon the printed page unless he retires for six weeks to the summit of Scawfell Pike I suspect those pages of the worst. It is probable that a man will write his best when he is extremely tired, not a little out of sorts, and most unwilling to begin. It is more than likely that most of Shakespeare's plays were written in some such manner, amid the cursing of Burbage at unpunctual delivery, with obligation to write in good parts for so-and-so and so-and-so, and with bits added in a tavern or at the side of the stage because some actor, voracious in his vanity, insisted on having a "bit more fat," as they say in the profession. The subjects too might be dictated by royal weddings, political situations, or the popular fashion of the play-house. The writer who says that he must be free is talking nonsense. The essayist who demands the universe for his kingdom is a jackass. He will only get lost in the void. What he needs is an efficient schoolmaster, if he is a young amateur, or an efficient editor, if he is an old "pro." These will give him his orders and he will realize the ancient and scriptural

truth that to obey is better than to sacrifice and to hearken than the fat of rams.

At this point another feature of the Essay becomes obvious. It is the product of intelligent ignorance, which I take to be one of the most precious of intellectual qualities. If you know everything about primroses or nightingales you write a work of botanical or ornithological science. If you know very little about primroses or nightingales but are open to impressions you can, with sense and sensibility, write an Essay of some value; indeed, your lack of knowledge is really a considerable assistance, because there are few or no facts to bog your fancy. The essay is the expression, nearly always, of Unspecialized Opinion; obviously that must be so. For, if a writer puts together a volume of forty or fifty essays, on different subjects, it is impossible that he should be learned in all of them. We return to the Chestertonian definition of a try-on, a pot-shot. This has great advantages. For specialists not only tend to be bores, they are nearly always incorrect. That twenty specialists will hold twenty opinions on one subject shows that at least nineteen of them are wrong. Even if you retain some faith in the possible correctness of specialists, you must admit the increasing

limitation of their field. As some wit has put it, in this world of to-day wisdom consists of knowing more and more about less and less. Against this deplorable narrowness of the Man Who Knows (or so he thinks) is set the far-flung audacity of the Man Who Writes, since so he must.

A defence of the Essay, accordingly, will seize on our present need of sensibly inexpert views. The Essayist is the man who is always rummaging for subjects; he looks at the multitudinous ardours and endurances, at the activities and aspirations and absurdities of man. They are his theme. Into that welter of observed fact he fires his pot-shot and he aims as best he can with the simple marksmanship of his kind. If he is blessed with natural shrewdness, he will hit the bull's-eye often enough. For he is not overwhelmed with too much reading or involved in some war of the sects, as the specialists are. He is the layman's representative and foreman of the plain men's jury. He has his own eye instead of learning's spectacles and it is certainly not to be assumed that the latter always see furthest or see best. The Essayist may be a professional writer, but he is always the amateur of that wherein he works. And so, trying it on, like the amateurs in other fields, he frequently pulls it off.

“ESSAYS AT LARGE”

BELIEVING WHAT YOU READ

By Hugh Walpole

I HAVE recently had an experience which seems to me of more than private interest. One feels this of so many experiences, and so seldom with justice. But this time——!

The other day I went to speak at a luncheon in Oxford. I enjoy speaking. I enjoy luncheon. I enjoy Oxford. So that I was happy that day, carolling like Beachcomber (whom God preserve!), and Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis in one. Then my morning in Oxford made me gay. In a bookshop I found a book about Beddoes, for which I had long been searching, in the High I saw a young man on a bicycle who turned out on closer view to be a young woman, and the trees were crimson on Magdalen Bridge (to quote Mr. Beverley Nichols). Altogether I was very happy. I went in to luncheon in a frivolous spirit, which as both my friends and detractors know, is a *dangerous* spirit. I was supposed to say something about the novel. I have done this once or twice

already in my time. Moreover, I had visited some four or five booksellers that morning, and they had one and all said to me: "Oh, sir, if it weren't for the novel! . . . No one reads anything but novels! If only all the novelists could be drowned, poisoned, stabbed. . . ."

"What!" I cried. "Has Mrs. Leavis of Cambridge done no good? Has none of the novelists she has so rightfully exposed died of sheer shame?"

"None that we know of," said the booksellers.

So, ironically (and how splendid is my irony no one but myself truly knows), I stood on my little platform above the bowed heads of the lunchers and gaily (oh! so gaily) mocked the novel. I said that no one read it any more, that everyone was sick and tired of it. That the crowds on the Brighton beaches read St. Augustine, and the families of Southend Rebecca West. I said that plainly the public had no taste, and that this hankering after normal entertainment, this avoidance of psycho-analysis, their confusion at the apparition of Mr. Bloom in Dublin, and Lady Chatterley in the Old Kent Road was a sorry thing. This may not sound very funny as I write it, but I can

assure you that it amused me very much indeed as I said it. As I walked afterwards through the High, my head up with real episcopal buoyancy, my horn-rimmed spectacles beaming on the world, I was very pleased with myself. "This time," I thought, "I have been very ironical indeed."

And then what happens? A sheaf of Press-cuttings flutters into my home. (There should be a debate on Press-cuttings. Does a man display a greater vanity in having them or not having them? Does Mr. Agate have them or not have them? Did Mr. George Moore have them? Do the Sitwells have them?) Well, what do I see? I see this: "Well-known novelist deplores lack of interest in the novel." "Mr. Hugh Walpole says public don't read novels." "Well-known author says public have no taste"—and the *Wortlebury News* has a leader: "Mr. Hugh Walpole has been talking some sorry nonsense . . ." No irony! No humour! All my new rôle as a second Beachcomber-Lewis wasted? This is humiliating enough, but here is the larger, wider interest. I suddenly perceive that not one word attributed by the Press to living persons means what it says—it means precisely the opposite! When Mr. Churchill says that we are losing

India he means that we are saving it. When Mr. Lloyd George says that he did well in the war, he means that he behaved quite disgracefully. When Mr. James Agate says that he read ten of Balzac's novels before he was twenty, and since then has read none other, he means that he is the best-read man in the United Kingdom. When Mr. Frankau says that he doesn't trust the Book Society, he means that he is the only English gentleman supporting it. When Mr. Osbert Sitwell says that he doesn't really like Mr. Noel Coward, he means that he loves him—and so on, and so on.

At once the daily Press is a new delight to me. How eagerly now I peruse Lord Beaverbrook on the front page of the *Daily Express*! How clear is it now to me that he distrusts the Dominions, would wish us to have nothing whatever to do with them, and wonders at our confidence in them! And the Society gossips! When Lord Doncaster says that Emmeline (known as Puggy) Winders is a "darling" and is the leader in the black-fingernail brigade, I know that he thinks her a sorry old hag, and that her nails are white as snow. When——! But enough. I hope I have made myself clear. I hope that my discovery will mean that the circulation of the

HUGH WALPOLE

daily Press will now go up in leaps and bounds, that, in fact, they need give away no longer to an ungrateful public sewing machines, toilet sets, and complete editions of the works of D. H. Lawrence.

COMPARISONS

By Rose Macaulay

TO what shall I compare thee, or whereunto shall I liken thee? has been the inquiry of humanity in all ages, and on all occasions. For the desire to liken one object to another object (not necessarily particularly similar) seems to be one of the more primitive human lusts. The reason why comparisons are odious, says Hazlitt, is because they are impertinent, making one thing the standard of another which has no relation to it. Odious to Heaven they may be, but not to mankind, which has always found the act of comparison so necessary to it that any simile will serve. "I have compared thee, O my love," the author of the Canticle remarks, with satisfaction, "to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots." His love was evidently a young woman of vigour and energy; and as to her hair, it was, he told her, as a flock of goats, and her teeth like a flock of sheep which come up from the washing, each bearing twins. In this delight-

ful dialogue, neither he nor she is ever at a loss for comparisons; indeed, lovers seldom are. They have always ransacked heaven and earth for their similes, as have poets, romancers and fabulists of all ages, for what can be a more agreeable exercise than deciding that something is just like something else? Unless it be so, it seems somehow incomplete, only half a thing. Hence the impulse of the lover to make analogies, not always apt, for every feature of his mistress. If her teeth are not really very like a flock of sheep, each bearing twins, they are not actually much more like pearls; and eyes which should closely resemble stars would be, like the ancient mariner's glittering orbs, somewhat strange and alarming in the human face.

Earnest investigation into the habits of animals has provided us with appropriate similes for many human actions. Those who, for instance, have observed the deaths of flies tell us that many men and women expire in the same muscarious manner. "They died like flies," we are told. How does a fly die? On its back, we believe, with legs in the air. And how are dogs shot? "Move, or I'll shoot you like a dog," we say. (That means, I think, as a dog is shot, not as a dog shoots.) I have never seen a dog shot, so I do not know what to ex-

pect when this is said to me. Nor have I seen a rat trapped or cornered. Nor a hog driving a car. It seems that hogs drive very fast and all over the road, and hate to be overtaken and passed. A hog at the wheel must be a somewhat rare sight, but the analogy is everywhere admitted to be just, so it must have been occasionally seen. As to hares (anyhow, in March), they serve, together with hatters, as the simile for the mentally unsound. This leporine instability of intellect is one of the most anciently established facts of natural history, as old as the merriment of crickets, the gaiety of larks, the busyness of bees, the blindness of bats, the folly of geese, the watchfulness of lynxes, the courage of lions, the rudeness of bears, the cunning of foxes, the malice of cats and the poverty of church mice. As to secular mice, the most bustling and noisy little rodents of creation, in some mood of popular irony the quality of quietness has been fastened on to them. And why, among beasts of prey, are wolves particularly hungry, even famished? It would seem that these poor beasts never get enough to eat. The hunger of hunters is more obvious, for if they were not hungry, why should they hunt? Equally evident is the bibulousness of fishes and lords, and the solemnity

of judges and owls. The rapacity of sharks must also be evident to anyone who has looked into their mouths. Nor would I question that milk is mild, cucumbers cool, ditchwater dull, eating easy, guns safe, new pins clean, paint fresh, fate sure, posts deaf, or door-nails and mutton dead, that Trojans work hard, that troopers swear, that water is both weak and lavishly spent, that wild fire spreads, that harts desire water-brooks, that bear-gardens are noisy, that logs sleep sound, that hot cakes sell rapidly. But I am not quite sure how soap is sold. "He sells books as if they were soap," one sometimes hears of some publisher who is more than usually successful in getting rid of his wares. I assume the phrase implies that soap sells well, and very creditable to humanity it is that it should be adopted as a symbol of prosperous merchandise. It is said that in Russia and in Poland no such phrase is used in this sense. That the day is honest and that mud is sick I also accept, though I am not sure how we discovered either, and the day, if indeed honest, must be greatly shocked at some of the things it sees. That hell is hot we know, and possibly also dark, in spite of all its bonfires. But this locality also often serves as a simile for very rapid driving, for a strong in-

tention or emotion ("Like hell, I will"), or, indeed, for almost anything else. Hell is obviously very far from unique.

But what is a rag-bag like? There has been of late some disapprobation expressed of English travellers abroad who look, when they visit foreign cities, "like rag-bags." I have never seen a rag-bag. But I take it (after consultation with the dictionary) to be a bag in which rags or scraps of cloth are collected or stored. "Many people," runs one of the illustrations quoted, "would be surprised if they could see the contents of a rag-bag." But the contents would not, I assume, show outside. The question is what the bag looks like, and this, I suppose, one could find out by going abroad and observing those who have the ill taste to travel rather in order to see than to be seen.

There is something less easily discovered than this, and that is, how bulls behave when in china shops. There was a cow walked into a china shop in Holborn in 1767, ate a cup and saucer, and walked out again. But no doubt a bull would do more actively than this.

Two last questions. Which behave more meanly, worms or yellow curs? And what are the dastardly crimes committed by hounds?

GOOD SOUNDS AND BAD

By C. B. Mortlock

WE put our clocks back to true solar time at the right moment. For myself, there is no domestic task which I discharge with more content. It does not please me to march out of step with the sun all through the summer months. Our make-believe came to an end at the right moment, for, as I write, the strong windy gusts are buffeting my windows, and there is that whine in the chimney which whimpers plainly of winter's approach.

Outside, among the eaves and chimney-stacks, the voice of the wind is robust and confident. From my windows I can see none of its impish misdemeanours, lifting a petticoat there and whisking a hat off here. I am too high above the street. High enough, indeed, to enter into the zest of the wind. I love to hear it race and roar.

Yet I suppose there are some people who are complaining petulantly of the noisy pranks of

the wind. Their youth is not mystically renewed in that tempestuous whirling and shrieking. There is something amiss, I think, when the sounds of Nature are merely an irritation to the human spirit. No one more cordially approves than I the aims of the proposed noise abatement movement; but I hope I may never be found complaining that Nature is too noisy.

Nor can you justly say that the noises of man, and even of his machines, are offensive when they are linked with Nature. The sound of the woodman's axe, the whirr of the threshing machine, even the hum of the suburban lawn-mower, have a music that is their own. A great deal of the remembered delight of the countryside puts us in the debt of such sounds. Can you deny that the ring in the mind's ear of the sickle being whetted on the stone or the rhythmic swishing of the scythe induces a nostalgia?

I have been told that exiles in lonely places overseas are prone to a similar home-pain when they recall the characteristic noises of the town. As they hear again in imagination the hum of the traffic and the rest of the jangling discord of the streets, they pine to be back in the midst of it. Every great city, I fancy, has its charac-

teristic note. Paris, for instance, is more shrill than London, Vienna less staccato.

But whatever the romance with which you invest the noise of cities, the fact remains that above all other it has power to torment and tease and fray the nerves. One of the London evening newspapers has been printing letters from its readers stating what they judge to be the worst noises. The resultant list is instructive because it shows that small and trifling sounds have it in them to afflict the noise-battered townsman no less than the more obvious offenders.

It is certain that we endure more noise than is necessary or even excusable. I have never understood, for example, why we should tolerate the din of motor-cycle engines just because some of the young men who ride them take satisfaction in their explosive racket. And why should anyone who pleases be permitted to lift his voice in the street?

The truth I suspect to be that a very large proportion of our fellow-beings are insensitive to the cacophony around them. Even the strident vocalizing of Welsh miners, so-called, inflicts no exquisite pain on their senses. Stillness is much more disturbing to them than noise. How many of those who read Professor

16 GOOD SOUNDS AND BAD
Einstein's words on the subject could share his
desire for perfect quiet and solitude?

Most householders, who have thoughtlessly transported town-bred servants to the country, have been apprised sooner or later that their domestics "can't stand the quiet." In fact, it "fair gets on their nerves." It is a sad reflection that noise has been so constant an element in the lives of thousands of people, that they vaguely discern something sinister and menacing in stillness.

Perhaps we shall come to an understanding of the matter in time. One of the wiser remarks of Emerson was his saying that a gentleman makes no noises.

I wish that were really true of those who are reckoned gentlefolk to-day. That it is not, you may judge from the loud-voiced conversation you hear in public places. Almost always in a restaurant or similar resort, the people who discuss their affairs as though no one else was present are those who are confident in their possessions of good breeding. It is an infuriating form of arrogance, but I am afraid the Noise Abatement Society will not cope with it easily.

October, 1933.

ECCENTRICITY

From The Times

FROM Grieffenberg, to the north of Berlin, comes a tale of intolerance in Germany, very distressing to the ears. Some mischievous children, holding that initiative now belongs to youth, stole three eggs from the nest of a stork and put goose eggs in their place. In due course came hatching day. The mother was shocked. The father was even more shocked. He fetched fifteen friends who came and gazed solemnly at the sight. They then formed themselves into a storm detachment to beat up the aliens, and flung the young geese out of the nest to perish. Then they killed the unfortunate mother and so vindicated the purity of their stock. The moral is not to be eccentric, and it is a moral that is being learnt even faster than it is being taught. The human race is, on the whole, more easy-going than birds, and if the mother stork had had the wit to deposit her geese in some human cradle waiting for a visit from a stork, the geese,

although they would have been labelled abnormal children and would have had to run the gauntlet of many specialists, would have been well looked after and given an education suited to their oddity. But the human race, though now kind to those who are born eccentric, does not extend equal charity to those who, being born normal, yet achieve eccentricity. For that reason eccentrics are strong characters, and it is a glory of England that it has produced a wealth of eccentricity which can challenge comparison with any other country's. The obstinacy of John Bull stands him in good stead when it is a question of persistence in singularity.

How rich are the annals of English eccentricity has lately been demonstrated by Miss Edith Sitwell in a book which is at once a feast for the conventionally minded and a tonic for those who are beginning to take their first doubting steps in personal oddity. Such a tonic is much needed, for it is unfortunately true that eccentrics are growing rarer. Just when the air is kindlier for them to breathe, when the world is full of people who are shocked by nothing but bored by only too much, when the wireless is at hand to see that the world reaps all the savour of what pecu-

liarity can be found, the supply is seen to be running short. The wireless itself is probably to blame only less than the elementary school, for eccentricity flourishes in isolation. Whatever the reasons, and they are probably deep and sad and connected with a more general failure of nerve, the fact is patent that a man may scour the university common rooms, and Grub Street, and Chelsea, and Bloomsbury, and he will discover an external sameness very disheartening to the eye. A few odd beards, an occasional smock, bright ties or none at all, and perhaps some sandals—these are as much as a search will reveal.

Nor is the sameness all external. The occupations themselves are no longer isolated, and writing, in particular, has become a minor activity of most people instead of being the curious calling of a strange few. So many people; too, live at the level of wealth least favourable to singularity. Readers of Miss Sitwell's book soon realize how great a part inherited wealth has played in encouraging people to be themselves. At the other end extreme poverty, in the days when little was done to help, produced its own originalities among people who were left to shift for themselves without any guiding tradition. But it

is little use to bemoan the fact that the roving eye of Dickens found so much more for his mind to feed on and transmute than the streets present to-day. No action that Governments or tobacco manufacturers or others can take will induce spontaneous variation. The case presents a rough parallel with the case for preserving beauty spots. In a sense that cannot be done, and the wildest or loveliest stretch of country becomes subtly different the moment it is labelled as officially preserved. The real happiness of the lover of the countryside comes when he realizes how much of England has completely escaped even the necessity for being saved, and the lover of a rich diversity in his fellows must try to think that, if the glare of publicity and organization has made eccentricity rare among dons and journalists and painters, these obvious haunts are not the only places to look. In the long roads of semi-detached suburban homes, behind many a quiet gate and discreet window, who knows what treasures may not lurk? Like the gold which came from hiding holes in India, in greater quantities than anyone imagined, our wealth in human peculiarity may be richer than we dream.

WANTED—A MUZZLING ORDER!

By Alan Kemp

WE are a patient people. We constantly say so, and we ought to know! We are patient not because we are naturally more virtuous than poor, uncivilized foreigners who shout and wave their hands about when things go wrong, but because we have, on the whole, fewer things to be patient about than some of our neighbours. Our merit lies not in our beautiful, saint-like character, but in the fact that we are fairly skilful and efficient in not putting too much strain on our characters—at all events, in matters of public arrangement and general convenience. If we had to wait all day in a queue for the necessities of life, we probably should not be half as patient as the Russians; but, with our brutal, wicked capitalist system we have so far avoided having to wait all day in a queue for the necessities of life. No doubt it is very wrong of us, and we may not be so fortunate when the Millennium arrives; but in the mean-

time one cannot help being rather glad to be spared this valuable exercise in patience. One is only sorry that there are so many people who have to be patient waiting for work, for work is one of those things which make you very impatient when you've got it and still more impatient when you haven't got it. It is a horribly lop-sided thing, work; there is always too much or too little of it. In that respect it resembles a woman's figure—at least, according to the opinions I have heard from every woman I have ever known, though those opinions have frequently been far from the truth.

It would be tedious to enumerate the things with which we, as a people, are patient, though the list would be interesting. I wish to mention only one conspicuous example. Why are we so patient with our speakers, especially our after-dinner speakers?

The other night I attended a dinner at which five persons spoke. Let me describe them; I will attempt to do so with impartiality and moderation. The first was a distinguished public personage, known all over Europe. I suppose he has made, in his time, thousands of public speeches, and, naturally, what he said was not entirely without interest; yet he dis-

played faults which one would have expected the junior member of a parish Debating Society to avoid. Thus—(a) it was obvious that he had not prepared what he was going to say, beyond scratching together a few loose ideas without any real plan of presenting them to his audience; (b) consequently, he rambled on quite regardless of time, and all that he said in forty minutes could have been said, and better said, in ten; (c) although he was addressing a large hall full of people, and although he was accustomed to addressing audiences of all sizes, he spoke as if he were talking to a dozen people in a drawing-room.

Next came one of our proconsuls, holding an important post in one of those places on which the sun never sets. His matter was excellent, so much of it as reached the listener; but, in spite of long experience, he had never corrected an elementary fault of delivery—he began upon a loud and booming note, and then fell into a steep *diminuendo*, so that the last half-dozen words of every sentence that he spoke were completely inaudible to nine-tenths of his hearers.

The next speaker was just a bore, who would have been a bore in any circumstances. He could not, I suppose, help being a bore and

telling a series of unfunny anecdotes, but what struck me was that, although he was a learned professor who had been talking to audiences all his life, he had not the faintest idea of any technique in his job. He was just as crude and clumsy as the scourge who is “unaccustomed to public speaking.”

Then came a Distinguished Civil Servant—“if” (as has been observed) “the epithet is not superfluous.” It is only fair to him to say that by this time we were all smarting under our afflictions; and perhaps we were not the most receptive type of audience. However, I don’t think he need have paused for what seemed an eternity between each sentence, and I don’t think he need have gone on for half an hour referring to, and then ignoring, “this late hour.” What he said I have not the least idea, for at this point I began to drown my sorrows in port. As is usual on these occasions, it was the kind of port which is only fit to drown things in.

The fourth orator was a young Member of Parliament who was at least audible and reasonably brief, and who would have been a bright spot in a miserable evening if he had really thought out, even for half an hour, what he was going to say, instead of relying on a

natural fluency. The last speaker did not matter; he had only a few formal things to utter, and, so great was the relief that the ordeal was ending, nobody minded his addressing his remarks, in a sort of low mutter, to his lowest waistcoat button.

Now, I do not think these are unrepresentative specimens of British public speaking. Test the matter in the House of Commons! For my sins, I have listened, in my time, to many hundreds of after-dinner speeches, and I have formed some definite conclusions. (1) Good, or even fairly good, speakers, who have taken the trouble to learn their job, are extremely uncommon. (2) Good speeches, with very rare exceptions, can be made only by careful preparation. (3) Hardly any speakers know how to gauge their time. It is a sound principle for any public speaker, when he has prepared his material, to cut it down by half. (4) Innumerable public speakers learn nothing whatever from practice and experience. They may acquire a certain fluency, but hundreds of them never learn such elementary matters as to hold themselves decently, to get their ideas into order, to enunciate clearly, and to *speak up*.

Nowhere else would our standard of oratory

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be tolerated. Our silence may be golden, but our speech is inferior electro-plate. People would not dare to speak in France, Italy, Germany, or America as badly as they do in England. We suffer these fools too gladly. Instead of being patient with them; we ought to throw bananas and pears, or, if necessary, syphons and decanters, at them. Then they might buck up, and learn something about their business.

LONDON

A LETTER TO A FRIEND IN FRANCE

By G. W. Stonier

MY DEAR CHARLES,

It's good news that your book is with the printer at last, and that you've decided to make the journey and see London. Strange that you should never have been before. But why in February? It reminds me—heaven knows why—of an Irishman I know, who after a series of prolonged bouts with his wife and an entanglement or two elsewhere, determined to commit suicide, and bought a third-class ticket for Glasgow; where, however, he was found some days afterwards eating steaks and picking his teeth over lunch-time editions.

My dear chap, you'll hate it; no Frenchman should ever come to London—in February of all months! The days crawl by in a miasmal yellow, one after another like trams on the Embankment, shadows in an infernal twilight;

nothing doing; dim lights, puddle and fog; or there's such a wind that you lean and stagger like a coastguard walking out to the call of rockets. I don't know why, but it's always wetter underfoot here than in Paris, the streets have a sort of slime on them, and one usually arrives home with damp socks. And the snow! —(when it comes)—thin and dry from the east, heavier and whirling from the north-west. We should send out our charming Christmas cards somewhere about the end of January, letting art solace life. I wait for the first fall like a child: and then hate it, catch cold as a rule walking about the streets looking for a pretty corner.

Bring Louise with you, bring proofs, bring your stereoscopic views of Afghanistan, a violin—anything; the great thing is to be well armed, and to keep going between meals. Unless you choose to walk about a good deal as I do, you'll soon find there's *nowhere to sit down*, except on the Embankment or in the parks, both dismal in February and the preserve in any case of down-and-outs. You're only left with the teashops and public-houses and your hotel-lounge—loungers discouraged. There's a pub in Oxford Street where, a notice tells you, "ladies unaccompanied by gentle-

men" are "requested to sit at the tables" (lonely gentlemen stand at the bar) "and not to remain longer than is necessary for them to enjoy their refreshment." Move on: that's our motto. It was possible once to enjoy London by going bus-rides; but now they have covered the tops, so even that pleasure has gone. A few old derelicts are still about; number 284 goes from Charing Cross to High Barnet, and is the best; there is also a short service between Waterloo Station and the Harrow Road, the number of which I forget.

But, my dear Charles, I have delayed telling you that *I* shall not be here in February: no, I won't be here to show you round. How will you manage? Of course, I can give you introductions to people, who will be affable over lunch or some other meal, but will drop you dead afterwards—something odd happens to all English people after a meal, probably indigestion; anyway, it's out of the question to expect them to take you round town, except into the nearest club or cinema, both of which I know you hate. And by yourselves, *mon cher*, Louise and you will be utterly lost; and bored—no dilettante boredom this, like afternoons in the Panthéon or the rue de Rivoli, but the real thing, London mint.

In Southampton Row (the tourist quarter) I have seen Frenchmen, Germans, Slavs, Italians and negroes drooping in such dejection alongside the florists' and barbers' shops and the travel offices, that nothing obviously will save them from death before dinner unless they can fraternize with one another or spot a comic paper in their own language on a bookstall. A negro marooned on a London street-corner is the most abject sight on earth; poor devil, the mauve of his face as he stands there, probably next to a paper-seller looking at a policeman on point-duty, is really touching. *So this is London!*—you wonder if he can possibly get beyond that thought. A moan of debased nigger-jazz leaks out of a shop doorway up the street to complete his discomfiture.

A particular negro—symbol for me as a Londoner of the stranger-in-our-midst and seeker after knowledge—an old man, sits in the Reading Room of the British Museum among a pile of books, pushing his way through them, nose pointing, giglamps alight, a tuft of smoky beard brushing the pages. He wears a dusty bowler-hat tipped forward, so that his spectacles seem to hang from the brim; a frayed coat and blunt boots. Before the War he used to wear a top-hat. He speaks to no

one now, except himself, and never removes hat or coat; an umbrella beside him on the desk suggests a flying visit. Yet he sits every day of the year in the Reading Room, in that minor Albert Hall lit by five gas moons in the fog, reads mostly Latin books in which algebraic signs are frequent, and only moves to give orders for more books or to go home muttering when the bell is rung before six. Shabby, earnest and naïvely literate, he has the air of some patient gold digger who plods away at a claim which others have long ago forsaken. There are half a-dozen days in the year when the Room is closed for overhauling, and then this old man goes out and wanders about London, pausing a long time over the shops in Fleet Street (does the smell of print attract him?) and looking at pedestrians and traffic with his faraway, dumb negro eye.

Still, if you come I can give you a few hints —notes of a naturalist, which you know me well enough to extend for yourself. Louise will find the restaurants bad, the shops not so bad. There is a freemasonry of women which holds even in London.

Every town (here your guide begins) has two aspects: one seen by visitors, the other by inhabitants. I put the visitors first because they

see more; just as a stranger to a house notices the door knocker and the unravelled "pond" in the carpet, makes the discovery of corridors, and gazes at the pictures when conversation flags, leans out of his bedroom window smoking a last cigarette, while his host yawns in front of a gas-fire and pulls his boots off. Yes, we may be thankful for the children, artists, tourists and other eccentrics who break through our routine. Where there is something to see, let's see it! You with your pair of eyes and a guide-book have the advantage of me one way: I on the other hand know the ropes.

London, then, is a town to live in, a tract of urban landscape rather than a city, whereas Paris, Vienna, or Amsterdam is the sightseer's paradise. The Parisian off duty sits outside a café, expensive inside, cheap out; becomes in fact a tourist, all eyes. Englishmen hide away in club or pub—doing what?—certainly not seeing much. I leave this to you. There are few pretty sights in London outside the parks: the changing of the guards at the Horseguards' Parade is pretty, but the Lord Mayor's Show, which attempts prettiness on a Southern scale, is a ludicrous piece of amateur theatricals. We haven't a pretty touch, that's the first thing you'll notice. Our architecture since the War

has become famous through a series of blunders which no other city in Europe could have survived. Yet London as I know it has changed very little. The big sights, famous buildings and picturesque dead-ends are safe, and taken for granted; also the monuments that are as boring as the monumental spirit they enshrine—they will remain for the perpetual astonishment of visitors. I prefer the street corner, the public-house, the assorted row of shops. What is profound and lasting in life is not the beautiful or the heroic, but the commonplace. London of all great cities is the most commonplace, and hence the worst to spend a week in and the best for a lifetime. Even its beauties, except for the parks and squares and a few preserved neighbourhoods and buildings, are commonplace—to the immediate eye at any rate. If there is one quality of townscape characteristic of all parts of London, north and south of the river, it is the severe line of smoky identical houses with clustered or branching iron chimneys. On a wet day Queen's Road, Battersea, is one of the most desolate streets in the world—a positive and almost frightening desolation. Round the river and at places by the railways the monotonous dark expanse and severe outline of walls and win-

dowless buildings can produce tremendous effects. In the drab region of King's Cross you get this extraordinary, unexpected severity (which for me transcends architectural beauty) for half a mile along the high-walled York Road, where it runs towards Camden Town through railway sidings and above them; so that in the evening when the road itself is in shadow the sun slants overhead on clouds of shifting opal steam and a distant cliff of buildings. Urban landscape (I'll give you a list of views in a moment) and not architectural pattern is what you should look for in London.

THE RIVER

It is a good rule when you arrive in a city strange to you, to walk from the station down to the river, and proceed as far as you can along its bank.

A glance at the map of London will show that there is no road running for any considerable distance along the Thames either on the north or south side. London is two towns, north and south, divided by the river with its gulls, watercraft, muted horns and exhalation of fog—all hidden behind the lines of factory and warehouse. We live north or south of

the river: that is the only real geographical or local distinction. The river can be seen from the bridges, the two Embankments, the terrace of the House of Commons, the Woolwich free ferry, a number of steps at Wapping, three public-houses on the Isle of Dogs and two at Greenwich.

You should walk along the Chelsea Embankment, with its view of factories and Battersea Park across the water, and along the Albert Embankment opposite Milbank. The last can be magnificent—as impressive as any river-view in Europe. For these walks it is best to choose high tide for the day and low tide at night. When it is dark or nearly so, and the river is a ruffled black jelly, the mudflats at Lambeth, the anchored barges in midstream, the orange lights of Westminster Bridge seen beyond the paler discs of the Albert Promenade (this gradation occurs whenever the atmosphere is at all damp), make a scene which is picturesque and moving, and the more satisfactory because no painter could copy it without botching the sentiment.

You will find, too, the fascination of streets near the Thames (in Greenwich or Wapping); one can't see the river, but it is there.

LITERATURE

Read:

J. T. Smith: *A Rainy Day, Life of Nollekens.*

Casanova: Chapter of his life in Soho.

Dickens: *Our Mutual Friend, David Copperfield.*

Arthur Binstead: *Houndsditch Day by Day.*

James Thomson: *The City of Dreadful Night.*

De Quincey: *The Opium-Eater.*

George Gissing: *The Odd Women.*

H. G. Wells: *Kipps.*

Fanny Burney: First volume of the *Diary.*

W. N. P. Barbellion: *Diary of a Disappointed Man.*

PLACES TO VISIT

Houses of Parliament.—Spend half-an-hour in the gallery. Read one number of Hansard.

Tower of London.—Walk from Aldgate through the Minories (noting Wren's little stucco church, and turning off into the miniature Dutch Circus, if you can find it) down to Tower Bridge. I've never been inside the Tower, but as a visitor perhaps you'd better.

Clink Street runs from Blackfriars Bridge to Southwark, close to the river and parallel to it. There was a bear-garden here once, and afterwards a prison—hence the slang word. At night the massive walls and backs of warehouses, mostly in shadow, are superb.

Or take a walk to *Cumberland Market* (near Mornington Crescent), a disused corn-market which was once an important centre and adjoined a pool off the canal where barges unloaded. The pool is built round and gone to weed. The posts and chains and cobbles of the market remain—a big, open square sloping a little on its hill and undulating evenly in furrows like a bed-quilt or well-irrigated field. On three sides of the square the old two-storied houses remain; to the north, a great college of workmen's flats, built of khaki brick, encloses a playground. Despite the flats this old square, with its low houses and cobbled space and a few people walking across, has the quiet beauty of a seaside town; it gives that impression always—a delightful one for this part of London. There is the view, too, from the market, of the pinnacles of St. Pancras Station in the distance, fairylike in mist: the only view of St. Pancras that is likely to please.

Saturday Afternoon in Leicester Square.—The vigorous life of the West End circulates here on a Saturday afternoon. Motor coaches from the country discharge their passengers outside the Empire; pretty women come up from the East End; and with its mixture of cinemas, turkish baths, theatres, Thurston's, picture gallery, the Queen's Hotel, a curry shop and foreign newsagents, this square is the most animated in London. Walk round it, go into the billiard saloon in a side street, and sit finally in the railed-in garden, where Shakespeare, chin on hand and flanked with dolphins, stares vacantly, but without surprise, at the vast new Empire Cinema.

Sunday Afternoon at Madame Tussaud's.—Savour the taste of Sunday at this extraordinarily banal show. The attendants who pose as dummies on the staircase are amusing. *The Chamber of Horrors* (together with the lion-house at the Zoo) gives one, in the way of overheard conversations, a better idea of the *News-of-the-World* side of the English character than any other public place in London.

SUNDAY

Sightseeing is a savouring of relics: old buildings, old customs, the life that has dropped out. Sunday provides the visitor to London with a good spectacle of the resurrection of the past. Old people, and queer younger ones, emerge in their Sunday best, like figures in a caricature, like dead butterflies, into the sunlight. They move cautiously yet comfortably, sunning their black, opening sunshades as they pass through the streets reflected in the windows of closed shops, and make their way to the parks and avenues of trees. Few of them now go to church, but otherwise they retain old habits. They give a prim, demure leisure to the English Sunday. What happens to these people during the week? They slog away, I suppose, in small shops, sit in retirement at home, or pass unnoticed in the busy hours. Sunday brings them out with its armistice of quiet streets. A brougham or two are still to be seen, usually in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park. Lace curtains, gloves, sticks, ten-year-old fashions—there are more of them about than one imagines. Is not this more fascinating than a museum?

BEGGARS

There is a type now of London beggar—reflection of the public conscience and taste in giving (mostly feminine). A beggar, to earn his living, must accord with this type and look as if he had walked out of a bad engraving on a Victorian mantelpiece—"Christmas in the snow," or "At the Rich Man's Gate." Hence, at the end of a line of childish drawings, chalk grottoes, beefy sunsets or the stock salmon-on-a-plate, you see invariably the same face with a dog's appeal in its eye and an exaggerated grease-curl like the professional good boy of a Sunday school. The man is respectable, submissive, pitiable, contemptible and oily. To meet the melting mood he must be disabled (leg or arm), but not badly mutilated, or everyone will walk by in horror; he must be genteelly shabby, but not in rags—hard up, but not, of course, obviously hungry; he must *do* something, chalking or embroidery, as a "useful" citizen, but he must not do it *well*, or the superiority of the donor is affronted. He is a walking tribute to sentimentality, and thrives in London as in no other town I know.

OLD TRAMPS

Winter casts up on the pavement, like sticks on a frozen pond, a variegated army of beggars, unemployed, tramps, spongers, outcasts, etc. They are on every street corner, sniffing round the public-house door and the sale of racing editions. Tramps come in from the country, gather fag-ends during the day, sleep in common lodging-houses (9d. a night) or out-of-doors, making a round, when it is dark, of the dustbins and refuse-boxes. An old tramp, bent double under a sack and scarcely able to crawl but impervious to bad weather, is sometimes to be seen in the middle of London after midnight turning northwards and beginning a long march (premonition of death?). Such figures seem to have outlived tragedy and to have passed into a solitary timeless existence more dignified than the old age of fortunate persons. It is impossible to know what thoughts are concealed behind that mask of wretched dignity. They never beg, and rarely speak.

STREET MUSIC

Mouth-organs, harmoniums, hurdy-gurdies (hired, with padded keys for select streets),

bands, Cockney singers, Welsh miners, out-of-work musicians and variety actors. Many of these have a distinctive character; the performers taking advantage of their surroundings. There is a little man who stands in the corridors of public-houses and plays dances (English, Russian and Spanish) on a common mouth-organ. He controls this instrument with marvellous speed and accuracy, emphasizing the beat with a cymbal strapped to one knee. Whenever I have heard him playing I have been astonished at the verve and freshness of his performance. There is a band, too, of out-of-work variety singers with a travelling piano, one of whom, with stick and hat à la Charlie, dodges about the street, getting when possible *in the middle of the traffic*. But almost any street music is agreeable, even the wireless-shops.

THE STREETS

It is in the streets that you will see the life of all classes at its best and most natural—the well-to-do in Rotten Row and St. James's, the middle-class in parks and on shopping parades, the poor everywhere (in doorways, hanging out of windows). We have no havens of

leisure corresponding with the continental café where you can establish yourself and look round—no *bistros* where the last few *sous* will recommend. We send our loneliness adrift; or coop it up in horror. The melancholy and suspicious faces of people in tea-shops—over an inadequate egg or tea-cup—are frightening.

* * *

These notes, you see, are fragmentary and partisan. Still, they tell you what the guide-book won't, and on impossible days you will be grateful for my reading-list.

Love to Louise. Don't show her this letter; she'll say it's all nonsense, or that London is a horrible place. Guard against an end-of-the-world mood when you get here in February. Au revoir.

A LITTLE LAUGHTER

DRINKING IN ENGLAND

By E. V. Knox

IT is plain that the history of the nations ought to be written in terms of alcohol; and if I have time and strength granted to me, it shall be so written.

How and why, for instance, did empire pass out of the hands of drinkers of wine into the hands of drinkers of beer, and for how long will that be so? At what hour will it pass to the hands of the drinkers of iced water and wood alcohol? In what way has the use or abuse of this or that form of fermented liquor altered the course of events, inspired masterpieces, destroyed civilizations, created revolutions, made war, made peace? Little did the Roman legionary, despising the rude extract of barley that stimulated the Germanic tribes amongst whom he warred, realize that in less than 2,000 years pure beer—but I have no time here to deal fully with all the aspects of this tremendous problem. My present point is the treatment of alcohol in clubs, or perhaps I

ought to say the treatment *to* alcohol in clubs, which apparently causes some concern to the island people to-day.

It has not worried me personally. My clubs, I suppose, are not inspected by the police, and, although I have quite often seen a policeman standing about in the lane that runs down to the golf course, I always imagined he was watching people drive into the first bunker. But he may have been peering through into the club-house in the hope of seeing two members playing the nineteenth hole out of licensing hours. One never knows.

If I might divide England into three parts, as Cæsar divided Gaul, I would divide her into clubmen, who drink in clubs, and pubmen, who drink in pubs, and tubmen, who, morose and solitary like Diogenes, drink at home. There is no restriction on tubmen at all. Even if they wallow in champagne night and morning, the police have no right of entry into their tubs. I was staying not long ago in the house of a man who by the ingenious arrangement of a barrel on the other side of a wall, and a tap which came through the plaster, was able at any moment to turn on a supply of pure beer into a pewter mug. This seemed to me to be a graceful and pleasing addition to any

gentleman's dining-room. If this friend of mine chose to leave his car outside his house after nightfall without turning the lights on, if he burnt so huge a supply of modern novels in his grate that he set the chimney on fire, if screams of "Murder!" proceeded from an upper window of his home, I suppose the police would have assumed the responsibility of ringing his front door bell. But they had no right at any time to come and see him drinking pure beer from his tap in the wall. They could only gaze through the window and admire.

If we take the other extreme, the pubman is, of course, the continual prey of the constabulary. Not so much the constabulary itself, perhaps, as the shade and spectre of the constabulary that sits on every settle and leans against every bar. The pubman, by this time, is a man who has disciplined his thirst to obey hours and seasons, as one might discipline a faithful dog. In fact, the really good citizen is he who, asked if he is thirsty, consults his watch, and replies in all seriousness: "How can I possibly be thirsty? It is half-past three p.m.!" Fatigue and dust and the burning heat of the sun have no effect upon him unless they happen to coincide in this place or that place with the brief moments when the inexorable doors are un-

fastened and the great barriers are drawn aside.

There are not, therefore, many pubmen pure and simple in England, as I suppose there may be in Italy and France. Most of us, when not travelling, use also, for the purpose of drinking, our clubs and our tubs. It would be strange if the discipline of thirst were to be made quite so severe in the club, which, I take it, is a kind of communal home or joint tub, as in the pub, which in these days seems to be largely designed as a mortification to the flesh : and I would not have it so. The logical result, so far as I can see, of giving the police a constant right of entry into clubs would be to turn the members out of them at such time as the police might be likely to come into them, so that for the greater part of the morning, for some hours in the afternoon, and very late at night, our clubs would become clubs for the police; and surely the police have clubs of their own? It would be ridiculous, surely, to see the aged and respectable members of the Athenæum marching out in a body after lunch, and a posse of police marching in instead, to wait there until it was time for dinner.

I will admit that the Athenæum is not a rowdy club. Sounds of revelry do not burst

from the windows. And there may be, or there may have been, working men's clubs in which the supply of pure beer has caused the police to suspect a tendency towards conviviality not to be wholly accounted for by the necessity of slaking drought. But there are clubs in between these two kinds. Oh, many, many clubs. And if the social status of this or that institution is to be the test of police interference, there may be hard times ahead. The social status of the police themselves, we know, is rising with remarkable rapidity. Many of them, I am told, have university degrees. Their tastes may be changing in art, in literature, in sport, they may have prejudices of which I am quite unaware.

Do they, for instance, like golf clubs, or despise them? One conceives that in a few years they might begin to exercise their right of entry into all but a few of the oldest and most exclusive of our clubs, where possibly all the members would be their own relations or their own personal friends. This would drive us all to be tubmen, and in time, I fancy, there would be new legislation allowing the police to inspect us taking alcohol in our tubs. Alternatively, it might mean total prohibition, and, rich and poor alike, we should have to buy our

52 DRINKING IN ENGLAND
alcohol at the chemist's as they do in America,
under the guise of hair-restorer. A dreadful
fate, surely, for it would transfer the oppor-
tunity for excessive and unseasonable drinking
from the wealthy to the bald.

ADJUSTABLE BEARDS

From The Times

IT speaks much for the general unsavouriness of Bluebeard's character that his beard was the least of his cruelties to his wives, and was not mentioned by Sister Anne or anyone else as a ground for divorce. If it is correct to think of Bluebeard as a Frenchman, this attitude of his wives may but reflect the strong feeling of France for family solidarity, and Frenchwomen will have to admit that they have grown more squeamish with the years. For the Paris Divorce Court has just had before it a case in which the wife alleges that her husband's enormous beard amounts to cruelty. She is embarrassed, she says, to appear in public, and he has refused to meet her half way by reducing the length of the beard by a half. His refusal not only means a perpetuation of the present beard, but is a declaration that his beard is dearer to him than his wife. Yet there is something to be urged for the husband. He can say with truth that if there is one move-

ment to-day which has the blessing of every one it is that which protects wild flowers and prevents the wanton destruction of natural foliage. Why should more tenderness be shown to glade than to human faces, or the charge of philistinism be urged against the denuder of woods and not against the daily denuder of the chin? A beard is at once a work of nature and a work of art, and much skill and solitude are devoted to its growth. It is a comfort as well as an ornament, and women know better than anyone how inward self-confidence is built up or destroyed by the exterior decoration of figure and face. Much that looks like ostentation and extravagance in women is really nothing but diffidence seeking support from a brave new hat. And beards, more often than not, do not mean fierceness but a desire to look a little more imposing.

The man with a beard has something that lends itself to reflective gesture, and as he passes his hands through it he feels of the company of all the sages and one with Jove himself. He may be angry still, but it will not be hasty and petulant anger over trifles; it will be wrath. A beard, in short, is the cheapest way to majesty. Perhaps that is the reason why women dislike beards, and the Parisian woman is not

really so much upset at thinking what other people are thinking or saying about the beard as anxious to deprive her husband of that which fortifies him. Is it then the old story of Delilah and Samson over again? If so, in these modern days, there will have to be a compromise. The husband has refused to settle by halving the length of his beard, but it might be put to him that he need not always wear it. Let it be carefully cut and mounted and then worn as our ancestors wore wigs. When he wants to be weighty at his place of business or at a family conference or while writing letters to the newspapers, let him put it on. When, if ever, he wants to please his wife, let him unbend and lay aside the insignia of venerability. He might in this way have a choice of beards, of varying lengths according to the dignity of the occasion; and he would be enabled, when anxious to demonstrate his dignity as master in his own house, to do so with all the more effect if his longest beard was not already commonplace, demeaned by daily circumstance and "soiled by all ignoble use."

NOTHING TO DO

By K. R. G. Browne

NOT long ago a well-meaning but misguided friend invited me to split a short walking-tour with him during the summer holidays. Recoiling in horror from this macabre suggestion, I pointed out that to confuse walking-tours—or any similar form of toil—with holidays indicates slipshod thinking and a lamentable ignorance of our mother-tongue.

According to the elderly dictionary which I acquired recently in exchange for a moribund rubber-plant and a stuffed pike (in genuine glass case), a holiday is “a day, or a number of days, of exemption from labour.” In other words, a holiday is—or should be—a period of rest and relaxation, preferably horizontal.

On this point I and Old Faithful, my dictionary, are in cordial agreement with that Eminent Medical Authority who stated publicly the other day that a holiday must be organized with care and enjoyed with discre-

tion if it is to achieve its purpose and send the holiday-maker back to the treadmill full of beans and *bonhomie*.

In the E.M.A.'s opinion, we are apt to take our holidays too strenuously; and that, it seems to me, is as true a word as was ever spoken in jest, earnest or Esperanto.

It is our quaint British habit to take practically no exercise in the ordinary way, but during our vacations to take about twice as much as would reduce a brace of elephants to the dimensions of gazelles. Between holidays the normal citizen thinks himself a devil of an athlete if he scampers forty yards to catch the last post once a week. Should the Underground cease temporarily to function by reason of bats in the boiler or some such technical mishap, thus compelling him to walk a mile to his office, his lamentations can be heard as far north as Palmers Green and as far south as Streatham.

Throughout his working months, in fact, the normal citizen's attitude towards physical exertion resembles that of a temperance fanatic towards the Demon Rum. Yet, during his holidays, this same citizen behaves as if he were constructed chiefly of steel wire and powerful springs and filled to the neck with quicksilver.

Unless he can work in a bathe before breakfast, two rounds of alleged golf before lunch, three sets of tennis before tea, another bathe before dinner and a five-mile walk before he hits the hay, he counts the day wasted and himself a contemptible sluggard. As a result, by the end of a week he is on the verge of a complete breakdown, inclined to see things where no things are, and liable if provoked to go abruptly ga-ga and to start chewing his boot-laces.

This, as the E.M.A. points out, is all wrong. The right kind of holiday is one that soothes the quivering ganglions, renovates the wasted tissues, decarbonizes the nervous system and prepares the jaded toiler to face anything from matrimony to a civil war with a calm mind and a gay snatch of song. In short, what the normal citizen really needs on a holiday is not Exercise and Exercise, but Peace and Quiet.

Ah, but where (the normal citizen may reasonably inquire) are these commodities to be found in this loudspeaking age, when gramophones are so regrettably portable and absolute hush is obtainable only in Thibetan monasteries, which are beyond the reach of all save the most affluent?

Well, it is true that nowadays peace and

quiet are almost as obsolete as spring-sided boots and wooden battleships, but the conscientious holiday-maker can accomplish a good deal simply by refusing to do anything at all.

With the help of a spacious chair, a jug of wine, a strong will and a small garden, one can enjoy a restful and inexpensive vacation. Seated immovably in the chair, dipping the beak at intervals into the jug, and using the will to rebuff people who desire one to repair the pergola, go for walks or play perspiratory ball-games, one can dream the long hours away very pleasantly, thinking beautiful thoughts, contemplating the eternal verities, and speculating as to the meaning of Life, if any. True, one is liable to get slightly midge-bitten in the process; but it is better to expire quietly of midges than to die stertorously of exhaustion.

For those fortunates who include a lighthouse-keeper among their closer relatives the thing is even easier. A holiday in a lighthouse, except when tempests rage without and all hands are required to pick ships off the rocks, is about as strenuous as a blancmange. The same applies to holidays in balloons—provided the latter are tethered firmly to the scenery and fitted with a tackle for hoisting the essential ale-casks, sausages, novels by Marcel Proust, etc.

It is not everybody, however, who has access to a lighthouse or a balloon; in fact, it is hardly anybody. And the ordinary individual, who distrusts his ability to stay seated in the garden while his family remains at liberty to dislodge him, might do a lot worse, in my opinion, than spend his holiday in bed.

It is only when he is clad in pyjamas—or, better still, in a nightshirt—that the modern householder is immune from domestic demands upon his energy and time. A nightshirted man cannot decently be asked to mow lawns, paint fowl-houses, lay carpets, run errands, take dogs for walks, play ping-pong or escort adenoidal nephews to the Zoo. Highly civilized though we are, we are not yet so civilized as that.

Protected by his slumberwear from all but the gravest emergencies, such as an outbreak of fire or a visit from his rich Aunt Emmeline, the bed-holiday-maker can just lie on his back and read and eat and sleep and eat and eat.

The only drawback, in fact, to this kind of vacation is that, after about two days, boredom usually sets in to such an extent that the victim leaps out of bed with a shrill cry and runs amok with a small hatchet.

Otherwise I would certainly try it myself.

ROMANTIC GLASTONBURY

OR HAPPY HAUNTS FOR SUMMER HOLIDAYS*

By E. M. Delafield

*From the Director of a British Travel Agency
to the Author of "Southampton Fox and
no Other Stories."*

DEAR Sir,
In view of the great success of our recent advertising campaign for Holidays in Britain, as illustrated by the leading artists of the day, we are proposing to issue a series of attractively-bound booklets, written by well-known authors, setting forth in simple story-form the charms of rural England.

Would you be prepared to undertake the first of these, featuring sunny Somerset?

Yours, etc.,

* *A Glastonbury Romance.* J. Cowper Powys.

*From the Author of "Southampton Fox" to
the Directors of the Travel Agency.*

Dear Sirs,

I am quite prepared to undertake the work suggested. I enclose you a synopsis of the proposed booklet, which should run into some three thousand and eighty-one pages; also a list of the characters, of which there are at present sixty-nine, *not* including illegitimate infants-in-arms. I propose to concentrate on Glastonbury, steeped as it is in romantic and historical and mystical and magical association, and to people it with a wealth of living creatures, amongst whom will be a mayor, a procuress, a marquis, a bastard, an elderly lady with Lesbian tendencies, a cancer-patient, a murderer and an old mad woman.

In order to chain the reader's attention from the start, I propose to begin with the following significant statement:

"At the striking of noon on a certain fifth of March, there occurred within a causal radius of Brandon railway station, and yet beyond the deepest pools of emptiness between the uttermost stellar systems, one of those infinitesimal ripples in the creative silence of the First Cause which always occur when an exceptional stir of heightened consciousness agitates any living

organism in this astronomical universe. Something passed at that moment, a wave, a motion, a vibration, too tenuous to be called magnetic, too sublimal to be called spiritual, between the soul of a particular human being who was emerging from a third-class carriage of the twelve-nineteen train from London and the divine-diabolic soul of the First Cause of all life."

From this it will be easy to pass lightly on to the complicated super-human vibrations connected with the feelings of certain primitive tribes of men in the heart of Africa, leading the reader on, by pleasant and easy steps, to the roaring, cresting, heaving, gathering, mounting, advancing, receding, enormous fire-thoughts of the great blazing sun, evoking a turbulent aura of psychic activity, corresponding to the physical energy of its colossal chemical body, but affecting a microscopic biped's nerves less than the wind against his face.

At the same time, sirs, . . .

(*Remaining two hundred pages omitted.*)

From the Directors to the Author.

Dear Sir,

Whilst appreciating the stupendous nature of the work that you are doing for us, we feel it may be as well to remind you that the holi-

days are now close at hand, and that we shall be glad to receive any further notes concerning your tale of Romantic Glastonbury, which is, no doubt, destined to attract many visitors to that delightful and fun-loving district.

Yours, etc.,

From the Author to the Directors.

Dear Sirs,

All that I can tell you at present is that I am well over the first two hundred thousand words of my Somersetshire idyll. I have represented the inhabitants of dear old Glastonbury in every characteristic light likely to appeal to the summer tourist. Take, for instance, the half-dozen seductions of the country maidens by their rustic, but sensual, lovers. Later on, I am introducing a pageant in which a religious maniac will be accidentally tortured and half killed, and a murder with an iron crowbar; and also a flood on a colossal scale to dispose of those characters who have as yet not met with violence.

From the Directors to the Author.

Dear Sir,

Glastonbury will indeed have reason to feel grateful to you for your careful picture of life as it is lived to-day by the Glastonbury-ites.

At the same time, we venture to point out that it would be inadvisable for our Agency to become too closely associated with any character—however boldly, superbly, enormously, significantly, notably and nobly and timelessly depicted—named Bloody Johnny. May we, therefore, ask you to substitute another adjective?

Yours, etc.,

From the Author to the Directors.

Dear Sirs,

If it seems to you less invidious, I can preface the names of all my characters with the word Bloody. It would apply to them all, and also add realism to my four thousand and fifty-nine pages.

It has occurred to me that a certain amount of dialect, peculiar to Glastonbury, may be required. Would not the inhabitants wish to have advertised, and incidentally immortalized, their quaint and pleasing expletive: “B—— me black”?

Yours, etc.,

From the Directors to the Author.

Dear Sir,

We are a little uneasy as to the general trend of your effort to popularize the beauties of

Somersetshire and the holiday spirit as met with in Glastonbury. We doubt whether the hiking parties that we are so frequently called upon to organize will feel happy and at ease in the atmosphere of murder, rape, violence, perversion, idiocy and religious mania so powerfully described by you. Might we suggest that you should add a word or two in lighter vein, giving some idea of your own personal reactions to the locality?

Yours, etc.,

From the Author to the Directors.

Dear Sirs,

It is quite impossible for me to do as you suggest, as I have never been to Glastonbury. I propose to put an Author's Note in the book to say so, adding at the same time that everything I have written about Glastonbury is pure—or, if you prefer it, impure—invention, and that I have never known any living Glastonbury-ite, and never wish to. Moreover, nothing whatever in my whole book—now numbering six thousand and ninety-nine pages—has anything whatever to do with real life.

Yours, etc.,

E. M. DELAFIELD 67

Telegram from Directors to Author.

Suggest you visit Glastonbury and study conditions there before writing further.

Telegram from Author to Directors.

Cannot agree your suggestion am much disliked by inhabitants Glastonbury cannot imagine why.

LEWIS CARROLL AND THE OXFORD MOVEMENT

A PAPER SUBMITTED TO THE HISTORICAL
THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL AT GÖTTINGEN
UNIVERSITY

By Shane Leslie, M.A.

IT is proposed to make a submission a little apart from the many wise and learned books and papers, which have lately been written in honour of the Centenary of the Oxford Movement. To what extent did Lewis Carroll reflect contemporary ecclesiastical history in his famous works?

The Oxford Movement according to Dean Hutton "seemed almost throughout its whole course to stand apart from the literature of the day," but it gave birth to endless University squibs and parodies. At the beginning there was Archbishop Whately's anonymous "Pastoral Epistle from His Holiness the Pope to some members of the University of Oxford"

and there was Freeman's description of Ward's degradation in the Senate House recounted in the resonant metre of Macaulay. But it has never been suggested yet that Lewis Carroll's work reflected the thought and trouble of Oxford between the Forties and Seventies, and yet with a tithe of the care which Baconians give to the investigation of Shakespeare it can be shown that such was the case.

Alice in Wonderland was published in 1865 and *Alice's Adventures Through the Looking Glass* in 1871. Their theological import has been strangely overlooked by students. It must be remembered that by that time the Tractarians had been scattered but the controversies of High, Low and Broad Church had taken perennial shape. They were uppermost in every Oxford man's mind at the time. It is not profane to suggest that *Alice in Wonderland* may contain a Secret History of the Oxford Movement. Lewis Carroll himself lived as a Don at Christ Church under the shadow of Pusey. It is remarkable that he added an Easter greeting to the 1876 Edition in which significantly he said: "some perhaps may blame me for mixing together things grave and gay: others may smile and think it odd that anyone should speak of solemn

things at all except in Church and on a Sunday." Can he be hinting himself that the story itself mingles the grave and the gay? There is nothing to do but to proceed to the search with the blindfold industry of a Professor and the open faith of a child.

Alice, to begin with, may be regarded as the simple Freshman or Everyman who wanders like a sweet and innocent Undergraduate into the Wonderland of a Victorian Oxford when everybody was religious in some way or another. The White Rabbit, whom she immediately meets, is the type of simple English clergyman of the day with his hole fixed like some country Rectory. When he takes his watch out of his pocket (a curious proceeding for any rabbit) he strikes a supernatural note immediately. Alice follows him down the Rabbit-hole and it will be remembered that on the way down she noticed a jar significantly labelled Orange Marmalade, which was and still is the symbol of old-fashioned Protestantism since the arrival of the immortal King of that name. Alice expected like St. Augustine that she would come out at the Antipodes with her feet in the air and walking on her head. She found herself in a low long Hall with

locked doors: some of these doors were for High people and others for the Lowly. Perhaps this is meant as an allegory for the Church of England. Alice used a tiny golden key (presumably the Key of Holy Scripture) to open the lesser door. The process of becoming High or Low is of course an Anglican acquirement or privilege and when she drinks out of the bottle labelled DRINK ME, she has taken a drink of a doctrine which makes her so small that she can pass through the Low door. On the way she becomes a little metaphysical and wonders what a candle flame is like when it is blown out. This is the everlasting query of the Professors concerning the soul after Death.

Her next act is to eat a piece off the Cake of Dogma and that naturally sends her up High again: higher and higher until she frightens the White Rabbit who runs off in great alarm of the Duchess who is presumably a symbol of his Bishop!

When Alice picked up the Rabbit's fan, she found herself shrinking and shrinking until she began to swim about in her own tears, the tears of repentance. She meets a mouse, a Church mouse, swimming about like herself and frightens him away by allusions to Dinah

her cat. Now who can Dinah symbolize except the Catholic enemy? "Would *you* like cats if you were me?" the Mouse asks very naturally. The Mouse pales with passion and she asks Alice to swim ashore to hear her story, "and then you'll understand why it is I hate cats and dogs." If Dinah was Catholic, Alice's terrier being Scotch may be expected to be Presbyterian and reference to it is equally trying to a Church mouse.

The famous races which follow under the Dodo's presidency show the author's tolerant and equitable beliefs amounting to universal salvation all round. The Dodo announces: "*Everybody* has won, and *all* must have prizes," which sounds like another version of "the first shall be last and the last shall be first." The Mouse's tale is a long and a sad one and may perhaps be read as a skit on the lengthy sermons on Predestination which were in vogue until the Oxford Movement brought a cheerier message. It ends at least: "I'll be judge, I'll be jury, I'll try the whole cause, and condemn you to death." If that is not the gloomy view which Calvinists take of their Deity it forms a convincing parallel. But it is a sermon all right for the Mouse says to Alice, "You are not attending."

When Alice finds herself visibly swelling and filling the White Rabbit's Parsonage, it is an Irish gardener, whom Lewis Carroll introduces in order to show how to face the supernatural with perfect calm. The White Rabbit asks:

"Now tell me, Pat, what's that in the window?"

"Sure, it's an arm, yer honour."

"An arm, you goose! Who ever saw one that size? Why, it fills the whole window!"

"Sure, it does, yer honour: but it's an arm for all that."

The Caterpillar, whom Alice finds smoking on the top of a mushroom, must be the symbol of Oxford Philosophy, for he gives Alice advice as though he were Dr. Jowett himself. The mushroom must be the Liberalism or Rationalism of the time and by nibbling its edge Alice can bring herself to a common-sense stature. The King and Queen of Hearts come on the scene to represent the Royal Supremacy or Erastian principle detested of High Churchmen. The angry Queen is the House of Commons and the King is the Lord Chancellor in the Upper House. When the Queen invites the Duchess (who represents Episcopacy) to

play croquet it means joining in an ecclesiastical debate, though a game played with hedgehogs and flamingoes is simple compared to the complexities of the English House of Commons debating the knots of Church ritual.

The Cook, who has a prominent place in the Duchess' kitchen, takes little notice of her and is no doubt the independent Dean of the Bishop's Cathedral. In her excitement the Cook does not mind what she hurls at the Duchess and her Baby who represents the Faithful lying in the Bishop's lap. If the Cook is the typical Dean, say Dean Stanley, and the Duchess is Bishop Wilberforce, the Cheshire Cat, who sits aloft and grins, is a likely skit on Cardinal Wiseman. "It looked good-natured, Alice thought: still it had *very* long claws and a great many teeth, so she felt that it ought to be treated with respect." She consults the Cheshire Cat accordingly and learns that nearby there live a Hatter and a March Hare both of whom in the Cheshire Cat's opinion are mad. The word mad may be taken to mean religious throughout the book. The Cat says Alice is mad herself to have come there. Finally the Cat, like a symbol of the supernatural, vanishes slowly leaving only that

grin of satisfaction with which the Papal Curia have always regarded Anglican affairs.

The March Hare and the Hatter are the types of Low and High Church parsons with their Dormouse of a congregation slumbering between them. The Hatter with his hat is the High Churchman with his Biretta while his famous watch, which tells the day of the month, must be a Church Calendar. It fails to be justified by its works alone in spite of the butter of piety ingenuously added by the March Hare. Alice reaches a beautiful garden, where the time-serving gardeners are trying to paint white roses red to please the Queen. This must be the Garden of Preferment and they are trying to make their colours suit the State. The Queen, who is for ever sentencing her subjects to sentences that are never carried out, recalls the futility of the endless Bishops' legislation against the Ritualists. Meanwhile the Cheshire Cat has returned to watch like an outsider how things turn out. "How do you like the Queen?" she whispers in a low voice. It is the whisper of Wiseman and the violent attempts of King and Queen to have the Cat executed seem like a memory of the futile legislation against Papal Aggression in 1851, when Parliament passed a Bill to cut off

Catholic Bishops from their Titles. The executioner, summoned in vain, has a resemblance to Lord John Russell the Prime Minister of the period. The Mock Turtle appears to resemble or symbolize the Victorian Church of England recalling her old history. "Once I was a real Turtle. We went to school in the sea. The Master was an old Turtle. We used to call him the Tortoise because he taught us." This was surely a hint of the mediæval Pope and the *ecclesia docens*. The extras taught at this famous School were French, music and washing: possibly the three marks of the distinctively Catholic service, a Latin tongue, church chant and church millinery. The famous song wherein the Whiting tries to enveigle the Snail to join the Lobsters' Quadrille refers to the scruples of converts. Some launched out to sea and others like the Snail:

Said he thanked the Whiting kindly but he
would not join the dance
Would not, could not, would not, could
not, would not join the dance.

The grande finale was the Trial of the Knave of Hearts for the theft of certain tarts, which were described as made of pepper and

treacle and therefore not unlike the composition of the Thirty-Nine Articles, which were composed to catch Catholics and yet assuage Protestants :

The Queen of Hearts she made some tarts
All on a summer day
The Knave of Hearts he stole those tarts
And took them quite away.

The Articles, if they are personified by the Tarts, had been manufactured by Parliament, but it was the knavish Ritualist who was so bitterly accused of having removed their natural sense. Against the culprit both High and Low, both the Mad Hatter and the March Hare, were called as witnesses. It is interesting that the King's words to the Knave were exactly those, which had once been hurled at Newman and at everybody, who had tried to equivocate on the Articles. " You *must* have meant some mischief, or else you would have signed your name like an honest man." The Tractarians like Ward and Newman signed in no honest but (as they called it) in its unnatural sense and this was at the root of Tract Ninety and led to the undoing of Newman and the rout of the whole Movement as a unistreamed Anglican revival."

Alice's Adventures Through the Looking Glass were published in 1871. They are more difficult of interpretation but the following table will be found not far from possibilities:

WHITE

<i>Tweedledum</i>	High Church
<i>Unicorn</i>	Convocation of Clergy
<i>Sheep</i>	Dr. Pusey
<i>White Queen</i>	Dr. Newman
<i>White King</i>	Dr. Jowett
<i>Aged Man</i>	Oxford Don
<i>White Knight</i>	Huxley
<i>Tweedledee</i>	Low Church

RED

<i>Humpty Dumpty</i>	Verbal Inspiration
<i>Carpenter and Walrus</i>	Essayists and Reviewers
<i>Red Queen</i>	Archbishop Manning
<i>Red King</i>	Canon Kingsley
<i>Crow</i>	Disestablishment
<i>Red Knight</i>	Bishop Wilberforce
<i>Lion</i>	John Bull

Looking Glass life, in which everything appears reversed, is the symbol of the supernatural life. Alice again is the gentle inquirer, who climbs into this strange world outside of Time and Space. The clock grins at her with

the face of a little old man as though Time had become its own laughing stock. The Castles on the Chess-board are the Colleges, the Pawns are the followers of different Schools of thought. The White King is probably Dr. Jowett of Balliol, who finds that "he writes all manner of things that I don't intend." Jabberwocky can only be a fearsome representation of the British view of the Papacy as held at that time. It is not difficult to slip parody between the lines such as:

*"Beware the Papacy my son
The Jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jesuit bird and shun
The Benedictine batch!"*

*"He took his Gospel sword in hand
Long time the Roman foe he sought
So rested he by the Bible tree
And stood awhile in thought."*

The Garden of living (but anchored and somewhat back-biting) flowers may stand for the Oxford Academy. The Red Queen approximates to Archbishop Manning when she gives Alice advice for the journey. Nothing could be more precise, contradictory and self-assured than the Red Queen. She seems to be hinting of Rome when telling of a garden

compared to which the Oxford Garden would be a wilderness and of hills compared to which the one on which they stood was as a valley. Alice and the Red Queen survey a world divided like a chess-board into Dioceses much as the world appeared during the time of the Vatican Council. The spiritual rivalry between Protestant and Catholic is reflected in the phrase "It's a huge great game of chess that's being played all over the world."

Alice starts as a Pawn to the White Queen, that is as a follower of Dr. Newman, but the Ultramontane Red Queen, Manning, urges her to go faster and faster though strange to say, as it often is in religion, she finds herself where she was when she started. It is a spiritual journey after all that she has made. To quench Alice's thirst the Red Queen offers her a dry biscuit which seems to symbolize a sermon. In the next square or Diocese Alice meets the weird-looking Glass Insects which vaguely resemble the Sects of English religious life.

The Rocking Horse Fly described as "bright and sticky" looks like a good Methodist on circuit. The Snap Dragon Fly with his head dipped in brandy must be the extinct two bottle Orthodox as they were called in the grand old days before Temperance reform.

The Bread and Butter Fly, living on a diet of weak tea, is too well-known at religious tables to require further explication.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee, living under the same roof, are obviously the High and Low Church quarrelling over the new Ritualism which is disguised as Tweedledum's nice new Rattle. Their rivalry is put an end to by the shadow of the Black Crow which is presumably Disestablishment.

The Walrus and the Carpenter must be referred to the Higher Critics, who had come into prominence at this time like Dean Stanley and Bishop Colenso. They manage to make havoc of the confiding young Clergy represented as oysters. The Walrus and the Carpenter regret the amount of dogmatic sand which is lying about and refer to the Seven advanced Essayists and Reviewers, who in 1860 swept the Church of England clear of a good deal of doctrine in the celebrated lines whose mystical meaning has lain hidden as yet:

“ ‘ If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose,’ the Walrus said,
‘ That they could get it clear?’
‘ I doubt it,’ said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.”

When the unfortunate oysters hurry up:

“ ‘The time has come,’ the Walrus said,
‘To talk of many things:
Of shoes and ships and sealing wax,
Of Genesis and Kings,
And whether hell is boiling hot
Or Angel folk have wings.’”

The words in italics are suggested as a variant reading.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee array themselves in the armouries of Scripture and Church Councils and do battle, though they have to share one sword between them. This is because it is the same Sword of Doctrine. The White Queen may represent Dr. Newman. She has been so long preparing herself that she is covered with pins like all the exasperating little points in Theology. She offers to take Alice but her rules are a little ascetical: “Jam to-morrow and jam yesterday—but never jam *to-day*.” Alice has a conversation with her on looking glass or spiritual lines and admits “one cannot believe impossible things.” But the White Queen proudly tells her “why sometimes I believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast.” The Sheep whom Alice finds knitting in the next square with no

less than fourteen pairs of needles is our friend Dr. Pusey knitting his interminable sermons and pamphlets in the Anglican shop. Wherever Alice sets her eye on a shelf everything seems to melt away. "Things flow about here so." Alice at one moment is about to buy an Easter Egg when it turns into the familiar features of Humpty Dumpty, who sits on the wall of Scripture looking like the Verbal Inspiration which was dethroned by the Privy Council in 1866 when it will be remembered all the King's lawyers and all the King's men couldn't put Humpty Dumpty back again. The result of Verbal Inspiration* had been that words had to mean whatever the clerical Humpty Dumpty chose. As he remarked: "Adjectives you can do anything with, but not verbs—however, I can manage the whole lot of them! Impenetrability!" Is Impenetrability Lewis Carrolline for Infallibility?

The Lion and the Unicorn fighting for supremacy reflect John Bull and the Convocation of Clergy struggling for the upper hand, which invariably goes to John Bull. People

* I owe the profound suggestion that Humpty Dumpty may represent Verbal Inspiration to the Rev. Ronald Knox.

paid brown bread or Tithes to one or white bread or Taxes to the other, but were mighty glad to get them and their quarrels drummed out of town.

The White Knight represents Victorian Science or Huxley in his most cocksure and inventive mood. The Red Knight corresponding is his old enemy Bishop Wilberforce and they arrive in the same square together and both try to make a capture of Alice. This was the famous occasion when Wilberforce and Huxley clashed in 1866 at the meeting of the British Association.

As a grande finale Alice becomes a Queen (shall we say becomes a Roman Catholic?) for she ends by feasting between the Red and White Queens Newman and Manning. And for many simple folk this was the end of the Oxford Movement, not without a hint of being somewhat distracted by the rivalries and embittered clashes between the two Cardinals who were seldom on speaking terms.

We suggest that Lewis Carroll had all this and a great deal more at the back of his mind when he wrote his two masterpieces.

“A HAPPY ANNIVERSARY”

BEING AN EDITORIAL FROM
OUR LEADING NATIONAL DAILY,
JAN. I, 1939

By Leonard Woolf

THE first anniversary of the accession to power of Lord Hustler's first British Fascist Government is an inevitable, and in this case welcome, opportunity for stock-taking. It is notorious that in politics the Englishman has taught the rest of the world more than he has learnt from it, and by instinct and tradition we prefer the British method of compromise to the Continental method of revolution. But the sudden declaration of war upon France on Christmas Eve a short twelve months ago, and the complete destruction of Paris, Lyons and Marseilles in the early morning of Christmas Day, followed so rapidly by the partition of France between Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini, convinced everyone except a handful of alien fanatics and

native idealists that the British Constitution must adapt itself to the new forms which civilization is taking upon the Continent. Even foreign observers have noted with admiration how the elasticity of our Constitution has allowed us to pass without revolution from a democratic to a Fascist form of government. The emergency measures rapidly passed by both Houses of Parliament invested Lord (then Sir Benito) Hustler with dictatorial powers in order to suppress the general strike which broke out at the first rumour of the formation of a Fascist Cabinet. The unhappy and misguided men who proclaimed the general strike have paid the just penalty of their criminal folly. Mr. Bevin, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Lansbury, Mr. Citrine, Sir Stafford Cripps, and about a dozen more so-called Trade Union and Labour leaders are dead; they were dealt with promptly and sternly by Lord Hustler's irregulars, members of the Officers' Cadet Corps, or in a few cases officers of the Regular Army. We have no sympathy for the "Socialist" intellectuals, like Mr. Cole, who shared their fate, and Mr. Bertrand Russell, who was shot while attempting to escape, carried into the manner of his death the wrongheadedness and perversity which he

had shown throughout his life. There were a few, a very few, cases in which perhaps it would have been wiser to temper justice with mercy—for instance, the beating to death of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, by some over-enthusiastic young Fascists has caused some adverse comment in America; but we would remind our American friends that, in a homely phrase, you cannot make an omelette, even an English omelette, without breaking eggs. It is estimated that the total number of Communists, Socialists, Jews, and intellectuals who were killed or committed suicide in Great Britain during January of last year did not exceed 10,000, a figure which is eloquent of the humanity and good temper of our race. The complete destruction of Dublin by our Air Force, and the reconquest of Southern Ireland by Lord Lloyd, entailed, of course, a much greater loss of life in that country; but it is the results which one must look at in this case, and they are eminently satisfactory, since in his last despatch Lord Lloyd is able to assure Lord Hustler that the whole population left in Southern as well as in Northern Ireland is now loyal. If Mr. Churchill's drastic measures can secure in

India what Lord Lloyd has accomplished in Ireland, these two great administrators will have deserved well of their country.

The adaptability of the British and their institutions is shown by the rapidity with which all classes have settled down under the new regime. The process of adjustment has been helped by the banishment to concentration camps on the Andaman Islands of the surviving Trade Unionist, Socialist, and Communist leaders, together with a considerable number of intellectuals, particularly writers and university teachers. The Jewish question was far easier to settle in this country than in Germany, since the number of Jews in prominent positions was comparatively small. A few will regret the elimination from public life of men like Lord Reading and Sir Philip Sassoon or the disappearance of Mr. James de Rothschild's colours from our racecourses, but the removal of all British Jews to Somaliland (of which Lord Reading is now Viceroy and Governor-General) has proved an admirable solution of the problem. We may also note with some justifiable pride an instance here of that insistent spirit of compromise in our race; we refer to Lord Hustler's Order-in-Council laying it down that the possession of only one

Jewish grandmother shall not entail loss of British citizenship—a wise decision which has enabled some representatives of our oldest and most aristocratic families to retain their seats in the House of Lords, and, in one notable instance, to remain—with the approval of all racing men—a steward of the Jockey Club.

The relations of the press to the new Government are everything that can be desired. We are divulging no secrets when we say that there was a moment of acute crisis in the middle of last year. No one will deny the services of Lord Beaverbrook and his newspapers in helping to establish Lord Hustler's government, but the time came when it was obvious that Lord Beaverbrook would not be content with anything but the highest position in the land. There was a short and sharp struggle conducted behind the scenes. It was ended by the deportation of Lord Beaverbrook to Canada, the absorption of the Beaverbook papers by the Northcliffe group, and the appointment of Lord Rothermere as Minister of Propaganda.

Finally a word about the Government itself. The British Constitution remains intact. When His Majesty the King sent for Sir Benito Hustler and invited him to form a

Government (subsequently raising him to the peerage) he was acting, as he has always done, according to the letter and spirit of the Constitution. The loyalty of every British man and woman is as strong to-day—and rightly so—as it has ever been to the Throne and the Royal Family. It was the House of Commons and House of Lords which voluntarily divested themselves of some of their historic powers and placed them in the hands of Lord Hustler. The spirit of mercy and justice with which he has used those powers towards his old opponents is shown by the presence in the present House of Lords of such men as Lord Ramsay-MacDonald, Lord Baldwin, and Lord Thomas. Meanwhile, in twelve months the Government has done more to solve the unemployment question than the previous governments effected in twelve years. The immense activity in our naval dockyards and armament factories has absorbed hundreds of thousands of our unemployed; another 500,000 men have been given employment in our army, navy, and auxiliary forces. It is thought that the depopulation of Southern Ireland will afford an opportunity for settling large numbers of persons from this country on the land (now ownerless) in the depopulated districts. It is

even suggested in some quarters that emigration to the depopulated areas in India might be encouraged as soon as Mr. Churchill's administration has proved as effective as Lord Lloyd's. In any event, we make bold to prophesy that this day twelve months, even if there has been no European war on a large scale in the interval, unemployment will have been reduced to normal figures, or even below them, in this country.

OUTSIDE FOUR WALLS

BLYTHE OF KENT

By Neville Cardus

BLYTHE of Kent—what a name, how perfect for the prettiest slow left-handed bowler of his, or surely any other, period! His great days happened at the same time as the great days of Rhodes, but Rhodes was always a classic. The eternal wheel of his action expressed nothing of the game's caprice and love of young life; Rhodes's bowling wore always the Yorkshire aspect of disguised and aged menace. When Rhodes deceived a batsman with the ball that went straight through he merely said: "How is it?" to the umpire, and then, hearing a decision in his favour, he would receive back the ball from the wicket and toss it from hand to hand, as though nothing had happened that was not in the day's work.

Blythe was all nervous sensibility; his guile was a woman's, you might say a pretty lady's; the guile of Rhodes was masculine, the old soldier's! Remember the little chassée which

Blythe made with his feet just before his left arm swung over from the right trousers pocket, behind the back. It was almost timid. Rhodes wore his victims out by a terrible policy of persistence; the ball dropped, over after over, on the perfect length—water wearing out even the rock of Quaife's patience. Blythe's bowling seldom curved through the air with the fulsome deceit of Rhodes's flight, a wicked, dishonest flight if ever there was one! Blythe's flight and curve were modest, a little short if anything, pitching in front of the batsman's very eyes. He did not fling his allurements about shamelessly. His trick was sharp and sudden spin; the batsman was overwhelmed by a ball which flashed from the leg to the off stump, a ball that had come straight down to the earth, inviting, almost with a blush, the compliment of an elegant forward stroke.

There has never in our time been a slow bowler with more than Blythe's skill on hard wickets. I have seen him, in dry weather on a good turf, sending down his delicately spun overs to a field with two slips in it, even with J. T. Tyldesley using wonderful footwork. The low trajectory of Blythe's attack prevented the drive; it was hard to run out to him. And in those legendary days batsmen did run out of

their creases and attempt to knock slow bowlers out of countenance. It was a familiar phrase then, "c Denton b Rhodes,"—quite as familiar as "c Tunnicliffe b Rhodes." And Denton fielded in the deep.

Blythe's spin and length were the stumper's and the slips' delight. The first time I ever went to Old Trafford I heard a terrific shriek as I entered the gates. Thinking, in my boy's ignorance of the ways of county cricketers, that somebody had been killed, I rushed to the seats, heart in the mouth. I was told that the noise had been Huish appealing for a catch at the wicket from a ball bowled by Blythe. I imagine that none but a most quick-minded stumper could have served Blythe's purpose. For he spun the ball with more alacrity, and with a sharper rise, than any other bowler I have seen. Huish was always taking Blythe's catches off the bat, an inch from the off-bail; and the noise of the smack which the ball made as it sped into Huish's gloves, and the noise of Huish's accompanying roar, are things I shall hear in imagination whenever I go to Canterbury or Tonbridge. There is a world of difference between the slow bowler whose catches at the wicket are a foot away from the stumps and the slow bowler whose catches are near

the batsman's wrists and the consequence of a stroke made late, by sheer reflex action. On a "sticky" wicket Blythe was unplayable; there was no getting to the half-volley and, by the grace of fortune, enjoying a few fours off the edge of the bat. His length, as I say, defied a drive; it forced the batsman to play just when the break was taking effect like a knife, and coming up from the earth at an angle which turned scientific stroke-play into vanity.

And Blythe, while he spread about the batsman's ears—or wrists—these buzzing wasps of spin, was himself the least menacing of men. It was as though his happy heart knew not what sinfulness his fingers were doing! I have seen him bowl A. C. MacLaren with the loveliest spinner in creation—from leg to off in a trice, and a round button of turf splashing through the air. And I have seen him begin to walk down the wicket involuntarily, as though to apologize to the most majestic of batsmen. Once, at Canterbury, R. H. Spooner, on a flawless wicket, hit Blythe unmmercifully through the covers and at last pulled him square for six. And Blythe applauded and cried out: "Oh, Mr. Spooner, I'd give all my bowling to bat like that!" Charming, pale-

faced Blythe, slender and given to fits, because his nerves were sticking out, so to say. He used to play the violin and make music even as the old cricketers of Hambledon did. In the ancient chronicles you will read descriptions of players in some such phraseology as this: "A good bat, sound in defence. Bowls well, down the brow of the hill; is a sharp long-stop, and sings in a pleasant tenor voice." I never heard Blythe performing on his fiddle; but I am told his left-hand technique and finger-work were supple; well can I believe it.

When I was very young and Blythe was one of my heroes I did not know that he came from Deptford and was a gorgeous Cockney. My lad's imagination made romance around his name—Colin Blythe. I invented a story about him; he was out of a public-school tale, and the villain had (temporarily, of course) swindled him of his inheritance. One day I saw Blythe walking round a cricket field, and I followed him about. I never dreamed of asking him for an autograph; I simply wanted to hear him speak. He was talking and laughing with a player of the Kent side, Seymour, who used to hold, and sometimes to miss, his slip catches. And I heard Blythe say: "I'll 'it yer on top of the nose in a minute." It was a

shock, because a boy's romanticism is always snobbish. Kent found Blythe playing cricket on a piece of waste land in a grimy part of his county; Kent is not all lanes and hop gardens. Colin Blythe came out of a slum and became the darling of Canterbury Week, with all its fashion and fine ladies. And not only did I follow Blythe about on cricket fields in those days. Sometimes a thin, tall, gawky, nervous youth would be seen walking in Blythe's footsteps, watching him all the time, worshipping him. This boy was Woolley, who later was to become a glorious batsman and Blythe's own shadow as a spin bowler. Blythe and Woolley, loveliest of names, loveliest of cricketers.

War broke out when Blythe was in his maturity. There had been days when this delicate artist was too ill, too sadly overstrung to bowl and win honours for England in Test Matches. But he lost his life fighting for England, one of the first to join up. A shell made by somebody who had never known cricket and directed by eyes that had never seen a Kent field fell on Blythe and killed him. On any of those quiet, distant, delicious afternoons at Canterbury, when Blythe bowled his gentle spin and the summer blossomed all around,

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could even the ironic gods have discerned the course of events which was to take Blythe over the seas and leave him there, part of the foreign dust?

CRUELTY TO CLERGYMEN

By Robert Lynd

AS one who wishes well to the Church of England, I note with apprehension that a Sussex squire has left an instruction in his will that, when a new incumbent is being chosen for a living on his estate, preference shall be given to "a man who is a sportsman and not a total abstainer from alcohol or tobacco." Tests of some kind, I suppose, are necessary in the selection of a clergyman. It is desirable, most of us would agree, that a clergyman should not be an atheist. Even the most broadminded would agree that he should not be a fanatical and militant atheist. Again, he should not have committed any recent crimes, or at least not crimes of the major sort, such as murder, burglary with firearms, forgery or arson. It is preferable, on the whole, that he should not be married to more than one woman at a time. He should be able to read and write and to perform the ceremonies of baptism and marriage in a becom-

ing manner. I should not protest even against his being subjected to a clothes test, for why should a clergyman not be compelled to dress like a clergyman? I have no desire to see shirts open at the neck and hikers' shorts in the pulpit. All these seem to me proper tests of a man's fitness to be a curate. Here there are no unwarrantable interferences with human freedom.

On the other hand, I should object vehemently to tests such as would restrict or warp a good man's personality. Thus I hold that an incumbent should be chosen on religious rather than political grounds. His politics should be left to himself like his diet at the table. It will be a bad day for the Church of England when it is announced that no one except Bolsheviks and vegetarians need apply for ordination. One might as well limit the Church to Baconians or Stratfordians, to motorists or pedestrians. The fewer compulsions we have in the Church or elsewhere the better. A church that excludes half the best citizens from its service will be deprived of half its vigour. That, I am afraid, is what will happen if the Church of England officially adopts the policy of the Sussex squire and puts a ban on all who are not sportsmen and are total abstainers and non-smokers.

If it does, I foresee that one of its first difficulties, in laying down rules for the acceptance of candidates for ordination, will be to define the word "sportsman." I myself have been called a sportsman only once. It was by a racing tipster who waylaid me in the street and urged me to allow him to send me secret information about horses from Newmarket. In order to get rid of him I told him that I betted very little and then in such very small sums that I did not much care whether I won or lost. He wrung me warmly by the hand, while his eyes lit up with enthusiasm. "You're the kind of man I like," he declared, "— a real sportsman. And just because I can see you're a real sportsman, I'm going to tell you one thing: don't miss Golden Bracelet in the three-thirty to-morrow. I go down on my bended knees and beseech you not to miss Golden Bracelet. It's a cert. Here's my address." And he thrust a dirty piece of paper bearing his address into my hand so that, if Golden Bracelet won, I should be able to communicate with him and get more like it. Of course, when I told him that I did not care whether I won or lost, I lied. I should care even if the bet were only a shilling. And here I think I resemble the real sportsman. King

Edward was, as everybody knows, a real sportsman, and Mr. E. F. Benson has recently told us how angry King Edward got with his partner when he lost at cards. I have known a good many sportsmen, and some of them have scarcely been able to back a loser without being convinced that the jockey had lost the race on purpose. How often have I heard men speak bitterly of some poor horse that had never asked them to back him and that never won when they did! I heard a man in a Donegal hotel one night, at mention of a horse called Minnehaha, exclaim, with concentrated venom: "Minnehaha! I have bought that horse all but the tail!" Is it into this world of jangling suspicion and irresponsible hatred that the clergy of the future are to be precipitated? Must, too, the Newmans and the Puseys of the next generation be compelled to provide the right answer to an examination-paper which asks them: "What is the meaning of (a) 'backing a horse each way,' (b) 'ten to one the field,' (c) 'eight to one bar one,' (d) 'the distance'?" There is many an honest rector in England to-day who, if he went to a racecourse, would not even know how to place a bet with a bookmaker, and to whom the book of form would convey as little as a page of

Hebrew conveys to a layman. Are his successors to be compelled to spend laborious nights and days mugging up such things, which, after all, bear very little relation to the question of our immortality? I myself am convinced that it is possible for a man, whether lay or cleric, to live the good life without knowing the difference between a classic race and a handicap; and, this being so, I am utterly opposed to any attempt to exclude from the service of the Church of England men of lofty character against whom no charge can be laid except that they are imperfectly acquainted with the pages of *Ruff's Guide to the Turf*.

Nor, if a sportsman is to be defined as a man who gallops after foxes on horseback, do I think that a clergyman should be compelled to be a sportsman in this sense. I believe that it is possible for a man to save his soul and the souls of other people without ever jumping over a five-barred gate. I am all for the rights of fox-hunters, but still more—if that were possible—for the rights of rectors. A fox's brush is good, but it is not the chief end of man. I doubt even whether knowledge of the other great sport called cricket—at least it was a sport until the last Test Matches—can rightly be made a matter of salvation. I have known

fairly upright men who detested cricket. And the same is true of football. Does anybody sincerely believe that St. Peter inquires of petitioners at the gates what teams got relegated from the first division of the League in 1932? If ignorance of such things does not exclude a man from Heaven, neither should it exclude him from a Sussex pulpit.

As for tobacco and alcohol (as everybody except those who drink it calls it), why should we torture initiate parsons by forcing such unnatural drugs into their unwilling mouths? I speak as one who is neither a non-smoker nor a total abstainer, but who realizes that there are many of the weaker brethren who have never been able to overcome their innate distaste for tobacco and alcohol. After all, it is no fun learning to smoke and drink. Certainly no tyrant ever subjected his victims to deadlier miseries than I endured at the age of five after smoking my first pipe. I would not willingly force such tortures on any fellow mortal as the price even of an archbishopric. It may be replied that what a man—especially a clergyman—needs in this life is a resolute and disciplined character, and that there is no finer moral discipline than the persistent effort to love what one naturally loathes. The child is compelled

to swallow his medicine, however distasteful; and it may be argued that on the same principle the dean should be compelled to go on smoking pipeful after pipeful of brown Cavendish, even though the chill sweat on his brow warns him that something worse than death is approaching. I doubt, however, whether we are all called upon to be heroes. It is in the little things of life, not in mighty exploits, that virtue is most surely tested. A man may be a good husband and father and yet go green before he has finished half a cigar.

Similarly, I have known almost saintly men who could not swallow a glass of whisky, even as medicine, without making wry faces. Nature has implanted in all of us a deep dislike of tobacco and alcohol; and thousands of people, do what they will, can never overcome this dis-taste. One man finds that he gets drunk if he swallows a glass of champagne. Another feels rheumatism shooting through his bones if he sips a little white wine. Guinness, no doubt, is good for you and me, but may it not upset the suffragan Bishop? To me it seems that any man who would force a fellow human-being to drink either wine or water against his will is a persecutor; and I do not wish to see the spirit of persecution reviving in the Church of Eng-

land. Hence, though I commend the spirit of the Sussex squire, I do not approve of his policy or wish to see it extended. I earnestly hope that the Church of England will always remember that it is no sin—or, at worst, a very venial sin—to be either a non-smoker or a teetotaller.

LORD'S AND GENTLEMEN

By *Gerald Barry*

PEOPLE who know little of the finer points of cricket as a game and perhaps care less, but who believe they understand the meaning of the word in its wider sense, must have felt a growing astonishment at all this rumpus between England and Australia about "body-line bowling." The acrimony with which the squabble has been carried on, the unwillingness of either side to meet the other with a compromise, show that the game of "cricket" and "what is cricket" have fallen pretty far apart. We all know, of course, that a man can be a cricketer and a cad, as well as a cricketer and a fool: it didn't need Mr. Kipling, or Mr. Herbert in his new Gaiety mood, to tell us that. But till recently it has been the proud boast of the Britisher at play that the game is more than the winning of the game, and that win or lose, damn it, sir, he hoped he knew how to behave like a gentleman. Without probing into the merits or de-

merits of the British-Australian quarrel, it seems quite plain that the game is becoming considerably less than the winning of the game, and that win or lose, neither side knows quite how to behave like gentlemen.

How else interpret the fierce seriousness with which has been debated this little difference of opinion about the way in which an afternoon's sport should be conducted? Though every English "expert" has vowed that the England team have 100% right on their side, the Englishman who knows nothing about leg theory but does know something about Australians can hardly feel happy about it. The Australians did a lot of things in the War, but one of the things they didn't do was to squeal. They were the toughest troops of the lot; whenever a particularly difficult job had to be done the Australians were put in the line to do it. In fact, they are not the sort of men to cry out because a ball hits them in the eye. There must be, in fact, or so it would seem to the non-cricketer, some substance in this complaint of theirs, or they would not have made it. But to the cricketer—the English cricketer, that is—there is apparently nothing in it but the whine of a fellow who doesn't like being beaten; "or alternatively," (as one is allowed

to plead in the courts, which has never seemed quite cricket), if there *is* something in it, we mustn't acknowledge the fact or we shall be letting down our side and possibly throwing away a decisive weapon.

On the other hand, the Australians have conducted their case with a minimum of tact and discretion; their captain has expressed himself to the English manager in terms that ill become a cricketer and a gentleman. Both sides, in fact, have apparently forgotten the traditional British attitude to a game.

None of this, probably, would be worth our attention if it stopped short on Melbourne's stricken field; but there is a suspicion that in this instance Larwood and Jardine are symbols of something bigger and more significant than their big and significant selves. An acute American, resident long in London—the on-looker, as usual, seeing most of the game—has propounded an ingenious explanation of the whole business. According to him, this body-line controversy is merely one symptom of a profound change which is coming over the British character. It is beginning, as most things British begin (and hitherto have usually remained there) with a game; and it is no less than a transformation of the British outlook

on life from that of the amateur to that of the professional.

It may be true, as the English are so fond of claiming, that they taught the world to play. Having learnt, the Americans have done something more vital—they have taught the world to *win*. The new attitude to sport has made the world safe for professionalism. The old, easy, happy-go-lucky days when the game was the thing, have gone for ever; except where, here and there, they linger wistfully on a village green. Nowadays, not the game but the prize is the thing: play up, and play to win! In England, because tradition dies hard, because the Englishman loves compromise and pretence, we retain the amateur, or, at least, the “shamateur,” but the old clothes conceal a new man. Commercialization has killed mere courtesy. Sport is ceasing to be sport and becoming a matter of national prestige; lost “records” are becoming the equivalent of diplomatic reverses; not teams alone, but whole nations, take part in disputes over the rules; and when a point of difference arises it literally becomes almost an international incident.

If all this is true, very possibly it is an improvement: there was a good deal of humbug and a good deal of racial laziness in the old

gentlemanly way. But if this change can affect even our sport, who knows where it will end? Will it run right through the national character and transform our industrial and commercial standards, our work as well as our play? There are signs that it is already doing so; indeed, it may be that almost without our noticing it the cricket field has already become the last, and rapidly crumbling, stronghold of *laissez-faire*. When Mr. Ford started out to make motor-cars by mass-production he was teaching the world to work to win. Having learnt the lesson, Sir William Morris became the Larwood of British industry. The "Rolls-Royce" attitude to life is dying. No longer will it be deemed good enough to make the most elegant goods in the world and not bother to sell them, to make the most beautiful strokes and not bother to win: henceforth success will be the one criterion. Or so says this American, and if he is right America has scored her biggest victory over England—the victory of an idea.

THE HAS-BEENS ARE IN TOWN

By John Connell

THIS is the week of the country parsons, the retired schoolmasters and the Colonial judges who have settled in Cheltenham; the week of faded straw hat ribbons, club ties a little creased and thin, and flannel suits that were the height of fashion in 1912; the week when St. John's Wood becomes a vast village green echoing with reminiscence and pleasant gossip.

Up to Lord's, they are coming, respectable elderly gentlemen suddenly boys on the loose again. The briefest, most excited of good-byes in the Rectory early on Monday morning—"I shall probably be there before the tea interval and I wonder who'll win the toss and I'm told those 'Tabs have a dangerously strong batting side and no I have *not* forgotten my thick pants in case it turns chilly."

London a little bewilders them. So much going on, so many changes, everything moves so fast. "Never would have thought I should

be so scared of London, in the old days; that night, for instance, we had that rare dust-up outside the old Empire. It's pulled down and gone, along with the Tivoli and the Oxford and all the good places." Perhaps not very fitting reminiscences for a Rural Dean, but they will happen; even Rural Deans have had their day.

London may be different, too unkind, too noisy, too swift, but Lord's is the same as it always was. There is the haven where tired, excited old gentlemen would be. There the green, green grass is still the same, and the Pavilion where young Joe smacked that six in '92, or perhaps it was '93. White-flannelled figures move like dainty marionettes across the wide expanse, a batsman, infinitely small and delicate in the distance, comes from the Pavilion slowly to the wicket, and the clapping which greets him is the melodious, decorous hum of bees about the hive.

There is nothing like the Oxford and Cambridge match. That is the tritest of sayings, but it has a meaning. The next match, the Eton and Harrow, is as unlike it as salmon mayonnaise is unlike cold beef and pickles. The Eton and Harrow is dressed-up, fashionable, and alarmingly artificial: Rural Deans would feel

a little inadequate, P.W.D. men home on leave from the Sudan a little shabby and remote; it is all far too Mayfair. But the 'Varsity match is genuine and enjoyable, as cricket, and as a social function.

It is the most amiable of all matches. The rivalry is dignified and restrained; there is captured for a day or two at Lord's the atmosphere and sense of a village pitch under the elms, and between the lane and the church. So many of the other University matches, in other games, are too strained and too important now. The Boat Race has become one of the biggest side-shows in the metropolitan fun fair, and it arouses wild and furious passions in millions who can go no nearer either University than the railway station. The Sports are gladiatorial, record-breaking, small Olympiads. And the Rugger match is grim and determined, like the December skies under which it is played. For Twickenham we snatch an afternoon, hurry off through the grey, cold mists, scramble into our seats, and settle down to an hour and a half's hard warfare; and in the gathering darkness as we return in a long, slow tramp to the station, we talk of an enemy defeated, of sallies and skirmishes, of rushes and fierce breakaways; at Twickenham we

may respect our foe, but emotions run too high and too fast for kindly fraternization.

Lord's is discreet and genuinely "sporting." At Lord's "the game is the thing," and the result really does not matter very much. Any-way it is usually a draw. But the match is played for pleasure, and for no further aim; and the spectators come in a friendly, easy-to-please spirit.

Once a year, for three brief days, the country parsons have things their own way. The actual game which is being played is important, but not nearly so important as those long-ago matches which are ceaselessly remembered. It is not a case of tradition dominating circumstances, or anything harsh or unnatural; it is only that, for so short a time, the past is stronger and more alive than the present. Ghosts, young and lovable ghosts, move swiftly across that grass; they were great men in their day, and their greatness and their youth are remembered; now perhaps they are dead, or old and paunchy and stiff of joint. Phantom fours go clicking beautifully to the boundary; dead fieldsmen are running to take imagined catches in the deep as it was on another summer day, a long time ago.

Memory at the 'Varsity match is not cruel,

but gentle like the July skies. There for a time troubles are forgotten; that the Rectory is getting shabby and damp and very bad for Aggie's rheumatism; that there has been a fearful row between the organist and the leading choirmaster; or that you are an elderly schoolmaster settled for ever into bad-tempered mediocrity at a third-rate prep. school; that money is scarce, and good jobs scarcer; that the years devour and take the best away; all these are forgotten in the mild and comforting calm of Lord's. The years do not seem so relentless, the changes in the world quite so terrifying and all-enveloping. Old Bill Jones is along there, five seats away, with his hat tipped over his eyes and his hands folded over his chest; he hasn't changed a bit, not a bit in all these years.

Yesterday perhaps you snapped sarcastically at young Broughton minor when he got his simple equations all wrong; now you remember that young Broughton is old Bill's nephew, and it seems that equations don't matter, and other things do. One day young Broughton may join the ghosts upon the green at Lord's, his century up with other ghostly centuries upon the board; and then it would be better he remembered you as a pleasant old buffer in

the members' stand than as an irascible beast of a schoolmaster. And elderly eyes go gladly back to watch that young fast bowler from "the other place" begin his run. Take wickets? Oh, probably, but not like old Bill did thirty years ago. Good stuff these youngsters, but they can't touch the old ones—yet.

THE QUESTION OF TIES

By Bernard Darwin

THE English Golf Union has lately made a handsome present of a tie to all who ever played for England. It has a background of green, on which are diagonal stripes of palest gold, and on each of these stripes is a row of the trimmest, tidiest little roses imaginable.

By what I take to be an unintentional piece of irony these ties were issued just before the Seniors' International Match, so that several of our British veterans were reminded—let us hope not too bitterly—of the grandeur that had once been theirs. Their respective and solicitous wives had forwarded their new gauds to them at Sandwich, but no one dared put his on; he just took it out of his pocket, gazed on it for a moment with a shy pride, and tucked it away again. Presently we shall become braver, if only because we do not want to be outdone by the Scotsmen, who already have a tie of their own, a dark blue one, if I remem-

ber rightly, with stripes of red and yellow and typically arrogant little red lions ramping on the blue ground.

One gratuitous tie was a great thing; it represented, as Mr. Wemmick would have said, "portable property"; but when I got home I found a second waiting for me, the tie of the new "Outlaws" club of Cambridge, which modestly aspires to be in the golfing line analogous to the Quidnuncs at cricket. This tie, I make bold to say, is one of the most elegant I have ever seen, and the domestic comment: "You can wear *that* tie," does it no sort of justice. Like so many of the others, it has a green background, and, indeed, what could be so appropriate to an outlaw as Lincoln green? On this ground are delicate stripes of light blue and white and, although the light blue will soon fade in its accustomed way into dirty grey, at present the tie is a thing of beauty; and with what a gust of cheerful venom will I put it on the next time Cambridge meet Oxford on the links!

There was a time when golfers eschewed colours austerely, almost self-consciously. They gave up their old red coats and were disposed to mock at the players of other games who found it necessary to deck themselves in caps

and scarves of some sacred colour. All that is changed now, and the golfer of extended activities must give some little thought to his tie every time he gets up in the morning; like some great personage who appears one day as a yeomanry colonel and the next as an LL.D., he can by means of one small part of his attire pay a delicate compliment or avoid wounding a susceptibility. When, for instance, he packs to go to Hoylake, he diligently combs his drawer till he finds the brown and blue and white of the Hittites, and will don it next morning with sentiments of pride and reverence. When he has to admit to his age he will relapse into the sere and yellow tie of the Seniors. Only on a few occasions is a blatant patriotism permissible. Once upon a time the University match brought him out in a state of ostensible impartiality and the colours of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society; for the future he will put aside pretence and strut abroad either as a Divot or an Outlaw.

"Upon my word," Miss Mowcher remarked, "the whole social system is a system of Prince's nails," and the whole golfing system is rapidly becoming one of ties. Can it possibly be that we are a little ridiculous? I am afraid so, but, after all, tie-collecting is

rather good fun. I carefully specify collecting because there are ties that look better in a drawer than round the human neck. To wear them is to feel the eyes of a railway carriage-full of strangers concentrated upon one, while friends proceed to ribald comment. There is one in my album of broad orange and purple stripes divided by a narrow vivid blood-red line. It represents a club and a course which I adore, and several times I have taken it out only to recoil shuddering. There is another one of khaki with red lines on it, full of tender associations, but again a force stronger than myself holds me back. I sometimes wonder whether anything in the bleaching way with the aid of strong sunlight would be of any use.

The most innocent and harmless ties are those in the modern fashion which have no stripes but only a sombre background on which are disposed small objects of indeterminate outline. The only thing to be said against them is that they are not ties at all in the technical and more gloriously snobbish sense of the term; they are only "gent's neckwear" such as we might buy at Mr. Blank's emporium to wear with our Sunday suits. Of these one of the best known is that of the Royal and

Ancient Golf Club with its dark blue ground and its series of little St. Andrews each on his little cross. It is true that the whole is an outrageous "crib" of Vincent's at Oxford, and that the uninstructed never recognize the saint and think he is merely a white blob; nevertheless the tie as a whole is undeniably pleasing. So are some pious imitations of it, such as the blue ground and white roses of Yorkshire and the similarly disposed "bells of Aberdovey" which the ladies of that club have adopted with or without an intention of playing upon words. There is a scandalous story that when a famous club decided to have a tie a morose wag among the members remarked: "That's quite easy—a green ground with star-weed on it." For my part, however, I decline to believe it.

I have hardly touched upon the complex system of county ties, though I possess one my claims to which might not bear examination. The number of permutations and combinations of stripes may, for all I know, be unlimited, but human ingenuity is not, and so it comes about that some of these county ties come near to infringing the rights of other people. There is one dreadfully like the Harlequins' and another—oh! fearful blasphemy—quite indistinguishable from that of the Old Wyke-

hamists. I once observed a bold-faced fellow wearing it and thought to see him stricken to the earth by the lightning of a Winchester eye, but he was not. To quote Miss Mowcher again : " What a world of gammon and spinage it is, though, ain't it? "

POINT-TO-POINT

By *Gordon Phillips*

EVERY year when the Lincoln arrives, and the Grand National is about to be run once more, you might think from the wealth of chatter about "the Flat" in papers which make a speciality of racing news and prospects that "jumping" was over and done with for the next six or eight months. If you do think so it is your privilege to be rather extensively wrong. Flat racing as sanctioned and controlled by the Jockey Club may start at the end of March and continue until the end of November, providing during that time a wealth of short-distance races and valuable prizes for bloodstock (and an equal wealth of opportunities for betting by people who rarely go near a racecourse), but that does not mean that what some of us regard as much the more interesting form of racing to watch comes to an end. "Jumping" meetings under National Hunt rules continue merrily through all April and May. They stop in June and July, but

they begin again in August, and then the game goes on over the fences and hurdles right away to the end of the following May. Thus, though flat racing has it in point of wealth and importance, "jumping" is almost an all-the-year-round sport in point of time.

And "jumping," of course, would include the point-to-point meetings which April sees at their height. Any Saturday during that month there will be a dozen or more of such meetings; other days of the week will between them account for another dozen. They are one-day affairs organized by the local hunts over some three and a half miles of up-and-down country; only amateurs can ride in them and on horses which have been "regularly and fairly hunted" during the previous season. Into details of the "spot of bother" which is blowing up for the point-to-point meetings from the National Hunt Committee there is no need here to enter; one plain fact is that they have increased in numbers and popularity (they cost nothing to watch unless you want to take a car on to the course) and that therefore they may be cutting into the attendances at the regular National Hunt meetings. But any restriction on their present numbers would be exceedingly unpopular with the public

which attends them, for they represent real horse-racing in a simple, jolly, and easily watched form, since the line of country selected sometimes gives a better view of the horses' progress than can be gained from a stand on a recognized racecourse.

Usually, of course, many of the people who attend them know something about the horses and riders engaged in the various events—and know it in a way which is not part of the equipment of even the most assiduous follower of paper "form" for the all-important and professional racing "on the flat." They know by personal acquaintance and reputation the horses and riders who hunt in this part of the country; they know something by reputation of the horses from the "adjacent hunts" which figure in the open races. That makes it a much more personal and exciting form of racing; your "fancy" really is a fancy by sentiment or personal information and not because you were told about him by a tipster in a one-o'clock edition.

This is not racing for racing's sake; it is racing as part of the English countryside and nearly every bit of it is soaked in the flavour, personalities, and traditions of the section of the English county in which it is held. Nowa-

days it comes as something of a shock to find that the Racecourse Betting Control Board in faraway St. James's Street is aware of your distant existence and has sent people specially down from London to run a "tote" in a tent for your one-day festival. There are "bookies," too, of course, taking no great risks with the odds and the possibilities of local "inside information." But they are usually friendly "bookies" and without the great expectations of Dickens and Chancellors of the Exchequer. They are aware that they are dealing for the most part with amateur punters as well as amateur riders, and they are ready to explain things accordingly. And the complexities of "six-to-four-on" in terms of a shilling stake sometimes want a lot of explaining to an amateur plunger of the female sex.

However, perhaps one should not bet even in shillings, lest the excitement should distract the attention from the wide and gracious setting for this annual headquarters of rural sport. One such spectacle, seen this April, will long remain in the mind. We are away, beyond the industrial belt, in the North-west, where the borders of Lancashire and Yorkshire meet; the afternoon is coldish April, with the leaves still unbudded on the branch. To the

left front the land climbs to a long, flat-topped fell, clean and fresh and green under a watery blue sky. But between us and the first slopes of that fell lies the point-to-point course, and round it, looking over the cars in the enclosure, we see the horses and the gay-coloured shirts and jumpers disappear into distant folds of the land and then reappear until they finally ride up to the last jump and the winning post. The day's action thus goes on in the immediate foreground of a grand sweep of country, for to the right of the flat-topped fell and far away in the blue distance rises a wedge-shaped mass which looks uncommonly like Pen-y-ghent, round the right of which, memory reminds one, there runs the lone and high moorland road which drops down to Halton Gill, Arncliffe, and one of the several hearts of the Yorkshire dales. Lovely country to remember, lovely country to survey; it touches the heart with the sense of England and the homeland as one looks across this broad approach to it and makes one almost forget the gallant horse that one wants to see win the next race.

WEATHER TO ORDER

By Naomi Royde-Smith

ONE day last year, on my way home from Carmarthen, I had read, in a paper bought at Swansea, the pronouncements of an optimist who assured his readers that the advance of Science was even now bringing us to the point when Man, and he seemed to believe this to mean actually *English*-men, will be able to regulate the weather. So, my fountain-pen being in good flow, and the train still travelling at second luncheon speed, I amused myself by setting down my own arrangements for the time when a plan for a year's weather might come in useful. Here it is:

We are going to be able to regulate the weather. A day as divinely clear as this through which the train is travelling is to become as common as it is lovely. Smoke will abate or be abated. Power will be electrical, and so noiseless and clean. By a

practical application of a study of spherical influences meteorologists will rise to tidy up our climate and put altitudes and weather in their places. We shall get snow at Christmas. March, roaring in like its well-known lion, will frisk out with its gay, mild lambs: these will not perish from frost before their shepherds can find them as now on their so often ungentle birthnights. Rain will, as a rule, fall only after midnight in the country and between 3 and 5 a.m. in towns. Its æsthetic value will, naturally, be recognized on certain days in April, and will occur with its preludes and postludes of sunshine and shadow, and banked silvery clouds with purple edges, and blackthorn in flower, and the green budding of hedges getting ready for May. April will have shed enough rain to keep May fresh and her gardens full of tulips. There will be lushness for bluebells in woods and enough warmth for pink and white hawthorn on boughs and in hedges everywhere.

I myself should like some hours of day-time rain early in June to fall, in benediction, when the bluebells are straight and full, on their air of holding spring rites in their green mansions. Besides, we need some

rain in June to plump out the strawberries : but there must be a hot, still week of sunshine before the week that holds Midsummer Day and the feast of St. John at its centre, to flush and sweeten the fruit to that perfection Doctor Botelar recognized in his unmatchable eulogy. Thus every garden-party will be sure of its sustenance and the lawns of England may safely be flowered with organdie and frail hats and flounces in all the colours known to the catalogue of Sutton and of Unwin and the other gardeners, professional and amateur, who experiment with sweet peas and with hybrid roses.

There shall be fewer days of rain in July : one at the beginning of each week, and only two wet nights, one on the first, the other on the fifteenth, of the month, to keep the high midsummer pomps fresh and gorgeous. Perhaps these days and nights of rain may be reduced in number, or in their number of hours, every other year, so that the amateur gardener need not be for ever deprived of his joy of watering, and the lawn sprinkler may not vanish from the out-house.

In August there will be no rain at all. August is a horrid month in any weather;

but, with so well regulated a year, the farmers should be able to depend on early and splendid harvests, and the rest of the labouring world to adjourn in their hosts to Ilfracombe and Torquay and bathe, then, mixed or unmixedly, from vans. Others, in ones or twos, but seldom in threes, will be safe in walking away to places some of us know but do not proclaim, where without let or hindrance they can lie in shallow, sun-warmed rock-pools; or swim in clear mountain streams; or wallow in the lapping of a tide that has come slowly up over sun-baked miles of sand and will ebb without any sucking undertow. Some of us will go to dear Abroad, where the weather has been regulated long ago, to wonder at the works of man or to defy the snows and crags of Nature: others will fish in rivers or shoot on moors, according to their kind: but for none of us will any rain fall till August has had twenty-eight days and twenty-nine nights without it. Then, in order that September may begin well, I would have a set of good crashing thunderstorms to clear August out of the way. They should be really splendid storms, coming after an increasingly sultry fourth week, with magnifi-

cent aspects of piled skies blue and white and full of towering clouds that turn deep rose and violet at sunset, following the copper effects of late afternoon. These would slightly damage a few ungathered crops for the sake of the voidance of grievance in the agricultural soul.

We all know how still and golden and perfect September can be—and very often is, even now. The new meteorology can hardly improve on this month. I hope it will not try to do so, and will keep October fairly warm, so that, the swallows having gone, the trees may rest undisturbed for days and the miracle of the horse-chestnut's sunshine-coloured leaves against the bright blackness of its trunk and branches may reward the wanderer who knows where, in park and woodland, it stands alone, letting its spiked fruits fall to the ground, safe from the slings of wanton boys who crash for conkers and splinter other chestnut boughs.

There will be great winds before rain begins to fall in October, and ground frosts, and spiders' webs full of globules of water across the gorse bushes still in flower, and a splendour of heather and bracken that will

last all through November, when the sea-gulls begin to come inland to follow those who break the surface of the soil.

Rain at night; a mild sun throughout the shortening days; a spangle of gold leaves against the delicate interweaving of bare branches in spinney and covert; and nice clean, dry pavements in towns for shoppers and church- and theatre-goers, will carry December to the shortest day. Then, before the year turns to spring again, there must be grey skies with the yellow threat of snow, like a jaundice on the clouds, and nipping cold so that we shall be glad for the birds' sake to see so red a harvest of haw and holly berry in the fields, and, for our own, to be confronted by crimson apples thrust between the jaws of porkers in the butcher's window. And, as I have said, there will be snow at Christmas and skating all through the holidays . . . in England then.

THE FIRST FLIGHT

By W. Beach Thomas

AFTER hours of watching in a cottage garden an affectionate observer of her birds—this possessive pronoun is important—has discovered several little secrets in the first great adventure of the young. The baby tits, feeling the attraction of the south-easterly sun shining over bright borders; and making a sunshine in the shady place, where the box-home was suspended, began, when fully fledged, to scramble to the opening to survey the world. Their enterprise alarmed the observant mother, who would fly back, forgetting even food, and thrust the too ambitious babe back into the safe, dark place. The moment for the first flight had not in her opinion yet come; and subsequent observations suggest that she was numbered among those too fond mothers who would postpone the hour *sine die*. The cock bird was of tougher fibre.

The story of the delayed flight is worth

telling. Until 2.45 on the morning of June 9, the two parents fed the young, ten of them, as fast as they could bring food; and perhaps excelled the speed recorded by Bismarck of his German tits. At that hour the observer was awakened from temporary drowsiness by a loud chattering. On the bird table, which stands just in front of the nesting-box, stood the two parents, each with a mouthful of food; but the cock bird would not allow the hen to carry her supply to the nest. He himself chattered and cheeped and at last flew to the nest, showed his seductive mouthful, and then flew off. The hen, of course, seized the opportunity. She flew to the nest in a flash; and delivered her morsel with speed. Just the same thing occurred again and again throughout the day. The cock made noises, waved his caterpillars about, sometimes at the mouth of the nest, and the hen waited till he flew off to feed the young. By evening the whole brood were still in the nest; but that night the hen, perhaps because she was prevented by her mate, did not brood the young.

At 7 a.m. on June 10 a louder chatter than ever summoned the observant cottage-dweller. The story had advanced a stage. It seemed that the fears of the hen had been overcome; or

did she know more exactly than the cock when the right moment had arrived? At any rate, that Sunday morning both birds adopted the cock's device of the day before—the old device of the carrot and the donkey. They flew past the doorway with mouthfuls of food, and called and called. Within an hour or so the persuasion prevailed. The boldest flew from the box; and flew at once strongly enough to be able to reach a bough of the ash tree on which the box is fixed. By church-time only one youngster was left in the nest, and he had clambered up and flown when the household returned from church. The demeanour of birds is always interesting. In this little episode the persistence of the cock and the fears of the hen on the first day will remain a visible memory; and on the second that fussy pride of the hen, like a spaniel with a retrieved missile, was yet more obvious. The nesting-box was cleaned out at once. Experience in other years gave hope that it may house another family before summer is done.

It is rare among birds for the young when they have flown to return to the nest; and in most species they become surprisingly independent of one another or their parents. Some mystery remains on this head. This year a missel thrush has come to the lawn day after

day with exactly one youngster and fed it till the two were scarcely distinguishable. A regular feature of the summer is the appearance of a pied wagtail with just one child; and many observers have wondered at a like experience. Casualties among young birds are doubtless heavy; but scarcely heavy enough to account for this. Young swallows—especially the last brood—delight to return to the nest; and when they leave it the five or six will roost side by side, rubbing shoulders. The prettiest of all the pictures of young birds in my memory is of a brood of swallows perched on a slender willow twig over the Lea, and fed by their parents on the wing. The feeding continued till the twilight deepened and the young fell asleep. Almost opposite that willow tree a family of moorhen had co-operated in building a second nest wholly for resting and sleeping purposes. How has it come about that the long-tailed tit, the partridge and the grouse, maintain the family affection for a twelvemonth, that the robin and the raven repel the young, and that all manner of birds insist on mothering the young cuckoo as long as it will take food?

NECROLOGY

GREY OF FALLODON—NATURALIST

By Seton Gordon

VISCOUNT GREY the statesman is likely to pass into history as one of the greatest Englishmen of his time: Viscount Grey the naturalist is a figure that is less widely known.

It was my privilege to stay at Fallodon fairly regularly during recent years. It was always a pleasure to arrive at the small private station on the Northumbrian coast and to see, however early the hour might be, a familiar figure on the platform to greet the arriving guest, at a time when most people were still asleep, or, at all events, still in bed. I remember, too—and could wish to hear again—the cultured, well-modulated voice, with its clear words of friendly greeting. There was no one I knew who had the same quietly confident and measured step as Lord Grey. His poise was so fine that he could, with his sadly failing eyesight, on a winter day run down the ice-coated steps which led from the house to the

bird sanctuary while his friends, gifted with full sight, were obliged to pick their way slowly, with extreme caution. That poise enabled him to land unaided on the Farne Islands within a year of his passing and to walk across slippery rocks where young seals lay.

Long years ago St. Cuthbert lived on the Northumbrian coast and tamed the birds and the seals, and it was fitting that at Fallodon, within sight of Cuthbert's cell on the Farne Islands, another great lover of wild creatures should have had his home. None who visited Fallodon could have failed to be impressed by the atmosphere of the place. It was a sanctuary in the inner meaning of the word. A benison rested upon it; the calm and kindly presence of one who had his home here radiated good-will, and especial good-will towards the living creatures which had trusted themselves to his care. The study window was open throughout the day, summer and winter—open, in order that a squirrel guest should enter whenever it felt inclined to do so and feed on the bowl of nuts that were always ready against its coming. Titmice flew freely about the room; in the spring of 1933 a robin was in the habit of singing his full song perched on Lord Grey's head.

I do not know that it has ever been recorded

how the sanctuary at Fallodon originated. This is the story as Lord Grey told it to me by the glow of a cheerful wood fire one evening: In the year 1884 he was at Oxford, and as he was doing no work he was "sent down" for February and March. During those two months he founded the bird sanctuary at Fallodon. I wondered whether anyone else, sent down from Oxford or Cambridge, ever achieved so much during his period of banishment! These reminiscences of his Oxford days produced others. He said that in his day Lord Rosebery was "sent down" from Oxford, for the following curious reason. He had entered a horse for the Derby, and when the authorities heard of this they gave him the choice of scratching his horse or of being sent down. Lord Rosebery, said Lord Grey, chose to be sent down, but he did not win the Derby! Our talk on Oxford took place at the close of 1932, and Lord Grey told me that he had never taken his degree at Oxford. He had passed in every subject except that irreverently called "Divvers," and now that "Divvers" had been abolished he said, half in jest: "I wonder if it would be in order for me to take my B.A. degree, now that I am Chancellor and a D.C.L. of the university?" Throughout his life that sanctuary

which he had founded in 1884 was to be a never-failing source of happiness to Lord Grey, and it was a joy to him to show his birds to anyone who loved them and understood them. Curious things sometimes happened. During a visit of a well-known field club to the sanctuary heavy rain began to fall, and a member of the club incautiously put up his umbrella with a sudden gesture. On the instant each duck took fright and flew in panic high into the sky; nor did they return so long as daylight lasted.

The sanctuary at Fallodon is chiefly a water-fowl sanctuary. In the grounds, and surrounded by trees, are two small ponds connected by a modest stream of running water. It was at the margin of the upper of these ponds that Lord Grey, with his friend Mr. Herbert, spent many hours in late spring and early summer taming the young broods of his ducks. It is, indeed, difficult to picture the birds of the place without him; they were his constant friends and companions, and to the end gave him daily pleasure. My last morning at Fallodon I shall long remember. It was in March 1933, and the sun shone brightly as we walked round to the white seat on the bank of the upper pond. As we walked a robin, flying confidently up to us, alighted on the states-

man's head and was fed on mealworms on this unusual perch. The robin then sang his full song, but remained standing on Lord Grey's head. We then walked along the shore of the pond, and from the bank and from the water ducks and waterhens looked at us without fear in their eyes. When we had reached the white seat Lord Grey sat down while I stood on the path beside the pond a few yards from him. I had long wished to see and to photograph a mandarin drake fly up and alight on his head, but I had never been present at the right moment. It was my last morning at Fallodon, and I had to leave for Scotland after lunch. At first no mandarins were to be seen on the water, but after a period of waiting a mandarin drake swam into our view, climbed out on to the bank, and, after looking intently at Lord Grey for a time and evidently working out the distance from the water's edge to the figure on the seat, flew into the air and made a beautiful landing on Lord Grey's head. Standing on Lord Grey's head the mandarin drake began to "display," and a little later a mandarin duck alighted on the seat. In quick succession two more mandarin drakes flew up and alighted on the back of the seat—one on either side of Lord Grey and at an equal distance

from him. The picture was a striking one. The spring sun shone full on the rich plumage of the mandarin drakes as they stood motionless as if on guard—one on the statesman's head, one on either side of him. They were free of any fear or uneasiness, and one of the drakes actually closed his eyes and dozed for a brief space. All the time the friendly figure on the seat did not move, and the only moments when the ducks showed uneasiness were when the shutter of my camera clicked.

I said to Lord Grey afterwards that only once had I seen a more beautiful and remarkable sight, and that was when I watched from my hiding-place a golden eagle sheltering her eaglet with her full outstretched wings from the direct rays of the sun. I believe that nowhere but at Fallodon could that example of perfect trust between wild birds and man have been seen.

This unusual and admirable state of affairs had been achieved by months of patient watching in the early summer of each year. It is surprising how difficult it is to induce a wild bird to feed from the hand, and until they fed from the hand they could not be said to be thoroughly free of fear. This process of taming the birds had to be continued each year, for,

however tame their parents may be, the ducklings in their youth are full of suspicions of human beings. For several hours each day in early June Lord Grey used to lie quietly on the bank of the upper pond, and the duckling broods would gradually lose their fear of him and in the end (this might need weeks of patient sympathy) would take bread from his hand. Lord Grey told me that once the habit of feeding from the human hand had been acquired it was never lost, but it was necessary that this habit should be acquired while the ducklings were small. The charm of the Fallodon waterfowl is that they are unpinioned or full-winged birds and may come and go at will. Sometimes in the darkness of a winter night the whistle of the mandarins is heard miles from Fallodon, and anyone watching the fast, graceful flight of these ducks can understand that they probably travel far between the feeding hours. The Fallodon ducks were (and still are) fed each morning and evening. Mr. Welsh, the head gardener, who is a keen naturalist, usually feeds the waterfowl in the morning between seven and eight o'clock, but when he was at home Lord Grey always gave the evening feed, which was at sunset.

I often sat with Lord Grey on the seat

beneath the old larch where the waterfowl were fed. It was a unique experience to sit literally surrounded by ducks of many kinds. There was the old eider drake who, after a long life of twenty-one years, *would* persist in courting the mallard ducks, whose rightful mates looked upon the old fellow's love-making with amused tolerance. There were wild shovellers (this was perhaps Lord Grey's greatest triumph) which had not been reared at Fallodon, but which had flown south at the approach of winter—perhaps from some remote loch in Scotland—to the sanctuary. Each autumn during recent years a varying number of wild shovellers arrived at Fallodon, and in a few days became so tame that they fed fearlessly on the grain thrown to them between Lord Grey's feet. Last winter (1933-34) they were present in greater numbers than ever. I noticed that these shovellers paid no heed when a shower of scattered grain fell upon them, and I thought how remarkable it was that a wild-bred bird should permit such a liberty taken with it. It was a remarkable tribute to the unique atmosphere of the place.

But perhaps the tamest waterfowl at Fallodon are the tufted ducks. These fought to take bread from Lord Grey's hand, and if he did

not give them their bread promptly they would tug at his shoelaces and stockings to attract his attention. At the evening feed wood-ducks sometimes flew on to Lord Grey's head, and I once photographed a wood-duck being fed by him as she crouched on his soft hat. Although ideal relations had been established between man and the wild creatures of the Fallodon sanctuary, I recall two incidents which showed that the birds had lost nothing of their fear of possible enemies. One evening Lord Grey and I were seated beneath the larch, and the ducks were feeding fearlessly around us, when a blackbird flew overhead, and as he passed uttered his well-known chuckle of alarm. In a moment every duck flew into the air in panic and settled on the water, where they felt more secure. They believed that the blackbird had warned them of approaching danger, and perhaps the old blackbird chuckled to himself (this time in mirth) as he saw how successful his little trick had been. One morning I was feeding the waterfowl when they scattered and alighted in a small area of ice-free water in the middle of the lower pond. I knew I had done nothing to alarm them and was at a loss to understand their behaviour, when, looking up, I saw a

heron planing down towards the pond. Herons are not often seen on the Fallodon ponds, and the ducks had mistaken this great bird soaring in menacingly upon them for a large hawk or eagle, and had wisely flown on to the friendly water. One evening when Lord Grey and I were on the seat feeding the birds I noticed that the supply of bread in my basket was getting low, and thoughtlessly gave the basket a gentle shake the better to expose the remaining pieces of bread. The slight noise I made was sufficient to send all the ducks on the wing in alarm.

Those who have read Lord Grey's books realize his knowledge and love of birds. To the world his *Twenty-five Years* was his most important work, but when he himself spoke of "my book" he meant *The Charm of Birds*. Shortly before his death he was speaking about people who would talk their own particular "shop" regardless of the feelings of their listeners, and he said: "They ought to stop themselves; they should not allow themselves to talk much of their own special interests regardless of the possible feelings of other people. It is hard work for me, but I do deliberately refrain from talking of my special joy in life, unless I know that people share

my feelings—I mean birds, of course.” His sister, Mrs. Graves, told me that when her son was killed in the war Lord Grey wrote to a friend of hers: “It is difficult in these dark days not to become disheartened and discouraged. I find that what helps me most is watching the stability of Nature and the orderly procession of the seasons.”

It was on Lord Grey’s advice that Arthur Balfour, who was Prime Minister at the time, gave that distinguished writer and naturalist the late W. H. Hudson a pension from the Civil List, and Lord Grey told me that Hudson was so punctilious that when his circumstances were a trifle easier he wrote to say that he should like the pension discontinued. Lord Grey once said to me: “I do not know if Hudson would have approved of my ducks. I don’t think he would. He would have said I was interfering with wild nature.”

As an angler Lord Grey was unsurpassed. His book *Fly-Fishing* is a classic, and he was equally skilled with a salmon or a trout rod. Of an evening at Fallodon, in the cheerful warmth of a glowing wood fire, Lord Grey would renew his youth as he recalled happy days spent on Highland rivers and on the chalk streams of Hampshire. He told me that

a swift twice the same evening picked up his dry-fly after his cast and dropped it a little distance from the large trout the angler had been carefully casting over. He sometimes said he thought of writing another book; "but to write a book one must feel happy." The partial loss of his sight during the last ten years of his life was a greater trial to him than was generally realized. "I have lived too long," he said to me when he returned from the memorial service for Lord Balfour at Westminster Abbey. He once said to me that it was a living death to see no longer clearly his beloved birds and the countryside he knew so well.

The great poets were a solace to Lord Grey during the years when his sight became slowly worse. It was while we were walking beside the lower of the two ponds at Fallodon on a sweet-perfumed morning of spring after a night of rain that Lord Grey profoundly impressed me by a few words he spoke on his knowledge of poetry. He had quoted to me some verses of Wordsworth (I think, his favourite poet) on the beauty of a spring morning after rain, and when I remarked on the excellence of his memory he replied: "My memory is *not* good. Do you know how I

am able to quote those verses so easily? For the last forty years I have made a habit of repeating them to myself at least once a month, and sometimes more often." The last time I stayed at Fallodon Lord Grey was discussing Wordsworth's *Prelude*. He said he did not think it was generally known that Wordsworth snared woodcock in his youth, and quoted these lines :

Ere I had told
Ten birth-days, when among the mountain slopes
Frost, and the breath of frosty wind, had snapped
The last autumnal crocus, 'twas my joy
With store of springes o'er my shoulder hung
To range the open heights where woodcocks run
Along the smooth green turf.

On a spring afternoon Lord Grey took me over to an old beech tree, and said that one day he intended placing some lines from Gray's *Elegy* on the tree; the lines were :

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreaths its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon tide would he stretch
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Each day was full of interest at Fallodon. We visited the old sequoia after dark to see

whether we could find (though we were never successful in doing this) tree creepers at home in the small roosting hollows in the rough red bark of that tree. Many robins came to be fed, perching fearlessly on the hand; that early nester the Chile pintail might be seen on her nest amongst the withered fern beneath the trees in mid-March. Blackbirds sang from the bushes beside the ponds, and one day Lord Grey spoke to me of his walk in the New Forest with the late President Theodore Roosevelt. He said that the President was deeply impressed by the blackbird's song, and said to him: "You as a nation do not make enough of the song of the blackbird." Lord Grey said that he was much struck by President Roosevelt's knowledge of British birds, and that once he was told a bird's song he was able to identify it without any further help. Some years ago Lord Grey said to me that he had heard most bird songs, but he had never heard the greenshank sing. Now, the song of the greenshank is one of the most beautiful—perhaps the most beautiful—wild songs I know, and the singer sometimes remains in the air for a full half-hour uttering his flute-like song all that time without ceasing. My wife and I were at that time living near Aviemore, in the heart of

greenshank country, and I said that if he came to Aviemore he would have a good opportunity of hearing the greenshank sing. I have always been sorry that this visit did not take place, and that Lord Grey never heard the beautiful and inspiring song of the rare, elusive greenshank high above the pine trees of the old Caledonian forest.

Like his birds, Lord Grey was happy during rain. One March day I arrived at Fallodon on a morning of soft rain following on weeks of dry, hard weather. My host then took me up to the top of the house, to the rainwater cisterns, and Lord Grey stooped down and, after listening long and intently to the rain-water trickling into the tanks, said to me: "I think I should have lived in the west—perhaps in Skye, where you never suffer from want of rain. There is nothing I hate so much as drought." Sometimes he would say of late years: "My quarry pool is six inches (or nine inches or a foot, according to the duration of the dry weather) below its usual level; that is not right." When his sister half-jokingly replied that they should be thankful for the fine weather he would say: "No, it is not right; I am never happy when my quarry pool is low." Between the quarry pool, with its large

fat trout and its banks in spring delicately tinted with the blossom of the flowering currant, and the house of Fallodon, the main London and North-Eastern line to Scotland passes. We used sometimes to watch the north express rush by the level-crossing gates at frightful speed, and Lord Grey told me that his brother and he often timed the expresses over that particular stretch of line going north, and found that they regularly travelled at a speed of seventy-five miles an hour.

But even to the end Lord Grey put his work first, and very few people knew what it cost him to prepare one of those speeches, or addresses, which were read all over the English-speaking world. His strength of mind was shown in his reading, almost up to the last, the first "leader" in *The Times* each morning. He told me (this was, I think, two years before his death) that his sight was then so impaired that it took him three-quarters of an hour to read the article. Right up to the end of his life his public duties took him much to London, and he told me that on the arrival of his train at King's Cross at about half-past six in the morning he had *The Times* brought to him in his sleeping-berth, and very slowly read the leading article before he left the train. How

he escaped being run down by London traffic was always a wonder to his friends, for he had no private car in London, and often walked rather than take a taxi.

I believe Lord Grey was one of the very few European statesmen (of whom Lord Curzon was another) who never wrote, or sent, a type-written letter; during his Foreign Secretaryship his friends received from him letters always written by his own hand, and even when he was almost blind he would sit down at his desk and, bending painfully over his sheet of notepaper, would write a letter. Sometimes he would say: "Can you read this address?" Once he said a trifle sadly: "I had a letter returned to me not long ago because the address was illegible." He did not take readily to new inventions. Up to a comparatively short time before his death he had no motor car, and preferred to ride a push-bicycle. The telephone he mistrusted, and he used to say: "I never can use it; it is a most unsatisfactory instrument, and is always out of order when you wish to use it." The wireless set at Fallodon enabled him to keep in touch with public affairs and the news of the world. I recall one night—I think it was in the spring of 1930—when Lord Grey and I heard Lloyd

George deliver an important speech, and as the clear, impassioned tones of the great orator sounded in the loud-speaker I could not help glancing from time to time at the motionless figure of Lord Grey as, seated in his chair, he listened to one with whom he had at one time been closely associated. I think that, even after all had passed to estrange them, Lord Grey had a kindly thought for Mr. Lloyd George because of their common interest in the tame Fallodon squirrels.

Lord Grey talked sometimes of the great political figures of the past and the present age. He told me that Balfour had long ago a feeling that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was destined for great things. He was so sparing of his praise that one evening I was surprised when he said: "The nicest man I ever met in my life was John William Pease, and the bravest man was Howard Pease;" and I thought that this was a fine tribute to two well-known Northumbrians.

The last expedition I made with Lord Grey was on Boxing Day, 1932, when we sailed out to the Farne Islands to see the young seals. His sight was then very bad, and climbing about the seaweed-covered rocks was tiring for him, yet he would not be helped, and I think that,

although he could not see the birds, and could with difficulty see the young seals that lay groaning on the rocks a few yards from him, he was glad to be on the low islands which he remembered in happier days.

There was no one so beloved by the humble folk of Northumberland as Lord Grey, or, as they preferred to call him, "Sir Edward." That affection was brought home to me on the day when we crossed to the Farnes. The fisherman who owned the boat told me as we were returning that forty-five years before, when he was a small boy, he and his mother were walking along the hard road towards Sea Houses, the small fishing village where they lived. A dog-cart passed them, then stopped, and they saw that a lady and gentleman were seated in it. The gentleman asked them if they would like a lift. Afterwards he asked his mother who those people were, and she replied: "Sir Edward and Lady Grey." The incident had remained in the fisherman's mind all his life, but he had never had an opportunity of speaking to Lord Grey until then. I remember him saying: "We think a terrible lot of Lord Grey in Northumberland."

The sanctuary at Fallodon remains. Each morning and evening the birds are fed. Every-

thing is as the beloved owner left it. Robins come to feed from the hand, and now a blackbird has joined them. But he who, like St. Francis of old, was the presiding genius of the place is gone. Surely his spirit has passed unharmed through what we call death, and is happy. During those last sad days when his body lay unconscious upon that quiet bed at Fallodon I pictured his spirit going out across the moonlit sky through the beauty of the heavens. He already knew the great beauty, the splendour of truth and goodness, which we here can grasp but imperfectly, and at long intervals.

A VISIT FROM GEORGE MOORE

By *Philip Gosse*

WHEN one spring we invited George Moore to come and spend a few days with us in Sussex, we had but little hope of his accepting. For several years, ever since his operation, the recluse of Ebury Street had been a prisoner at his house in Pimlico. His most intimate friends knew, and he made but little secret of it, that his general state of health and age precluded the second and most serious operation which alone could complete his cure. Therefore it was a pleasant surprise when he instantly replied that he would come to us for two days, but under a certain proviso.

Although he had not left Ebury Street for a night for a number of years, he was about to make an experiment, and was to go to stay in the country with Sir James Barrie, and he said that if this proved not to interfere with his hitherto daily treatment, he would come and stop with us. Jokingly I said that his visit to

Sir James Barrie was to be a trial trip before he visited us, to which he laughingly agreed. Such an exciting upheaval from his normal life at Ebury Street as a country visit was not likely to be undertaken by George Moore without a deal of correspondence. Numerous letters came from number 121, beginning with one dated March 16th, 1932, which started the ball rolling. By the 18th of April matters had progressed; and he wrote:

I have been ill with neuritis; agonies of pain day after day, but I am better now, I might almost say quite well again and able to make the long projected visit of two days when it suits you: just write and tell me when it will suit you; my days are all the same.

If you should be in London before you can arrange for me to come to see you, do not forget to call here, for the book of signatures has arrived and I should be disappointed if your name was not among the others. I miss a great deal in not having your father's name.

My memories stretch over a long number of years when I came to supper if not every week at least every fortnight.

The reference to the book of signatures related to what Moore called his "Round Robin"; a letter of greeting which was pre-

sented to him on his eightieth birthday, and signed by many of his friends and admirers. I was abroad at the time but he wished, and I wished, my name to be added to it.

As the weather was still bitterly cold and wet I suggested it would be better if he came to us a little later on, to which Moore replied :

What you say is excellent sense : the weather is treacherous and I am not feeling very well, but it is impossible this weather will continue as it is, keeping everybody within doors.

If I spend two days with you I should like to walk with you and your wife for the weather is sure to be tolerable in May, so let us wait until the fine weather really comes.

You speak to me of Galsworthy. It would be ungracious of me to say I do not wish to see him but I am afraid I should not have very much to say to him except platitudes—that he sells well and had done all he hoped to do I suppose in Literature.

I shall be glad and eager to continue your acquaintance which I had a poor chance of doing in Regent's Park : we shall have a thousand things to talk about, and I have your wife's acquaintance to make; I hardly know her at all. My hands will be full for two days.

The explanation of the reference to Mr. Galsworthy is as follows. In one of my letters

I had asked Moore if he had any friends living in the neighbourhood, whom he would like invited to meet him; and mentioned that Mr. and Mrs. Galsworthy lived only a few miles away, and perhaps he would like us to invite them over to lunch while he stayed with us.

The next letter, written four days after the previous one, brought the visit nearer. It ran:

I will come down on the 10th of May to see you and spend two days; I should like to stay longer but my infirmity forbids.

I had a visit from Sir John Thompson-Walker to my great surprise, for I thought he was tired of me but he is coming to luncheon to-day and we are going to Dulwich to see some pictures.

I hope the 10th of May will be a fine day because we have much to talk about and I want to see all round Steyning; you may remember I lived for years near Shoreham on the downs.

P.S. The express train leaves Victoria 11.5 a.m. for Brighton.

So at last after much letter writing and study of time tables George Moore was really coming. Brighton and not the local station was decided upon; the journey being more comfortable, quicker and with fewer changes. When I first suggested Brighton, Moore in-

quired anxiously what the taxi fare would be from that station to Weppons and was evidently much relieved when I told him my car would meet him and bring him the fifteen miles by road.

As we had no large car and I was not sure that Moore would be comfortable in a two-seater, I hired an enormous saloon car, complete with chauffeur, and went in it to meet him. He arrived at the station in good spirits, but was annoyed with me for offering to help him into the car, saying he did not wish to be treated as an invalid. Once comfortably settled down, he talked unceasingly, principally of modern sculptors and modern novelists, for neither of whom he had a good word to say.

He told me that once he was taken by a famous sculptor to look at a statue of the artist's baby. Moore stared at it for a while and then asked what it was meant to be. "My baby," answered the sculptor, to which Moore had replied: "More like an inflated frog!"

As for the modern novelists, apparently all failed except Mr. Charles Morgan: notwithstanding Moore having "left France to show England how to write novels."

He next turned to one of his favourite sub-

jects—when talking to me—the *Life and Letters of Edmund Gosse* by Sir Evan Charteris. “Biographies,” said he, “should be a man’s conversation, not his deeds,” and went on: “That man who wrote Johnson’s life, for example, his was the only good biography—all talk. If my biography ever comes to be written it must consist of my talk, conversation.”

When we got to the house, the maid came down to ask Moore for his keys to open and unpack his two big suit-cases. But Moore would not allow this, and together we went up to his bedroom, where he knelt down on the floor and after much fumbling with the wrong keys at the end of a long chain, he opened the bags and began to unpack his things.

Apparently something which ought to have been packed was missing and not to be found, and in a state of considerable agitation Moore turned over and over all the contents in search of the necessary article. This brought to my mind his own amusing account in *The Lovers of Orelay* of how the *valet de chambre* had forgotten to put in his special, or in fact any pyjamas, and I said to him: “You don’t say your valet has again forgotten to pack your pyjamas?”

Quick as a flash the old man kneeling on the floor looked up and gave me a knowing smile.

It must not be thought that the steady flow of conversation was interrupted by the unpacking. Far from it. First one subject was taken up and dealt with, then another and another.

After lunch Moore complained of the number of wild rabbits which were to be seen from the drawing-room window, and soon afterwards fell asleep in an arm-chair and the room reverberated with loud snores from the slumbering novelist.

I tiptoed out, got a gun and sallied forth to deal with the offending rabbits.

When not sleeping, our guest never ceased to talk. He would wander round the drawing-room examining the carpets and pieces of furniture and pictures. Of the latter the only one he had a good word for was Sylvia Gosse's *Safety Razor*, which he praised highly. Amongst the modern paintings are two, one by Dod Proctor the other by Ernest Procter, A.R.A. The one by the latter, *The Home in Danger*, a clever study of two doves, Moore gazed at for several minutes and then inquired: "Who painted those eagles?"

A large part of Moore's conversation during this visit, as on every occasion that we met during the last few years, was about my father, who for many years until his death in 1928, had been one of his closest and dearest friends. In fact ever since my boyhood I can recall Sunday suppers with George Moore and my father seated in heated discussion, and my father throwing up his hands in expostulation over some more than usually outrageous statement, with such words as: "My dear Moore, you are simply preposterous."

After tea Moore said he would like to go for a walk. As the fields were soft and muddy after the rain, and Moore walked with some difficulty, I tried to persuade him to keep to the garden paths or the roads. But no, he insisted upon walking across a rough field which separates the garden from the Downs. The going was bad, what with the mud and the numerous mole-hills, and several times Moore stumbled and might have fallen if I had not caught him. Very soon he became cross and asked why on earth I did not have the moles destroyed. I explained that now-a-days the professional mole-catcher had become even more rare than the thatcher, and that in any case, even if I did catch all the moles in our

meadows, swarms of reinforcements would soon appear to take their places from the neighbouring fields.

The return to the house was done slowly, laboriously and in dreadful silence, a silence so rare in George Moore as to be truly alarming.

But, as usual, he soon cheered up, and at the dinner table the same evening referred back quite amicably to the unfortunate mole problem, and said he had heard of dogs which were trained to hunt moles and seriously advised me to find out where they might be procured, and to buy a couple.

The subject of moles reminded Moore of a dreadful crime he had once committed when a young man in Ireland. He was out one day with his gun when he suddenly met a badger which he shot; an act which he had regretted, all his life.

One of the passages in our old farmhouse has a low slanting ceiling and Moore knocked his head against one of the beams, in spite of my warning him to be careful. He swore roundly, and asked me why I had not had the roof raised.

Several times during his short stay with us he lost his temper, became suddenly very

angry, and almost as quickly became friendly and smiling again.

The badness of modern writers was a favourite topic of conversation. He made few exceptions to his general scathing judgment, my father and Mr. Charles Morgan being among the select few of whom he approved. One other exception was Mr. David Garnett; whose *Lady Into Fox* Moore praised generously.

He expressed a high regard for the publications of the Nonesuch Press, and greatly admired our copy of Cowley's *Anacreon* with Mr. Stephen Gooden's copper-plate engravings. It seemed strange that Moore had not ever seen these engravings since it was Mr. Gooden who designed the illustrations for the second edition of *The Brook Kerith*. This example of the Nonesuch Press Moore declared to be one of the best "turned-out" books he had seen for years. He found one fault with the work of Mr. Gooden which was that he had no idea how to draw rocks.

Talking about short story writers, he said that the best of all was Turgenev, though Maupassant was good as well, but "a coarse fellow," in fact "Turgenev is to Maupassant as silk is to cotton."

As for Mr. John Galsworthy, "a poor

writer, very poor, but he has accomplished what he had set out to do."

Amongst the many things for which Moore had no use were clubs. He only once belonged to a club, Boodles, which he had been forced to leave because whenever he entered it a drunken member would always bother him by asking what he was going to do with his two-year-olds.

Once he had been a keen billiards player, in fact during the time he lived at Shoreham he used to play billiards almost every evening with some friends who had a house there. Moore would often make a break of thirty or forty, with an occasional one of fifty, but never more.

Shooting he had been fond of but gave it up after being shot in one eye by a careless "sportsman."

Moore's conversation, which continued the whole of the waking hours of the two days he stopped with us, took the form of little narratives or stories, as often as not about some imaginary person or happening. He liked to talk about himself, his youth, his writings, and promised to bring down one of his plays to read it to us the next time he visited us.

Somehow or other I happened to speak of

William Cobbett, whom Moore said he had never even heard of; so I lent him my copy of the first edition of *Rural Rides*, which he enjoyed very much.

Every now and again, without warning, Moore would open up some quite new subject of conversation. I think it was the confession of the murder of the badger which started him on what he called the murder of gorillas by the Crown Prince of Sweden. I entirely agreed with Moore on the wickedness of killing gorillas or any other large rare mammals; and added that the Crown Prince had excused his wholesale slaughter of the gorillas by saying he shot them to present as specimens to museums: in the cause of science. "Science, pooh!" snorted Moore, "whatever good has science done the world?—damned bosh!" "Well if not science, then knowledge," I protested. "Knowledge?" cried Moore, yet more indignant, "who wants to know how we began? Ignorance is better than some knowledge."

The whole of one dinner he kept us amused with memories of his youth in London; many of which occur in his writings, of Cremorne Gardens, and the "light ladies" who lived in small discreet houses with big gardens, near

South Kensington or in St. John's Wood. He named and described several of these "light ladies" whom he claimed to have known intimately. He told us that if you met one of these, when you were walking with a lady friend, it was not etiquette to bow or raise your hat; but to pass by "looking hard at the clouds."

His great friend in those days had been Jim Browne. He was an amateur painter who specialized in huge canvasses depicting such subjects as *Julius Cæsar overturning the Druids' Temples* or *Cain defending his Sister from Lions*—"and such like." On one occasion Moore found his friend roaring in a loud voice, while painting a huge green eye; a situation which seemed to call for further elucidation which I was unable to obtain. But of all subjects to paint, Browne preferred lions above all others; and while depicting one of these he would bellow out scraps of the popular song *La Belline*. Jim Browne never sold a picture but presented specimens to his friends and in time the walls of Moore Hall became covered by his vast surprising canvasses; while many others found homes in various Roman Catholic churches and chapels in the West of Ireland. Browne's full and noisy life ended suddenly.

One hard winter's day when St. John's Wood lay deep in snow, he set out to model a huge snow lion in his garden (everything in Jim Browne's life was done on a big scale), but catching a cold, he developed pneumonia and died. As Moore added: "Jim died while the lion melted."

The second afternoon our guest decided he would like to be taken for a drive. He did not wish to go far nor fast: so he was packed into a small open two-seater and off we went towards Storrington and Pulborough. On the way we passed a small side road with a sign-board showing it led to Bury and Amberley. We only had a passing glance, but this was enough for the lively octogenarian to read it and remember that Mr. John Galsworthy lived at Bury.

He ordered me to stop the car and turn about, and go to Bury to call on Mr. Galsworthy. But this I was determined not to do. I had not forgotten his scathing remarks about Mr. Galsworthy; nor was George Moore the sort of friend, however distinguished, whom you took to call on people who were not very intimate friends, or whose opinion of George Moore had not been previously ascertained.

On our way home, we stopped at a wayside

garage for some petrol, and while this was being supplied, an unpleasant-looking mongrel dog came out to watch the proceeding. Moore inquired of the garage owner the animal's name, age, pedigree and sex. The owner referred to it as a lady-dog, to which Moore took exception, saying: "I suppose you mean a bitch?" After we left the garage, Moore turned to me and said: "Well anyway I have done one good deed to-day, by instructing that man to use the word bitch—lady-dog indeed!"

That night, on going up to bed, he said he would require no breakfast, as he preferred to wait until his lunch when he got home. Nevertheless he was down punctually to breakfast next morning and ate heartily of scrambled eggs and bacon, and marmalade. His breakfast spirits were of the highest and he informed my wife that had he, when young, met a woman like her, he would never have remained a bachelor, and added that they understood each other at first sight.

Having found out that Moore was quite comfortable in the small car, I did not hire the big one, but drove him myself to Brighton railway station. He never stopped talking the whole journey.

He began about anonymous letter writers,

and other strangers who wrote to him: most of the latter being women. One, an Austrian Baroness wrote to ask George Moore to meet her either at Vienna or Venice. Before replying, the cautious Moore asked for her photograph and when in due time it came, it depicted a tall gaunt and very thin woman of German type.

The talk ran on these lines, and many of his anecdotes or memories one remembered having read in one or other of Moore's writings.

When we were about half way to Brighton, Moore gave a cry of dismay. I asked whatever had happened. It seemed he had left his box of cigars at Weppons. I assured him the maid was quite certain to have packed them and he would find them in one of his suit-cases when he got home. "No!" said Moore, "for I hid them at the back of the lowest drawer but one of the bureau in my bedroom." I told him I would look for them directly I got back, and if they were there I would post them on to him at once. This appeared to reassure him, but he added, significantly: "There are three cigars missing out of the second row!" Owing to Moore's endless flow of entertaining talk I missed the proper turning near Brighton station, and found myself driving along a

narrow street which runs down a steep hill behind the station. It did not matter as we had plenty of time and to spare, so I decided to keep straight on to the London road and approach the station from the other side. Unfortunately I told Moore I had missed the way and he became very cross and ordered me to stop immediately and retrace our course. I explained that it would be very difficult to turn the car round in such a steep and narrow street and reminded him that we still had twenty minutes left in which to go less than a mile. The rest of the drive was very embarrassing. First Moore raged, then sulked, and then flared up again when, owing probably to nervousness, I attempted to enter the station by the "Exit," where we were pounced upon by a policeman and ordered to go back.

What with Moore and the policeman I was, by the time we reached the station, a humbled and harassed host, and was rather relieved than hurt when Moore bid me an icy good-bye outside the station and left with a porter for the train.

As soon as I reached home I pulled out the lowest drawer but one of the bureau in the bedroom Moore had occupied, and right at the back found the cigar box. The temptation to

open the lid was irresistible and sure enough three cigars were missing from the second row.

By the first post next morning my wife received from the punctilious and polite old gentleman, a charming letter of thanks for his visit, and when I saw him at Ebury Street shortly afterwards he was as affable and delightful as only George Moore could be; when he liked you.

He had paid us an unforgettable visit, though he was certainly an exacting guest, for as he put himself out to amuse, he expected his hosts to do the same and never flag, in catching and returning the ball of conversation. And how alive and amusing he could be; and what an alert and active mind his was; it seemed incredible that he had reached and passed the age of eighty years.

IN MEMORIAM: LEONARD HUXLEY

(December 11, 1860—May 3, 1933)

By C. E. Lawrence

THE *Cornhill* has had effectual editors; and most of those who have worn the mantle since, in 1860, William Makepeace Thackeray first donned it, have been men of impressive personality and outstanding distinction in the literary world, and thereby in divers excellent ways were able to influence this famous magazine during their periods of office. Succeeding Thackeray, whose aura seems to have remained with the *Cornhill* throughout its existence, came G. H. Lewes, though rather as advisory to George Smith, the Founder, than as a chief-in-command; then Leslie Stephen, with, later, others, such as James Payn,* who possibly are less known than should be to the hurrying multitude in these rapid years.

* Leonard Huxley's appreciation of James Payn was reproduced in *Essays of the Year* (1929-1930); and the present compiler has the happiest memories of those editorial qualities which Mr. C. E. Lawrence recalls.—F.J.H.D.

Finally, to this present, Leonard Huxley, who in many respects was more closely identified with the Magazine he conducted than were any of those who preceded him—for two important reasons; his unequalled length of service, and a surely unexampled devotion to the interests of the *Cornhill*. It is more than thirty years since first, to use his own words, “he stood at the side of Reginald Smith,” his predecessor and the proprietor; until, in the spring of 1917, after the sudden death of that true-hearted and truly gentle man, he was “privileged to carry on its traditions in Albemarle Street”—Mr. Murray having taken over the concerns, stock and goodwill of Messrs. Smith, Elder’s business. Few editors anywhere can have equalled his record of continuous service; while assuredly, none excelled the industry, care and—I say it with purpose—kindness and courtesy with which Huxley fulfilled his exacting and responsible duties.

He died on the third of May, 1933, and all who knew him and worked with him are consciously the poorer—far the poorer—for his going. He had irresistible charm, a gift for comradeship, was stimulating in his companionship, and ever eager in a spirit of generous helpfulness. He was a man of in-

numerable and varied aspects, and in this place, where tribute is rightly and gladly paid to his memory, certain of those aspects, as they appeared to the hearts and gently critical eyes of his associates, will be set down in affection and reverence. Happily, he had his weaknesses and the "little ways" which provided opportunities for acceptable chaff—the touches of nature which give vitality and colour to an individuality, and in his case were of value because when rightly recognized they appeared merely as shadows bringing into added relief the qualities which made him the loyal colleague that he was, a friend worth having, a man of letters of wide and lofty range in culture and aspiration and of warmest sympathies.

As an Editor his industry was prodigious. The manuscripts poured on to his office-table in every working-day were legion, numbering thousands in the course of a year. Every one of them, prose and poetry, fiction or essay, was duly examined and read, it all involving heavy toil of body, strain of nerves and a vast expenditure of time—

"The precious hours whose best has slipped
In tasting a tenth-rate manuscript";

followed by the writing of many letters, kindly, suggestive, witty, humorous, unfailingly courteous and generally quite unnecessary. Doubtless, such particular attention, which enormously increased the burden on Huxley's shoulders, was sometimes balm to the wounded hopes of a rejected author; but more often than not it was received with indifference and occasionally with the argumentative rudeness that marks an unworthy spirit. Whatever were the results of such courtesies, Huxley continued his generous courses cheerily, undauntedly. The duty of putting together as excellent a number of the Magazine as possible and his own sporting spirit kept him eagerly at work and alert to discover the verse, the prose, that certainly was somewhat better and more original than the mere "reading matter" which has become at once a drug in the overcrowded market and a weariness to the mind.

But while he was keen to discover and accept that which was good, he was not free from the weaknesses of his generosity that sometimes led him to accept what his free critical judgment had disapproved. The fact that a person was unfortunate and persistently said so in wheedling words—had, so to speak, a

sick or a sixteenth baby, and some galloping disease—was successfully exploited not so infrequently by super-insistent aspirants; and so nobly willing was this Editor to help the less fortunate that his decisiveness was liable to lapse before the pressure; even when in friendly protest it was pointed out that, apart from the fact that something not so good was being printed to the passing injury—not too serious—of the Magazine, there were other aspirants also, equally cursed with disease and blessed with offspring, whose self-respect and pride in their work prevented their using any other argument for acceptance than the worth of the manuscript offered. Every editor, being human, happily must have faults and this one in Huxley's case of a slightly over-balanced sympathy was merely occasional and, looked at as a whole, even a creditable blemish. It is set down here simply because it was a part of the reality of the man and tended to add to his charm and loveliness.

Of his editorial skill there can be no question. It is proved by the continued prosperity of *Cornhill*. How many magazines of a similar quality and appeal—too good to be “popular”—have succumbed to the competing cheapness of taste and fallen by the wayside,

leaving only *Blackwood's* as a companionable survivor in that province of excellence! It is, indeed, a melancholy thought that the progress we seem to have made in education and other essential respects during this twentieth century has seen not merely a lowering of the standard in general taste and recreative reading; but the consequent failure of many monthly magazines that for years had borne honoured names with credit and good fortune. But that is another story, as somebody may have said elsewhere.

Beside the skill, patience and care with which Leonard Huxley fulfilled his towering editorial duties, his gift of humour, which eased the exactions, cannot be overlooked. It was so richly a part of himself. He was one of the cheeriest persons who ever walked down Booksellers Row and frequently lightened his labours and amused his colleagues through the discovery, rapturously shared with them, of some howler or other eccentricity in the papers read. One would be sitting immersed—possibly in the aforesaid tenth-rate manuscript—when there would be a skirl or gurgle of laughter in Huxley's adjoining room, followed by the sound of weighty movements, the opening of the door, his speedy entrance with the

characteristic wave of an apologetic hand and then the mirthful reading of the passage of top-heavy exaggeration or mistake and delight before it was entered in a small notebook for subsequent re-enjoyment. One is tempted to quote a few of those immensities, but to do so here, even although this is a tribute to an attractive personality and not a requiem, would be unfitting.

But the delight so evoked was a true index to the inward happiness of the man, as also was his talk. Huxley was an exhilarating talker, willing to follow or to lead, to hearken and volley back and enjoy, even to an extremity of seriousness or of nonsense, taking in his conversational stride the whole wide universe of gossip and of thought, of discovery and fanciful conjecture—stars and poets, tinkers, birds, flowers and beasts, fossils, earthquakes and the very peculiar niceties of some intrusive particle, and generally concluded with a tag from the classics which to those blessed with little Latin and less Greek was about as convincing as the spoonful of medicine which in childhood's serious days followed an imprudent feast. Often in the course of the strenuous week such interruptions or interludes of more or less wise jollity would

bring their refreshment and the work thereafter be resumed with a new spirit. . . . And now the pity of it! It is a grey, sad, moving thought, a thought of true sorrow, that not again will that rich gurgle of delighted laughter be heard or the waved apologetic hand be seen that formed the prelude to a welcome and rewarding interruption.

So far, in particular, of the Editor. In these pages also we may fitly admire Huxley's widespread excellence as a man of letters, especially as through his qualities and discernments in literature he was assuredly the better editor. As a biographer his work was first rate. It requires only the merest reference to justify that. His life of his father, so full and just yet warmly sympathetic, is one of the great biographies and a rare exception to the rule of sons' lives. That he admired Thomas Huxley only this side of—I will not say idolatry, or even adoration, for his heart had too much common sense for that—but with an almost religious fervour, is certainly true. When in conversation he spoke of him—great in spiritual courage and in battling force, in the gentleness that does become a giant and in achievement—a tone came into his voice, a light in his eyes, which told the proud story and honoured the

son as well as the sire. His biography of Joseph Hooker was on a similar scale and fullness, but naturally has less *empressement* and human appeal. In the later years he edited with painstaking thoroughness the Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle and of Elizabeth Barrett Browning; and in regard to the tragically unhappy and yet grotesque differences between that poetess and her most unpleasant father, he detailed in a racy article in *Cornhill* the many anachronisms and impossibilities of the play *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, which retold with enormous popular effect the preposterous tale. The article was convincing because of the neatness and clarity with which its truths were put; at the same time it was an effective piece of constructive criticism and one of the best things Huxley wrote.

His earliest contribution to the *Cornhill*, appearing in 1904, was, so far as this Magazine is concerned, his solitary adventure in fiction. Entitled "The Visits of an Editor," the short story tells of a factory of fraudulent literature and shows how a forger of literary goods was able for a time to profit through his dishonesty, but eventually was to lose. The tale reveals the truth that Huxley was not a born writer of fiction, and suggests that had he casually en-

countered this manuscript in the thick of the daily burden, he must, in the doubtful event of its acceptance, have blue-pencilled it unmercifully before sending it to the printer. It is weighted and unwieldy with redundancies. But it contains a reference, significant to those in the workshop who knew him. The fictitious editor, before discussing the business that had brought the fraudulent caller to his office, talked, we are told, "literary shop for ten minutes." That often was Huxley's way. His wish to make visitors feel at home caused him sometimes to discuss the musical glasses before they came to the Shakespeare—or the "'osses" as the case might be. It may as well be added, with invisible parentheses, that such indulgence is discouraged by every other editor in the world, with the day's work before him.

He was a poet, with a passion for Nature, in all her aspects and victories, which ever was finding utterance in his talk and in his verse. He had a rich knowledge and love of flowers, and in other ways also revealed his exultant delight in life. An extract or two from his verse will give the taste of his poetic quality, as no mere description can do. Here is a sonnet, expressive of the faith of his heart:

For me, you say, there blooms no second spring
 Who have outlived the first, and so outgrown
 The brimming faculty of life—have known
 My lyric hour, my April, blossoming
 When Love first came on passion-breathèd wing,
 By that same breath forspent and earthward
 blown :—

Seen sober harvest reaped where joy had sown,
 And stilled the rapture that once used to sing.

No second spring! I tell you, Love's not spent
 With its first flame :—'tis the deep glowing pyre
 Whose ash runs red at the true lover's breath :
 The bride-bloom, that yearlong with fruit is
 blent,

The spirit of dreams, the soul of earth's desire,
 Whose living is our life, whose end our death.

And here is a stanza, from a poem, "Wayfarers," which sings of his joy among "the moorlands and the open wind-swept spaces";
 Comrades and lovers! O beloved on my life's
 wayfaring!

Your hearts are what the woodlands show :
 Your love the airs that from the mountains
 breathe, repairing
 The labour and the stress,
 The road's fatigue;
 Draw near again to bless,
 Though jealous walls, the woodland past, oppress,
 And bar your access to the way I go.

The spirit of rejoicing in open-air activities as there expressed was a true part of the man. His academic interests—and he had begun at Charterhouse as a schoolmaster, not unduly severe—were combined with a great zest for travel and physical exercise. He loved to tell of his journeys in the far-ago eighties on a high bicycle across Simplon, on the way to Ober Ammergau and the Italian lakes; and—to those who know the country—of the equally perilous descent, on the same high bicycle, brakeless and free, helter-skelter down Titsey Hill, where every summer at the twisty bottom a number of careless motorists, with all their brakes and gadgets, come to grief. But youth can brave everything and until a few years ago, when his over-skating and climbing in Switzerland caused heart-strain and thereafter care, Huxley remained impenitently youthful. At Morgins and elsewhere in the winter Alps he showed inexhaustible zest, endeavouring to pass the exacting standards there required of figure-skating in the English style. Any improvement, as accepted by the judges, was eagerly reported on his return to England, with descriptions—beyond the capacity of the uninitiated fully to comprehend—of the intricacies achieved and the sprawling disasters that

came before the triumph. The verse-makers—in this connection rather a safer word than poets—went with the skaters; for when the day's pastime was done the happy company of competitors with their admirers gathered in the hotel to risk the side slips of prosody, and Huxley loved to lead in their riming.

A book of curses, elegant and new,
A lump of wax, a broken flask, and you
Beside him hurtling down a frozen slope—
Ah! paradox, should happiness ensue!

Myself when old did eagerly frequent
Teacher and taught, with harsh experiment
Unlearning ancient practice; but I learnt
Humility, a Way most excellent.

But wherever he went, whether in the high Alps or through some coppice of Surrey or Kent, his particular joy was in flower-hunting—

Anything that reveals how the love of living nature can break through the hard pressure of the times revives one's spirits. There is something vital in the simple quest of this living beauty. It is linked with the discovery of a rainbow quality superadded, as it were, to the strict balance of profit and loss in Nature's stern accountancy. Though it may be but a reflection of purely

human appreciations, it tends to return upon the heart almost as if it were a reverberation from the elemental powers themselves. A Wordsworth would feel in it not merely the law of submission to the irrevocable order of things, but an effectual sympathy between human affections and the gentler aspects of that order. Philosophize or not, the love of beauty in nature sets afoot a quest that at the lowest justifies itself in that it quickens the inward eye and makes life the more worth living.

Those words, his own, taken from a record in *Cornhill* of experiences in the New Forest, are so apt that to attempt a paraphrase of them would be as absurd as sinful. They mark not only the lover of beauty and life on the Earth and the reasoning worship of its natural wonders, but his scientific interests. For I venture to assert, on the strength of many intimate talks, that had Huxley's destiny not traversed academic and literary courses, he might have been a biologist carrying on worthily even the great work of his father. He was ever deeply interested in all branches of science, but especially in biology; and he brought to its consideration—the word "study" would probably be over-ambitious for the occasion—a spirit too idealistic to be merely judicial, but yet it was of true discernment; weighing facts as care-

fully as might be and accepting the results without the bias which sometimes may affect the minds even of some of the elect in science. The principle which governed his investigations, if still so absolute a word may fairly be used, is made definite in the following luminous passage, taken from a centenary appreciation of Charles Darwin:

Unreason in every form is the enemy of scientific method, and the victory of science which we associate with the name of Darwin means the gradual banishment of unnumbered bogeys and fanciful superstitions, offspring of strong sensibilities and false reasoning. With these, also, go many fancies and myths and fairy tales, which survived to form a beautiful if misty background to everyday thought. Is it then true, as the lovers of the day before yesterday deplore, that the march of evolutionary science has robbed the world of its illusions, its beauty, its aspirations, and given in their stead naked fact, mechanical order, pedestrian reason? It is true, rather, that each new ideal, each new generalization, pushes out the old, ruthlessly tearing the fair fabric of imagery and allegory which drapes it round. Man cannot live without some ideal, any more than he can live without some sense of beauty: but it is with the ideal as with beauty, for beauty does not rest in untruth, nor is the loveliness of a landscape less

appreciated by reason of a knowledge of perspective. The knowledge which destroys false beauties enthrones new ones, while it brings certain desirable and ideal conditions nearer present realization.

That is a fine and characteristic piece of prose, as well as the expression of a noble spirit—not in and for science only but through all the provinces of truth where humanity makes efforts to live and to know. It was a spirit that animated Leonard Huxley. In the widest and best meaning of the word, he was liberal, a Liberal, a champion of liberty for person and thought; eager to remove the wrongs and stupidities which crab and cripple our civilization, and earnest to secure for everybody a fair chance. But he did not thump out the truths he felt. He held by the Arnoldian doctrine of sweet reasonableness.

To have known him was a privilege. His friendship strengthened. His confidence was honouring. And now he is gone, and all that is left for treasuring is a memory, though fragrant and helpful, yet fleeting; a rapid, passing shadow of the reality which yesterday, as it seems, was so vital and lovable. . . .

Comrade and true heart, sleep well!

A MASTER OF GAIETY

By Denis Mackail

TWENTY years ago* a large and great man left us, and again the gaiety of nations was eclipsed. "Boswell: 'But why nations? Did his gaiety extend further than his own nation?' Johnson: 'Why, Sir, some exaggeration must be allowed.'" Besides, think of the length of Garrick's runs and the size of his public, and compare them with the statistics of those halcyon seasons when Harry Gabriel Péliſſier reigned at the Royalty and at Terry's and at the Apollo, and when I personally was a great deal younger, and there was laughter of a quality that went out of the world with that large-and great man's death. Exaggeration? Not to those who remember him and his Follies. Not to those who still think wistfully of that fat and gifted satirist, stepping in front of his Egg-Proof Curtain to tell us what was going to happen next. "Hullo," he used to say, as the house-lights

* September 25th, 1913.

greeted him; "the sun's come out." But it was he who was the sun in that firmament; a sun, alas! no longer still shining in the sky.

I said "Terry's" just then, and that dates things, because of course Terry's Theatre went when the Strand was widened, and to-day it sounds almost like the Olympic or the Princess's. Nothing quite so dead as a dead play-house, or so impossible to reconstruct as the art of a dead actor. I shall not try, though Péliſſier would be only fifty-nine if he were still with us. Either you loved him and you will never forget him, or else, however I fill this column, it will just be to you as more mumbling from a fogy. That is the tragedy of the theatre; but who would wish to spread the actuality of its glorious moments any thinner? And, good heavens, how we all laughed in those distant days before the War!

Facts, because in any case there is a lot to be said for accuracy. He was born in 1874, the son of a French father and an English mother. At twenty-one he became a professional pierrot. A year later he took over the troupe in which he had been playing, and called it—this was a great day in British history—"The Follies." For four years they performed at the seaside and in the provinces. In 1900 they came to the

Alhambra. A year later they began a long series of engagements at the Palace, and when they were away from London might as often as not be found in the little theatre that used to be part of the Midland Hotel, Manchester. In March, 1907, they put on their own complete programme at the Royalty; then at Terry's; then at the Apollo, where they remained off and on until the beginning of the end. They bloomed brilliantly, but Pélissier wanted to experiment, and his public, it seemed, were not only conservatives—as all London audiences were assumed to be in those days—in their politics.

They did not like his experiments, and he fought them, and he lost. Besides, he was a sick man now, and clowns must never be sick. A last, flickering season at the Apollo, a concert—this is one of the strangest facts of all—with a symphony orchestra at Queen's Hall, and then there were a few ominous paragraphs in the newspapers. He had left us, and no one has ever taken his place.

They could not, though his songs and his burlesques and his company remained. We had not realized, or some of us had not, that the Follies—as Follies—were just so many projections of his colossal personality. We had

even thought that So-and-so was funnier than Pélassier in a particular item, or that without some other member of the troupe a scene would have fallen flat. We were wrong. He had put himself in the shade on purpose, or had invented just the material to suit the others at their best. In his prime he was a showman with an exquisite sense of proportion. I stick to it that in his own line he was a great as well as a large man.

Do you remember the form of one of his typical programmes? You had left the theatre in such a helpless and hysterical condition last time that it was almost like a douche of cold water when the curtain again rose on a conventional troupe of pierrots, when a contralto sang a ballad in a coloured spotlight or a couple of Follies took part in a sentimental seaside duet. But he was watching you as he sat there at the piano, and it was all part of his plan. You must be lulled and soothed, you must even reach the verge of asking yourself whether you were not being bored. Then a flash of humour, and you sat up, and you wanted more; but still you were not going to get it. Again you must be teased and kept on tenterhooks and made to wait. No shortage of jokes in that fat round head, but you must

join him in pierrot-land before he would show you what he could do. You must get to know his company before they all began turning into creatures of his fantastic imagination. His entertainment was a definite art-form. He knew precisely what he was doing.

The Quartettes now. Little bits of scenery and fragments of costume, but still that big moon at the back of the stage, and black or white pompons frankly in evidence on trousers or short skirts. Still a pierrot show, but now unmistakably beginning to be different from anyone else's.

The Potted Plays. They're off now. Here is the satirist with an affectionate finger on the weak points of every star and every story with the good fortune to have earned his mockery. When you saw a Potted Play you instantly knew all about the original, so that it was just as funny whether you had seen the original or not. The plays were actually potted; in other words, boiled down to about five minutes and preserved with the richest and wittiest spice. No one without knowledge and love of the theatre could have thought of them, and when they were over you were just as fond of their victims as before. Possibly fonder. How did he do it? I have never seen it done again.

The Interval. Tchaikovsky's "Valse des Fleurs" on a piano with a keyboard at both ends. Always Tchaikovsky's "Valse des Fleurs." Why? Heaven and H. G. Pélassier alone know. But it was right.

And then the second half—for, in spite of the superb Voice Trial having been in a programme of three parts, I think the evenings with one interval were really the best. Now for the Burlesque of a Music Hall, or of a Pantomime, or of *Hamlet*, or of a Pageant, or of a Benefit Matinée, or of *Faust*. Good-bye to the pierrot uniform—except when it would suddenly and delightfully make its reappearance under Ophelia's transparent dress or below the music-hall manager's dinner-jacket. Welcome, on the other hand, to such poking of penetrating fun, with or without musical accompaniment, at every absurdity connected with every other kind of performance as redoubled the discomfort around our ribs. For here was Truth revealed to us in the midst of laughter, and as I think of some of those shafts now I want to begin chuckling again and to find some other pre-War playgoer and to begin asking him: "Do you remember? Do you remember Mr. Earnest Bathos singing 'Give my love to Mother!' or the noises and the billow-

ing of the front-cloth during the Fairy Queen's solo, or Laertes saying: 'You did my sister in the river push,' or the Druid in the Pageant, or Alf Gagpincher's 'Yes, I don't think!' or-

But there we are. I know so well my own mild bewilderment and disbelief when my elders try to tell me about an earlier form of burlesque, or when they say "Arthur Roberts" and suddenly become speechless at the memory of their distant mirth. When the curtain is down the show is over. When a great comic figure like Pélissier leaves us no words, spoken or printed, can bring him back again. And of course there is still laughter in the theatre, and one trusts that there always will be; yet it is right to look backwards now and then, and to feel grateful, and to pay tribute to a faint echo from the past.

He knew his job; that, I suppose, was the biggest thing about this large and lovable man. He could act, sing, mimic, compose, and play the piano; but all these gifts and talents were directed and subordinated to the entertainment he had invented. From the chaotic hotch-potch of a concert-party he built up something with form, intelligence, significance, and a true reflection of his own keen-sighted outlook on

life. All done by kindness. All done by laughter. All done with simplicity, and never with an air of superiority. Yet he was not our humble servant, either, as other players have claimed to be. He was our friend and our host, and always it was as if we were at one of his parties.

I miss him. I think I shall always go on missing him. Even though poor Harry Gabriel Pélissier left us twenty years ago.

A MAN WITH A NOSE

(GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA)

By Ralph Straus

THE subject of this paper was not precisely what the world calls a man of genius. He may not have been what passes for a great man. He died less than forty years ago, and to-day he is almost entirely forgotten. Yet in his own day he played his part in the affairs of the nation, he was a well-known figure in almost every corner of the civilized globe, and in his way he was a pioneer of no little importance. On his own admission he was the author of the worst novel ever written, and as a draughtsman he was definitely second-rate; yet his work could be mistaken for Dickens's, and to-day the social historian of his period will be extremely unwise to neglect him. They called him "The Prince of Journalists," and the title was fully deserved; but he was more than a mere writer of words (and in all proba-

bility no man ever wrote more words than he did), with fifty books and tens of thousands of articles to his credit: he was a man of the most picturesque personality who swaggered his way through those decorous Victorian days, made as many enemies as friends, and came to occupy a position which might fairly be called unique. He wrote his own *Life and Adventures*, and the book is entertaining enough. Unfortunately, but not unexpectedly, it omits most of the less seemly episodes in his life, and without some knowledge of these it is impossible to understand this blustering, adventurous fellow whose career built itself up into a queer kind of angry romance.

About a hundred years ago fashionable and artistic London was paying court to, amongst others, a very remarkable woman who liked to be called Madam Sala. This lady was an accomplished actress, a fine musician, and an admirable teacher of singing. She was the daughter of a West Indian planter who had married a Brazilian lady with Red Indian blood in her veins, and she herself had married the son of a Roman citizen who had come to England in the seventeen-seventies on some theatrical business. Her husband died in

1828, a few weeks after she had given birth to her thirteenth child, christened George Augustus Henry, who, as you see, came of somewhat mixed lineage, and, like the mother of another and greater writer, Anthony Trollope, Madam Sala was left with a family to look after and not very much money with which to do it.

As it happened, her youngest child soon showed every sign of being a little nuisance. He was puny and ailing, and, not content to lose his hearing, became temporarily blind as well. Also he had a temper. Obviously the best thing that he could do was to follow the example of half a dozen of his brothers and sisters and die. The little George, however, elected to survive. He regained the sight of one of his eyes (and did his best to lose it again by making little drawings on every possible occasion), he managed to hear, and in a few years' time he was strong enough to be sent to a not too comfortable school in Paris—a matter of importance when we come to make any estimation of his literary work. For his detractors will tell you that his prose was preposterously florid, and florid, I must admit, it is; but it is to be remembered that he not only spoke and wrote in French before he had mas-

tered his native tongue, but, owing to the curiously haphazard surroundings in which he found himself—Madam Sala was an excellent mother, no doubt, but she had the actress's temperament—his education could be conducted only by fits and starts.

Though he hints that his boyhood was unhappy, I cannot help thinking that many youngsters would have envied him, for at thirteen he was running loose in one of London's theatres. Day after day, night after night, he would be behind the scenes at the Princess's Theatre, pottering about in his inquisitive way, helping with the scenery, making sketches of the players—not, it is true, quite his own master, and desperately poor, but in the closest touch with the glitter and tinsel of an exciting world, and deliciously free. And soon enough the peculiar abilities of this ugly, awkward, big-nosed boy were recognized. He was appointed assistant scene-painter. But he had also learned to draw upon stone, and fifteen shillings a week was not a big salary for a London boy with ambitions, whose mother has retired to Brighton and left him to look after himself. George cast an eye about him for more work, and found it in a publisher's office, and for the next year or two

he was busily engaged in etching those truly gory illustrations which you will find in the truly gory Penny Dreadfuls with which the town was then for the first time being flooded.

And then at nineteen he "entered journalism"—characteristically at the top. He became the editor of a weekly journal called *Chat*. It was not a very important journal, and the salary was only twenty-two shillings a week, but—he was an editor. Unfortunately *Chat* speedily sank into a decline, and even the twenty-two shillings were not always forthcoming. Undaunted, George turned his attention to the selling of American pills. We have evidence that these pills were quite harmless, for he swallowed boxfuls himself. Unluckily he seems to have been the only Englishman to do so. Then, as now, we were a cautious race.

In 1850, however, he made friends with one of the Ackermanns, who published for him a comical guide-book for tourists called *Hail, Rain, Steam and Speed*, and in the year of the Great Exhibition there came three further collections of sketches from his pen, issued in panorama form, which between them brought him in considerable sums. About the same time, too, several small legacies came his way, and he set up as a young man about town.

So far so good. Gaudy clothes and expensive meals are all very well—if you can afford them. Wine, too, can be the best of good companions. Unfortunately, George Augustus went ahead rather too fast. He was a clubbable man with a keen sense of fun, and he made friends very easily indeed. The world became a most agreeable place, particularly as it contained so many surprisingly beautiful ladies who were only too pleased to be entertained by young gentlemen at all hours of the day and night. The ladies, however, were expensive, and the wine—well, to be candid, there was too much wine. There was far too much wine, and there was spirits as well. At this early age, indeed, Sala was already having those mysterious “bouts”—he would disappear for days on end and to God knows what low haunts—which were to project him into so many troubles.

Yet it is only fair to say that for some considerable time these bouts, so far from preventing his great burst of success, seemed positively to be lending brilliance to his pen. They came at fairly regular intervals for the next thirty years, and they were the direct cause of his constant inability to keep faith with editors, publishers and friends; but they also came to be

accepted amongst the natural order of things, and provision would even be made for their coming at some particularly inconvenient moment. It is perhaps a little curious to find so fastidious a gourmet, so fine a judge of wine as Sala was, succumbing in this inglorious way, but these things do happen, and who is to decide whether Sala's own career would have been more, or less, triumphal without them?

So here we have a young man of twenty-three, a practised engraver who has some knowledge of newspaper work and is quite at home in the theatre—a pantomime written by him and his brother has actually been produced—fairly well known in what are called Bohemian circles, not too careful in his manner of living, and not yet decided along which precise road his ambitions will lead him. His sight is better, though he is still straining it, whether he be using needle or pen. Very well, then: what had he better do next? Did chance decide? Not altogether, but the fact that one night he mislaid his front-door key paved the way towards his becoming the first and possibly the greatest of all "Our Special Correspondents." He lost his key, he roamed about the streets, and he sat down to describe his experiences. But to whom should the article go?

years of the last century, there is no other book to touch it. I do not say that it contains no mistakes; I do not say that it is written in the best English, but for sheer vividness of detail, clever portraiture and general entertainment, it would be difficult to beat. If ever there had been a doubt about Sala's ability to bring things close to his readers, it was now once and for all time dispelled, and it is not surprising to learn that the proprietors of the then youthful and sprightly *Daily Telegraph* secured him for their columns and set him to work on that thirty years' succession of leading articles which has never been, and probably never will be, surpassed.

This, however, was not all. Sala had found that he could write. The newspapers and magazines were clamouring for his work. He had been compared to Dickens as a descriptive reporter, though not, of course, as a novelist. But why should he not try his hand at fiction? Had he not at the age of thirteen written and illustrated a short story? Had he not in 1845 sent a piece of satire to the *Family Herald* and seen it in print? True, they had not paid him a penny for his trouble, but now he was known. And, as it happened, there was an editor who believed that he could write a novel.

More, this optimist promised to print any novel which he cared to write. And so, in 1857, there had appeared in *The Illustrated Times* a curiously flamboyant melodrama called *The Paddington Peerage*, but immediately dubbed "The Paddington Beerage" by the wits, and this was soon followed by the much better *Seven Sons of Mammon*, printed serially in *Temple Bar*, a monthly review which for the first few years of its long life was under his own editorship and bore on its cover that oft-quoted "'Sir,' said Dr. Johnson, 'let us take a walk down Fleet Street'" —not, be it noted, the genuine extract from Boswell that it is sometimes thought to be, but Sala's own invention. Incidentally, the *Seven Sons* was not his first appearance in the columns of the more important reviews, for Thackeray had invited him to contribute a series of papers on Hogarth to the earlier numbers of the *Cornhill*. Luckily, too, Dickens, impressed by one of his *Daily Telegraph* articles, raised the embargo on his *Household Words* essays, with the result that during the next few years hardly a season passed without the appearance of some new volume bearing the now well-known name of George Augustus Sala.

So the young man about town who had

sown so many wild oats seemed to be settling down to the staider life of a successful man of letters. He was making considerably more than £1,000 a year; he had a comfortable house of his own, and he had taken a wife—a dear, gentle woman who, I suspect, at the time of their marriage can have had small notion of the worries and troubles that were before her. But the bouts were continuing, and “copy” was not always forthcoming at the right time, and debts were mounting up, and the money-lenders were taking their usual large pickings, and once in a vulgar brawl in a tavern this best-known of all “Dickens’s young men” nearly lost his life. Even so, his industry continued to be amazing. Apart from the two or three thousand words a day for the *Daily Telegraph*, he was pouring out articles and short stories here, there and everywhere. Moreover, this was the time when he began, in the *Illustrated London News*, that potpourri of social gossip known as “Echoes of the Week,” which, if not actually the first experiment of the kind to be made—in this respect Edmund Yates, I think, must be given the credit due to the pioneer—was directly responsible for all the personal chatter which is such a marked feature of the journalism of to-day.

The "Echoes" continued on and off for the next thirty years, but some of the interruptions were of considerable length, and this was due to the fact that the venturesome proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* were then deciding upon a novel departure—nothing less, in fact, than the appointment of Ambassadors Extraordinary—in other words, Special Correspondents, who were to be sent to any part of the globe which happened to be looming large in the public eye. And amongst these press ambassadors Sala speedily took the first place. That large, misshapen nose of his seemed able to take its owner straight to what advertisers of patent medicines are accustomed to call "the spot." He had, indeed, an extraordinary flair for fastening his attention on just those delectably intimate details which would be missing from more official reports. You read his despatches, and it was as though by some miracle you had not only been permitted to accompany him, but also managed to see things through that one good eye of his. And that eye was about the keenest eye in all the world. One of the best things ever said about him came from the lips of William Tinsley, his justly disgruntled publisher. "I think I have known the time," he wrote, "when Sala's eyesight was so keen and

his penmanship so wonderful that he could almost have written the Lord's Prayer on a sixpence; while, if it suited him, he could write enough matter about a sixpence to fill a good-sized volume." But it is necessary to add that he would have to examine that sixpence: he could never really succeed in describing an imaginary coin, a fact which explains why, as a novelist, Sala never reached to the heights. Everything, however, which could possibly be said to have any reference to the actual sixpence would be embroidered into a wonderfully intimate picture, and no man ever took more trouble than he did to "nose out" all relevant facts. It is for that reason that I have called him "A Man with a Nose."

Incidentally, they made fun of what Sala himself would probably have called "that astonishing olfactory organ," and a good story is told of him which shows how he was accustomed to get the better of his detractors. A young subaltern in the Guards had spoken unkindly of his personal appearance. Sala was told what had been said. A little while afterwards he was invited to dine with those of Her Majesty's Guards who were on duty at, I think, the Bank of England, and the unlucky subaltern

was introduced to him. "Ah," said Sala with a merry smile, "you must be the snot that ran down my nose."

It was in '63 that the first of these ambassadorial trips took place. Sala visited the United States, then in the throes of civil war, and he sent home despatches provocative enough to make his name a household word on both sides of the Atlantic. Subsequently he was sent to Paris for at least two of its great exhibitions, for a second time to Russia and the United States, to Germany, Spain, Algeria, the Far East, South America, and Australasia. And almost every one of these ambassadorial trips brought in its trail a new book, one of which, *Paris Herself Again*, ran to ten editions and must be numbered amongst the most successful, as it is certainly one of the most entertaining, books of its time.

(Not all Sala's books, by the way, ran into ten, or even into two, editions, but many of them remained popular long after their first appearance, and were constantly being reprinted, with or without alterations. A detailed examination, indeed, of all the various items in my own collection—over two hundred and fifty in number—will afford the book-collector no little enlightenment

Yet this king of correspondents was always in debt and always liable to be found in a state of helpless intoxication. Callers at his London house—and in the 'seventies and 'eighties they included some of England's most famous figures—might be received by Mrs. Sala with a welcoming smile, but as often as not there would be no more than a sorrowful shake of the head. G. A. S. could not be seen. As it happened, too, a change was coming over the literary tastes of the public. His travel books might be selling well, but he had failed as a novelist, and publishers were no longer keen to reprint such essays and short stories as he was now writing in the intervals of his journalistic "hard labour". And this fact led to what a not too judicious colleague of his, Hain Friswell by name, described in print as "selling his pen" in the unworthiest quarters. The attack was stupidly indiscreet, though not without some justification. Sala, however, professed the most furious indignation, and early in 1871 brought an action for libel against the unfortunate Friswell. He obtained £500 damages, and on the whole public opinion was with him, but I doubt whether he

did himself much good, for when the verdict was made public all his creditors converged upon him and demanded immediate repayment.

The trial makes curious reading to-day. The offending passage is certainly pungent. Sala is described as "a Bohemian writer of a bad school . . . a driveller of tipsy, high-flown and high-falutin' nonsense . . . one of keen intellect, high qualities and prodigious memory . . . and yet so utterly careless of his own reputation . . . that he can sell his pen to describe a fur-clothier's, an advertising porcelain-dealer's, a Liverpool draper's, a Manchester hatter's or a St. Paul's Churchyard bonnet shop." And, lamenting the fact that the *Daily Telegraph* can employ such a man, Friswell adds: "If 'the genius' gets into the hands of the Jews, is often drunken, always in debt, sometimes in prison, and is totally disreputable . . . these newspaper proprietors think more and more of him, and go down on their knees and bribe him to write." And "when the 'great wit,'" he continues sarcastically, "writes a novel, draws all the money, gets into a mess with it, and asks somebody else to finish it when he is unwilling to pay; or when he starts on his travels, leaving

a proprietor of a periodical with a half-finished serial on hand, the admiration of Bohemia, printer and public is enormous."

Now there was some truth in all this, but it is a pity that Friswell did not make sure of all his facts. Sala *did* write pamphlets which were little more than highly-coloured commercial advertisements, but was there any reason why he should not? I admit that once or twice he behaved in a scandalous manner, but I do not believe that he ever deliberately took money which he did not *intend* to earn, and it was only those disastrous bouts or more legitimate illnesses which rendered him incapable of carrying out his promises. Only wait, he would beg, and you shall have everything. And they did wait—sometimes for years. It was just their bad luck that they did not wait long enough. Dickens, for instance, published Sala's novel *Quite Alone* serially in *All the Year Round*, and could not obtain the final chapters when they were wanted. Sala, however, was in the United States at the time—the *Daily Telegraph* had first call on his services—and some of the missing chapters had gone astray in the post. Then at the most inconvenient moment his health broke down altogether. Andrew Halliday was hurriedly

called in by Dickens to write the concluding chapters, and he did his work very well; but it was a little hard on Sala on his return home to find that Dickens's own publishers proposed to issue the novel immediately with the Halliday chapters, when he was himself ready to provide the novel with his own ending, and his refusal to pay Halliday is at least understandable. At the same time there is no evidence to show that Sala at any time offered to repay Dickens any part of the sum which he had been paid for the complete novel before his departure.

If, however, the very brilliant promise of *Household Words* days had not been wholly fulfilled, and Sala's work was appearing in less distinguished quarters, he retained in great measure his predominant position as Our Special Correspondent almost into the 'nineties. He was a welcome guest at many public banquets, and he could always be relied on for at least one good story, told, as often as not, against himself. He knew that people laughed at his florid style, but he only laughed back at them—once, by the way, in the most unexpected manner. For one day in the 'eighties there appeared in *Punch* a cruel parody of his "Echoes." His friends were indignant. This

really was going too far. Just because Sala had contributed to its rivals, was *Punch* justified in attacking a hard-working journalist in this way? Burnand, the editor, said nothing, and G. A. S. kept his peace—until the next of the Beefsteak weekly dinners, when both of them, as it happened, were present. The offensive article was mentioned, and Sala in his angriest manner threatened to pull the nose of its author if he were given the chance. “Then by all means take the affair into your own hands,” suggested Burnand. “I can,” rejoined Sala, “and I will, here and now!” He rose up excitedly from his chair, and the table became distinctly uneasy. But in another moment everybody was laughing, for with the utmost solemnity Sala had pulled his own nose.

Nevertheless, as the 'nineties drew near and other stars were appearing over the horizon, George Augustus found life increasingly difficult. He had never saved a penny, and the newspapers and magazines were now demanding something which it was not in his power to give them. He was a tired old man. In addition, his first wife had died, and he had married his secretary, and without wishing to be ungallant, I cannot help thinking that his “much-beloved Bessie,” great help though she

was to him in his work, was not the best "partner" he could have chosen. It was for her that, after he had parted company with the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Illustrated London News*, he launched *Sala's Journal*, and whipped up a now rather sluggish pen to provide this penny magazine with half a dozen columns or more every week. No doubt she kept him in order in their rather pretentious Brighton house, and helped him with the "Echoes" which were still appearing fairly regularly in the *Sunday Times*. She must certainly have encouraged him with his *Life and Adventures*, and she persuaded him to try his hand once again at fiction—the posthumous *Margaret Forster* was the result—but she was an ambitious woman, and she went a little too far. There were some most unwise financial transactions, and—a very serious crisis. Friends did what they could to help; there was, I fancy, a small pension from the Civil List; but in 1895 G. A. S. died in something like real poverty.

I bring him to your notice, then, not as a great author, but as a remarkable man. Not all his fifty books are worth reading, but half a dozen of them are worth reading many

times. Examination of the files of the *Daily Telegraph* or the *Illustrated London News* will show you a man of amazing industry, with a multiplicity of interests (of which good cooking was not the least prominent) and a warm-hearted regard for his fellow beings. He mirrored his age as no other man did, and I say this, in spite of the fact that a score of his contemporaries must be given precedence over him. He drank at times to excess, he was untrustworthy, there was a streak of vulgarity in his composition; but he set his mark on his generation, and I like to think that one of these days I shall not be the only man to revere his memory. Which reminds me that his epitaph was not the one forwarded by himself to his friend Frith, the painter.

He wrote the worst burlesque ever acted;

He abused the constituted authorities
and with malice prepense maligned the
Royal Academy of Arts.

He did the things he ought not to have done
and never did those he should have done.

He was stout in person and bloated in countenance
and

HE NEVER CAME TO DINNER WHEN HE WAS ASKED
but when he "dropped in" unasked was no doubt
better company than many invited guests are!

For myself, I would have had it run on lines
such as these:

He painted his times with a wonderful brush.

He had his faults, but he loved his friends :

 He could cook an omelette and
 etch on stone.

Not all his millions of words will live,
 but some will.

WAS NEWMAN A FAILURE?

By L. A. G. Strong

O F all types of genius, the religious offers greatest difficulty to critic and historian. They are obliged, as it were, to appraise in three dimensions a subject which strays continually into four; and there is always some leakage. In 1932—a year before the centenary of the Oxford Movement—Mr. Shane Leslie, in a collection which he called *Sublime Failures*, included Cardinal Newman. The essay is hostile; yet, leaving its occasional flippancy on one side, it presents a legitimate three-dimensional verdict. If we demur, it is from a sense that, historically as well as ethically, such a verdict is not enough. There has been a leakage, and the leakage has been that quality of Newman which operates in an extra dimension; probably, the essential Newman. A life such as his is like a comet, trailing after it an ever-growing tail of influence and effect. His account can be reckoned in terrestrial coinage—Mr. Leslie has reckoned it; but New-

man-in-space-and-time is not necessarily the same as Newman-in-eternity; nor, in saying this, are we running beyond the principles of objective historical criticism. Tacitus, writing of Christianity after an interval much longer than that which has elapsed since the death of Newman, stated a conclusion which seemed fully justified. Actually, it was nonsense, even from the angle of the objective historian. Newman's life was spent in the service of a faith based upon what seemed to be an earthly failure, and can only be assessed as part of the history of that faith. No other test is adequate.

There is, if we call failure a misuse of powers, at least one department of life in which Newman failed—of which more presently. The failure was real and final, not a mere reverse, nor the disappointment of a project; yet, compared with the purpose to which his life was consecrated, it was of small importance. Reverses he had in plenty, and disappointments. His career after 1845 was less spectacular, less immediately influential, than before. He was frustrated in the fulfilment of various schemes by the hostility of the Ultramontanes, and by jealousies among his nearer colleagues. He lost a libel action, missed a

bishopric, and depended, for the work which brought to him his greatest fame, upon the incomprehension of an Anglican divine. These circumstances, since they all ultimately worked together for his good, are so much evidence that his life is not to be assessed in terms of ordinary profit and loss. Newman himself doubted the validity of the material world. For the purposes of his own life he was right.

John Henry Newman was born in London on February 21, 1801, and baptised at the church of St. Benet Fink. His father was a banker, a Freemason of Evangelical views. The child was brought up to love music and to take delight in reading the Bible. He showed precocious ability, writing a satire and a mock drama at the age of eleven. His favourite author was Sir Walter Scott. From his earliest years he was a visionary :

I thought life might be a dream, or I an angel,
and all this world a deception, my fellow-angels
by a playful device concealing themselves from me,
and deceiving me with the semblance of a material
world.

This view of the material world he was to expand, many years later, in his sermons :

The exterior world, physical and historical, is but the manifestation to our senses of realities greater than itself. Nature is a parable: Scripture is an allegory: pagan literature, philosophy, and mythology, properly understood, are but a preparation for the Gospel.

Newman's childhood was spent near Richmond. He went to school at Ealing, to the Rev. George Nicholas, of Wadham College, Oxford, whence he took with him to Oxford definite Calvinistic leanings, acquired principally from his classical master there. He read hard at Trinity, and was expected to redeem the college's poor run of success in Schools; but he had overworked, tried his powers too high, and failed badly. The reverse did not daunt him. He stayed on, refreshing his mind in the practice and composition of music, and stood for a fellowship at Oriel. Contrary to all expectation, he was successful. Neither success nor failure had dimmed his visionary perception. "I dreamed a spirit came to me and discoursed about the other world." He was ordained deacon on Trinity Sunday, 1824, and priest a year later. He remained at Oxford, holding various posts, including that of Vicar of St. Mary's, until 1843.

Soon after taking orders Newman made a

friend who had a great influence upon his life and thought. This was Hurrell Froude. In 1832 the two went for a trip to the Mediterranean, made necessary by the state of Froude's health. On the way back, becalmed in an orange boat off Caprera, Newman wrote his most famous hymn, "Lead, kindly Light." Returning to Oxford, he plunged heart and soul into an association to defend the Anglican Church against Liberalism. "Liberalism," as he defined it, was

. . . the mistake of subjecting to human judgment those revealed doctrines which are in their nature beyond and independent of it, and of claiming to determine on intrinsic grounds the truth and value of propositions which rest for their reception simply on the external authority of the Divine Word.

The party issued their *Tracts for the Times*, and Newman preached his celebrated *University Sermons*. The Oxford Movement had been born. Its influence spread like a prairie fire, and Newman suddenly found himself the object of an almost fanatical devotion.

It is difficult to gauge his importance to the Oxford Movement. Keble's Assize Sermon may have been the start of it, as Newman

always believed; Pusey may have been the figurehead; but Newman did something which in the long run was probably more important than the work of either. He contributed a personality, a graciousness, and a glamour which added to those who flocked in support of the movement the last necessary touch of enthusiasm. The undergraduates (those, at least, to whom such matters gave any concern) were with him to a man. They pointed him out as he walked the streets of Oxford, and hushed their voices at the mention of his name. For a few years his influence at Oxford was paramount. He entered upon the movement with a clear purpose before him.

I had a supreme confidence in our cause; we were upholding that primitive Christianity which was delivered for all time by the early teachers of the Church, and which was registered and attested in the Anglican formularies, and by the Anglican divines. That ancient religion had well-nigh faded away out of the land, through the political changes of the last 150 years, and it must be restored. It would be in fact a second reformation :—a better reformation, for it would be a return not to the sixteenth century but to the seventeenth.

But he had started on a course from which there was to be no turning back. The investi-

gation of certain heresies, and the reception of *Tract XC.*, in which he sought to give a Catholic interpretation to the Thirty-Nine Articles, turned the direction of his thought. "*Tempus abire tibi est,*" he quoted, and left Oxford for Littlemore.

We have no space here for an account of his sojourn at Littlemore, and the rule of life he maintained with his companions. An impression of what it meant to him later can be gauged from the picture which, of all biographers, Lytton Strachey gives best:

At about this time the Curate of Littlemore had a singular experience. As he was passing the Church he noticed an old man, very poorly dressed in an old grey coat with the collar turned up, leaning over the lych gate, in floods of tears. He was apparently in great trouble, and his hat was pulled down over his eyes, as if he wished to hide his features. For a moment, however, he turned towards the Curate, who was suddenly struck by something familiar in the face. Could it be—? A photograph hung over the Curate's mantelpiece of the man who had made Littlemore famous by his sojourn there more than twenty years ago; he had never seen the original; but now, was it possible—? He looked again, and he could doubt no longer. It was Dr. Newman. He sprang forward, with proffers of assistance. Could

he be of any use? "Oh no, no!" was the reply. "Oh no, no, no!" But the Curate felt that he could not turn away, and leave so eminent a character in such distress. "Was it not Dr. Newman he had the honour of addressing?" he asked, with all the respect and sympathy at his command. "Was there nothing that could be done?" But the old man hardly seemed to understand what was being said to him. "Oh no, no!" he repeated, with the tears streaming down his face. "Oh no, no!"

Newman had an extraordinary capacity for suffering, which is perhaps his strongest claim to be considered a saint. There was, too, more in his sorrows than met the eye. If we could know exactly what was in his mind when the Curate of Littlemore saw him, we should be nearer his secret than any biographer has been allowed to come. At Littlemore Newman hesitated some time over the step which had become inevitable. To the two years he spent there belong the *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*, the importance of which was the application to dogma of a theory of evolution, and a consequent illumination of comparative religion.

The phenomenon, admitted on all hands, is this: That great portion of what is generally re-

ceived as Christian truth is, in its rudiments or in its separate parts, to be found in heathen philosophies and religions.

"These things are in heathenism, therefore they are not Christian," Newman represents objectors as saying; whereas he preferred to say: "These things are in Christianity, therefore they are not heathen."

These things are but broken lights of the truth, but such as they are, they too are from God. So far, then, from the Church's creed "being of doubtful credit because it resembles foreign theologies," we ever hold that one special way in which Providence has imparted divine knowledge to us has been by enabling her to draw and collect it together out of the world. . . .

On October 8, 1845, Newman made his submission to Rome. He had contested every inch of the way. "He commenced, fifteen years ago" (wrote the *Tablet*), "an ardent Romanist."

During that time, with every prejudice against the truth, he has diligently laboured in his endeavour to place the Anglican theory on a sound basis in his own mind and before the public. He has tried scheme after scheme, step by step he has

fallen back before the resistless onset of truth. He has yielded slowly—reluctantly, we may say; surrendering no point gratuitously; even when defeated making use of his matchless ingenuity to discover standing-room where less keen sight would have discovered nothing but a vacuum, entrenching himself stubbornly among ruins, every moment (we may imagine) checked in his course of retreat by the anxieties of his public position, and by reflecting how many looked up to him as a guide, and sparing no pains or labour to escape, if it might honestly be done, the last great painful, satisfying change. . . .

The surprise and consternation caused by the step is sufficient evidence of his fame and influence. Lord John Russell deplored it in the House of Commons, Beaconsfield said that “the secession of Mr. Newman dealt a blow to the Anglican Church under which it still reels.” Gladstone went further:

The ecclesiastical historian will perhaps hereafter judge that this secession was a much greater event than the partial secession of John Wesley, the only case of personal loss suffered by the Church of England since the Reformation which can at all be compared with it in magnitude.

Newman now left Littlemore for Oscott, in Warwickshire, where he and his comrades led

a monastic and contemplative life. He was pressed to make a book of the reasons for his conversion, but refused. The plain reason was, as he often stated afterwards, that he saw no logical alternative between Rome and paganism. Once the submission was made, his faith never wavered.

From the day I became a Catholic, [he wrote, in a postscript to the fourth edition of his *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*] to this day, now close upon thirty years, I have never had a moment's misgiving that the Communion of Rome is that Church which the apostle set up at Pentecost . . . and in which the Anglican Communion, whatever its merits and demerits, . . . has, as such, no part.

In 1846 Newman went to Rome, and after a short interval of study was ordained priest. For some time he resided in the Collegio di Propaganda, till an unfortunate sermon, attacking tourists, cooled the temperature (which appears never to have been enthusiastically warm), and Newman provided the solution to a real difficulty by proposing to found an oratory in Birmingham. The programme was so orthodox that it was assented to with relief. "It was not the nature of his views," slyly says Lytton Strachey, "it was his having views at

all, that was objectionable." The oratory was duly founded, and Newman entered upon a new phase of life. The *Discourses to Mixed Congregations*—not in his happiest style—were followed in 1850 by *The Present Position of Catholics in England*, which Mr. Birrell, in his excellent short study of Newman, praises very highly. Then came the Achilli case. Giacinti Achilli was a debauched ex-priest who had gained notoriety by making accusations against Rome. Newman denounced him from the pulpit, alleging a number of gross sexual offences. "You speak truly, O Achilli, . . ." he cried. "You are an incontrovertible proof that priests may fall and friars break their vows." Achilli retorted with a libel action, which, in the contemporary state of anti-Catholic prejudice, he won; and, although he was subsequently discredited, Newman had to pay damages, which were met by a subscription from the faithful.

The next episode in his career was a visit to Dublin, where a Catholic university was to be founded. Newman arrived, burning with enthusiasm to plant the torch of Oxford in an alien land. Not unnaturally, the alien land would have none of this English convert. Anything more calculated to put up the backs •

of the Irish authorities can hardly be imagined. Newman, thanks largely to the opposition of Dr. Cullen, was defeated, and the plan to make him a bishop indefinitely shelved. A further disappointment met him when an annotated translation of the Bible, which he was asked to edit, was abandoned, because a similar enterprise had been begun in America.

Newman's fortunes were now at the ebb.

. . . He was sixty-three years of age. What had he to look forward to? A few last years of insignificance and silence. What had he to look back upon? A long chronicle of wasted efforts, disappointed hopes, neglected possibilities, unappreciated powers.

Had this been the end, Mr. Shane Leslie's classification might have been justified. To whatever degree Newman had kept faith with his vision and his conscience, a matter beyond human power to assess, we should be entitled to judge him as a religious leader by the success or failure of those actions and gestures in which he had sought to make his faith effective. Good intentions can never absolve weak practice. His Oxford endeavours he had proclaimed to be an error; his career in the faith of his adoption had been undistinguished. But

it was not the end. The Rev. Charles Kingsley chose the moment to make a slighting reference to the value attached by the Roman Church to truth, and cited Newman as his authority. Newman protested. Kingsley made a disingenuous apology. Newman retorted. Kingsley, falling back on bluster, counter-attacked. Newman, in great distress of mind, laboured for seven weeks at the reply generally regarded as his masterpiece—the *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*:

I must give the key to my whole life; I must show what I am that it may be seen what I am not, and that the phantom may be extinguished which gibbers instead of me.

The brilliant and world-wide success of the book did not diminish the jealousy which certain of his colleagues felt against him. The plan for an Oxford oratory—over which Newman was to preside, a post he would have loved—was negatived, chiefly through the agency of Manning. “To be Roman is to an Englishman an effort,” wrote Monsignor Talbot. “Dr. Newman is more English than the English. His spirit must be crushed.” But Newman had learned resignation. Not

long afterwards, when the *Grammar of Assent* had been published, he wrote in his diary (October 1867) :

I was never in such happy circumstances as now. . . . I am my own master—I have my time my own—I am surrounded with comforts and conveniences—I am in easy circumstances, I have no cares, I have good health—I have no pain of mind or body. . . . I am covered with blessings, and as full of God's grace as is conceivable. And I have nothing to ask for but pardon and grace, and a happy death.

In his eightieth year he received his cardinalship. Even then there was nearly a bungle, for his plea to be allowed to die in England was at first interpreted as a refusal. All went well, however, and Newman was excused from having to live at Rome. So his last years were full of honour, and he died peacefully, after a brief illness, on August 11, 1890. "We have lost," said Manning, "our greatest witness for the Faith, and we are all the poorer and lower by the loss." This verdict, from a definitely hostile source, hardly suggests failure.

Where Newman failed was as a writer. This may seem a strange verdict, in view of the success of the *Apology*, of Gladstone's

tribute ("We have everywhere the man in his work . . . the words are the transparent covering of his nature"), and of Lytton Strachey's

The success of the book, with its transparent candour, its controversial brilliance, the sweep and passion of its rhetoric, the depth of its personal feeling, was immediate and overwhelming.

Yet few who read the best of Newman's work, such as his *Idea of a University*, and the finest passages from the *Apology* and from the sermons, can resist the conclusion that, from a purely literary standpoint, he fell far short of his promise and his powers. It was, admittedly, his misfortune rather than his fault. The tragedy of Newman was that he was not born a Catholic. He was a pre-destined Catholic, and—again from the purely artistic point of view—a great deal of valuable time would have been saved had he been born one. To the born Catholic his faith is a part of ordinary daily life. In the highest sense of the term, he is matter-of-fact about it. This means, if he is an artist, that he takes it simply, as a child takes the facts of the world around him, and that his genius is free for other things—as Newman's never was. Newman's genius was

taken up with apologetics, which is another way of saying that the greater part of his work is rhetorical. The rhetorician has to be always mindful of his audience, for his business is to convince. The poet minds no one but himself. Such genius as Newman had was meant for better work than advocacy. From the religious point of view it will be objected that there can be no better work than such advocacy as he practised; but it is not from the religious point of view that Newman was a failure. Newman was an artist as well as a priest; and the whole point is that the artist who is obliged to consider his audience (in Newman's case it was a very wide audience) is obliged to limit his expression to what they can understand. Newman would probably never have been a great poet; but the whole trend of his life took him towards advocacy, which is the opposite of poetry.

The physical nature lies before us, patent to the sight, ready to the touch, appealing to the senses in so unequivocal a way that the science which is founded upon it is as real to us as the fact of our personal existence. But the phenomena, which are the basis of morals and religion, have nothing of this luminous evidence. Instead of being obtruded upon our notice, so that we cannot pos-

sibly overlook them, they are the dictates either of conscience or of Faith. They are faint shadows and tracings, certain indeed, but delicate, fragile, and almost evanescent, which the mind recognizes at one time, not at another—discerns when it is calm, loses when it is in agitation. The reflection of sky and mountains in the lake is a proof that sky and mountains are around it, but the twilight, or the mist, or the sudden storm hurries away the beautiful image, which leaves behind no memorial of what it was. Something like this are the Moral Law and the informations of Faith, as they present themselves to individual minds.

Here is poetry pressed into the service of rhetoric. Newman acknowledged Cicero as his master, and the influence is easily seen on the first part of the paragraph above. He was a better poet than Cicero; but he is here seen seizing upon a poetic intuition in order to score a point, and this is the way neither of poetry nor of a high imaginative prose.

Newman's style was indeed "the transparent covering of his nature," and that nature was very emotional. He shed tears often and easily. There are many references to them in his sermons. He wrote the *Apology* "constantly in tears, and constantly crying out with distress." He kissed his bed and mantelpiece

on leaving Littlemore. Something of this charges his style. There is sometimes a shrillness in it; sometimes it is over-elaborate. Sometimes, despite the essential truthfulness and sincerity of the man, it runs on by itself, sound with little meaning. He wrote best when he was absolutely calm and when he was moved to the depths of his being, preferably with anger, which enabled him to use sarcasm freely. But the worst condemnation comes from himself. "I have ever felt," he admits naïvely, "from experience that no one would believe me in earnest if I spoke calmly." The great writer who is not an advocate does not worry whether he is going to be believed or not. He writes for his own ear, not for others'. In this sense, then—with an accent on the "sublime"—we must count Mr. Shane Leslie's charge proved. Yet even here Newman slips into the fourth dimension. Even as literature, can we judge his work before we know its full effect?

The charge holds nowhere else. It does not matter that Newman failed in many of the undertakings to which he addressed himself. It does not matter that he never attained real intellectual stability, and was never in the strict sense a philosopher. Emotional and intuitive,

he achieved more in philosophy by virtue of these qualities (as his *Grammar of Assent* shows) than he could have found had he been willing to submit to the discipline of logic and metaphysics. The dogma to which he held, without which he found religion meaningless, was a refuge sought in adolescence from a world the reality of which he distrusted. Intellectually a weakness (sought as he sought it), he turned it into strength. Newman's greatness arose out of his reverses and his difficulties. The fact of his birth made him spend long agonies in passing from one church to another, time that, in one sense, might be counted lost. Yet these very agonies made his pilgrimage infinitely more effective to the cause he served. His greatest work arose from the sneer of an uncomprehending mind. The bishopric that never materialized was a blessing, for it saved him from being buried in an unfriendly Ireland. "All things work together for good to them who love God." Newman's nature turned all his reverses into blessings; and, in the values of that world and fellowship by which his whole life can alone be judged, this is not commonly held the mark of failure.

LITERATURE AND ANNALS

THE TRAGEDY OF TOLPUDDLE

By J. L. Hammond

OF the two names that symbolize more than any others the struggles of the early nineteenth century, one is taken from the largest town in Lancashire and the other from almost the smallest village in Dorset. A century ago the name Tolpuddle was almost as exciting to the passions of politics as the name Peterloo that had been given to the tragedy of August, 1819, in St. Peter's Fields. And of the thousands of men and women who suffered under the Combination Laws, or in the riots of 1830, or in the Chartist disturbances, none has been so long remembered as the six Martyrs of Tolpuddle.

Tolpuddle is a little village about seven miles from Dorchester, having a population when the census was taken in 1831 of 349 inhabitants. Dorset had suffered as much as any county in the agrarian miseries of the last half-century, and nowhere had famine and intimidation brought men's spirit down to a lower

level. In the winter of 1833 the labourers learned that a new blow was imminent. Wages which stood at seven or eight shillings were to be reduced to six. The average agricultural wage throughout England was something over nine shillings. Trade unionism was at this time making great strides, led, organized, or inspired by two men of genius, John Doherty and Robert Owen. Doherty had shown how to build up trade unions; Owen had preached to men and women already full of a new confidence and hope his intoxicating gospel of a new society. The cotton spinners had formed the first great union; the builders had followed suit. By the autumn of 1833 the Grand National Consolidated Trade Union had a membership of 500,000, and trade union ideas were travelling about the country, reaching places they had never touched before.

Tolpuddle was one of these places. Two labourers there were thoughtful men who read what literature they could lay their hands on, and one of them wrote to London to ask for advice about resisting this reduction. In reply two delegates went down to Tolpuddle to urge the labourers to form a union. The two brothers Loveless, one of them a Methodist local preacher, started a society, acting with

two men of the name of Standfield (father and son) and two others of the names of James Hammett and James Brine. These six men were the Tolpuddle Martyrs. "The Friendly Society of Agricultural Labourers" was formed in November.

It was the custom in many unions at that time to initiate new members with strange and sometimes terrifying oaths and ceremonies. When the Combination Laws were in force trade unions often disguised themselves as friendly societies, and friendly societies had an ancient and elaborate ritual. The union at Tolpuddle observed this custom. Men were blindfolded and an oath was administered to them on their knees. The farmers, frightened at the progress of the unions, saw in this proceeding their chance of destroying the movement. For at the time of the Mutiny at the Nore in 1797 in the French War an Act had been passed making it a penal offence to administer oaths. The six men who had formed the union were arrested on this charge in February, 1834, and lodged in Dorchester gaol, the prison from which Gilbert Wakefield, serving two years for sedition, had corresponded with Fox on the beauties of Homer and Virgil.

Next month they were tried. The Act of

1797 was directed against persons seeking to disturb the public peace or binding others to engage in seditious and mutinous purposes. The counsel for the men argued that nobody could so describe the society the labourers were forming. The judge, however, pointed to a later Act, that of 1799, which declared that all societies whose members were required to take an oath not required or authorized by law were illegal societies. On this reading of the law the men were guilty, whatever the objects of their society. The men's own view of their objects was well put by George Loveless from the dock:

My Lord, if we have violated any law it was not done intentionally. We have injured no man's reputation, character, person, or property. We were uniting together to preserve ourselves, our wives and children from utter degradation and starvation. We challenge any man or number of men to prove that we have acted or intend to act different from the above statement.

The Judge, John Williams, was a Whig lawyer, who had lately been raised to the Bench, and this was his first assize. After charging the grand jury at great length, he passed on the six men the harshest sentence

that the law allowed, transportation for seven years.

Nothing had been whispered against the personal character of these six men. The rules of their society forbade drinking, immorality, conversation on politics or religion. Not only was their offence a technical offence; it was an offence that had been committed over and over again in every part of the country. Lord John Russell, who argued later for clemency against Melbourne, pointed out that the same offence had been committed by the Duke of Cumberland in organizing Orange Lodges. The Duke knew what he was doing, whereas these men did not know that they were breaking the law. Yet the six men were given a punishment so terrible that many of its victims used to die of the disease which Mr. Nevinson found among the slaves in San Thomé, the disease of despair.

The English people had stood a good deal in the way of cruelty to the village labourer without protest, but this sentence brought down a storm. Petitions poured into Parliament. One with 250,000 signatures was carried through the streets of London in a procession, with thirty-three flags representing different trade unions. The new House of Commons did better than the old had done when the savage

sentences were inflicted for the riots of 1830, for whereas Hume had only Henry Hunt on his side in 1831, there were now a number of active Radicals—Hume himself, Cobbett, Fiel-den, Fergus O'Connor, Bulwer Lytton, O'Connell, and Roebuck. But the Whig Govern-ment stood firm. The men were hurried out of the country. By the autumn the brothers Love-less were working in chain-gangs on the roads in Hobart Town. "The Whigs," wrote Sir William Napier, the historian of the Penin-sular War, "by their vile conduct in power have sacrificed their own character and des-troyed the resources the people should have had to oppose the Tories with."

At the time this happened Melbourne was Home Secretary. In July he became Prime Minister, succeeding Grey, and Lord John Russell succeeded him at the Home Office. In November he was dismissed by the King, and Peel formed a Government, which lasted till April, 1835. Then Melbourne again became Prime Minister and Russell Home Secretary. By this time the friends of the labourers in Par-liament had received an important accession, for at the general election held in the winter Thomas Wakley, the founder of the *Lancet*, had been returned for Finsbury. Wakley was

one of the most useful men in public life, exposing and reforming abuses as member of Parliament and as coroner. He worked indefatigably, presenting petitions and making an effective speech urging that the King should be asked to pardon the six men. In June, 1835, he was defeated by 308 votes to 82, but in March, 1836, Russell told him that a free pardon had been given to the six men. The Dorchester Committee raised a fund on their behalf; five of the men were set up on farms in Essex, and Loveless on a farm in Dorset. Loveless published a pamphlet, *The Victims of Whiggery*, telling the whole story.

What was the explanation of the conduct of the Government? Place urged Ministers to publish a proclamation declaring the law and their determination to enforce it, and then to remit the sentences. Why did they reject this advice and proceed to carry out so brutal a sentence?

Three facts are clear, and they help us to understand what happened. It was a great misfortune for the Whigs that their Home Secretary was Melbourne, a delightful man and an excellent colleague, but a most dangerous man in his position. For no man is so dangerous as a man who would like to repeal

a concession and finding this impossible seeks to neutralize its effect by other means. Melbourne resembled those Liberals who at the time of the general strike regretted the passing of the Trade Disputes Act. Melbourne would have liked to have the Combination Laws back again. That he could not do, and therefore, whenever any man slipped into his fingers, he used all the terrors of the law in order to frighten the working classes out of joining unions. As it happened, the law gave him ample opportunities, and he used them without remorse in this case as he had done in 1830. There was a sharp difference between him and Russell, as we know from the *Early Correspondence of Lord John Russell*. Melbourne, answering Russell in October, 1835, wanted to do nothing, but Russell, after giving some good arguments for mercy, said outright that if he remained in office he would certainly not keep the sentence in force.

The second fact to remember is that the horror of trade unions and of popular pressure acted strongly even on men with humane sympathies. When this atrocity was committed one of the three members for the county of Dorset was no other than the gentle Ashley, better known as Lord Shaftesbury. Yet the

man who gave up his career for the factory children made no protest against this inhuman sentence. What makes his acquiescence the more striking is that the Lovelesses were Methodists. This made the Whig Ministers still more suspicious. When Russell said that Loveless stated that he had acted on the advice of somebody from London who had not told him that the oath was illegal, Melbourne, who thought every Methodist a liar, replied that it was probably a falsehood. But Loveless's Methodism, which damaged him in the eyes of Melbourne, would have no such effect on the sympathies of Ashley.

A third fact has to be kept in mind. The violence of the Whigs was the violence of men who are afraid of seeming weak. They knew that they were regarded as doubtful guardians of order, and therefore, whenever order was threatened, they were anxious to show that they could be as stern as Tories. The Grand National Union gave a great and misleading impression of popular power. The London demonstration displayed that power within sight of the House of Commons. The Whig Ministers thought that if they remitted the Dorchester sentences they would be suspected of giving way to a show of force. Graham

Wallas found a note in Place's papers which seems to show that Brougham, when charged with this "moral cowardice" by Place, admitted that it was true.

How far that moral cowardice took him and his colleagues from all sense of justice is shown by something that happened a few months after the Dorchester trial. In July fifteen bricklayers were prosecuted at Exeter for the same offence. They were found guilty, but they were all released on entering into their own recognizances. The prosecuting counsel suggested this course. The Judge was Denman, who perhaps remembered with remorse the cruel punishments that as Attorney General he had defended in the House of Commons in the savage winter of 1830-1831.

But there was more than remorse in his conduct. The Government did not want another storm. So perhaps we may say that the men who marched through the streets of London carrying their trade union flags kept the Tolpuddle men in prison but kept others out. In this sense the six men were justly martyrs.

THE GREAT CHRONICLE OF LONDON*

By A. F. Pollard

THE leading part which London has played in English history is reflected in its voluminous archives, medieval and modern, and also in the magnificent series of chronicles compiled by its citizens but suffered for the most part by the inadvertence of the City to stray far away from its keeping. From the date (1191) at which it extorted from the Crown the grant of a "commune" or common government of its own, which, the chronicler averred—*tumor plebis, timor regni, tepor sacerdotii*—"inflames the mob, alarms the realm, and chills the Church," it became the model for municipal imitation and ambition;

* The manuscript *Great Chronicle* of London, long neglected and believed to have disappeared, was found in a private collection before the War. It was acquired in November 1933 by Lord Wakefield of Hythe, and presented by him to the Library of the Guildhall, London.

three years later a citizen was accused of boasting that Londoners would have no king but their mayor.

That was a voice from the crowd which had not learnt to write, and London's early history comes from Churchmen, with an allegiance of their own. But almost with the achievement of municipal self-government the habit grew up in the City of keeping at least a bare record of officials, to which came to be added notes on historical events; and from at latest the beginning of the fifteenth century City chroniclers were writing contemporary history. It was not exclusively local, but expanded with the growth of London's wealth, intelligence, and commerce into national histories, taking note of Parliaments and councils, wars in France, and trade expansion oversea. London was becoming the effective capital of the kingdom, and in the sixteenth century Tudor despotism consisted largely in London domination over other parts of England. Since the accession of Henry VIII, alleged a programme laid before Parliament in 1559, no legislation had been possible which "touched the liberty or state" of merchants; they were the bankers of that age, and their political influence was largely that of London. Its four M.P.s, besides the two

for Middlesex, the frequency with which its Recorders and Under-Sheriffs rose to be Judges and Speakers of the House of Commons, and the dependence of Governments, whatever their complexion, on London loans for their finance, gave the City a predominance which lasted until the industrial revolution evoked the North of England, and Scottish and Irish Acts of Union and Parliamentary Reform Acts shifted and broadened the basis of political power.

Hence the expansion of London chronicles into English histories, and hence in its turn the predominance of the London newspaper Press. But we are here concerned with the early stages of this evolution, and particularly with what has been termed the *Great Chronicle* of London by the best authority on the subject, the late C. L. Kingsford. Even he was unaware of its existence when he edited his *Chronicles of London* in 1905 and Stow's *Survey* in 1908, and it is declared to be "not now extant" by the most recent and elaborate bibliography of Tudor history. That some "larger London chronicle" once existed had been inferred and almost demonstrated by Busch and Kingsford in their examination of the unprinted materials for the history of Henry VII's reign; and then

on the eve of the Great War Kingsford announced the discovery of a manuscript which he described as "the fullest and most valuable of the London chronicles which we possess," and declared that on that account it "may be fitly described as the *Great Chronicle*." He was deterred from saying much more about it by the knowledge that the manuscript was private property and by the understanding that the person in whose hands it then was contemplated its publication; Kingsford, indeed, somewhat rashly announced the date of its appearance. The presumptive editor, however, died some years after the peace, having only had a transcript made, from which he allowed two passages to appear in print in 1920.

The original manuscript is incomparably the finest manuscript of any English city chronicle known to be extant. It is far superior in this respect to perhaps its nearest rival, the British Museum Cotton manuscript, Vitellius, A. xvi. Its beautifully illuminated capitals themselves suggest a problem in the history of copper-plate engraving in England, and its elaborate index, running to twenty-six pages (for the first part only), almost marks an epoch in that science. It belonged to Robert Fabyan, Alderman of London and Sheriff in 1493, who

resigned his aldermanship in 1502 to escape the expense of a mayoralty, and is credited in the D.N.B. with having been "the first of the citizen chroniclers of London who conceived the design of expanding his diary into a general history." The long neglect of the *Great Chronicle* was, indeed, largely due to the erroneous belief that Fabyan was not merely its owner but its author, and that it was identical with the familiar *Fabyan's Chronicle*, first printed in 1516 by Pynson. Sir Henry Ellis, who re-edited it in 1811, was under this impression, and so was the Historical Manuscripts Commission in its second report (1874). But Stow in his *Annales* has various passages from the manuscript Fabyan owned that are not in the chronicle he wrote, and Hakluyt has one about Cabot's discovery of Newfoundland; the *Great Chronicle* is fullest where Fabyan is most meagre; Fabyan is pedestrian compared with it; and though it does not go on (as Kingsford thought) after Fabyan's death, he could not have written the passage referring to Archbishop Warham as "then [in 1512] Chancellor of England," for Warham remained Chancellor for nearly three years after Fabyan died, and Fabyan does not call him "then Archbishop."

The interest of the manuscript is enhanced and its contents enriched by numerous corrections and insertions, sometimes half a page long, in the neat and unmistakable handwriting of London's most famous antiquary, John Stow. How it came into his possession is not known, nor how it passed from his into the hands of the Bromley family. Their ancestor, Sir Thomas Bromley, Queen Elizabeth's Chancellor, owned the manuscript of the *Brut*, now among the Stowe manuscripts in the British Museum, and he probably collected others; a number of his letters are preserved in the city archives. But this Stowe collection has nothing to do with John Stow, and Sir Thomas died eighteen years before the antiquary. Still, the bookplate in the manuscript states that in 1702 it was in the possession of William Bromley at Baginton Hall, Warwickshire. This Bromley was a noted Tory High Churchman, seven times elected M.P. for Oxford University (1705-32), Speaker of the House of Commons (1710), Secretary of State (1713), and a frequent correspondent of Thomas Hearne on history and antiquities. Baginton Hall was destroyed by fire on December 21, 1706, with "a large library of books and manuscripts;" but the *Great Chronicle* escaped, and Queen

Anne visited Bromley, while he was Speaker, at the new mansion which he called "Phœnix Resurgens." This in its turn was burnt down in 1899, but again the *Great Chronicle* survived. The owners by this time, after a series of inter-marriages, had added Davenport to their name, and the last of them to possess the manuscript was Brigadier-General Sir William Bromley-Davenport, K.C.B., M.P., Financial Secretary to the War Office in 1903-5. It was sold at Messrs. Sotheby's on May 8, 1903, to its present owners.

The question of its permanent restoration to the home of its origin is not merely one of acquiring a manuscript which has been printed albeit imperfectly edited, but of retaining a manuscript which has never been edited at all, and from which only a few passages have ever been allowed to appear in print; and its most valuable portion deals with the latter half of the fifteenth century, of which period "alone of English medieval history," declares Sir Charles Oman, "can it be said that the original authorities grow worse and scantier as the years pass by." That judgment must be modified by the re-discovery of the *Great Chronicle*: it at least improves as it advances; even down to 1430 it is, says Kingsford, "the fullest copy

we possess of the versions of the *Brut*," and for the Yorkist period it is unrivalled as a contemporary chronicle. Here it becomes real history, a constructive, terse, and vigorous narrative; and its philological and literary values are hardly less than its historical.

Apart from Stow's substantial additions, the writing changes twice at least; the part which ends in 1485 was written some time before 1496. This part contains 246 folios; another 105, with a fresh pagination, bring the chronicle down to the second year of Henry VIII (1510-11); then follow four unnumbered folios including accounts of the Parliamentary session of February-March, 1512, of the dispatch of an army in April "to what cuntre or coast noo certaynte of yt was told," and of the great fight on August 10 between the Regent and the great carrack of Brest; it concludes abruptly with a note on the price of wheat after the harvest of that year.

Its authorship remains a problem soluble only, if at all, by its retention in this country and minute comparison with the original manuscripts of other London chronicles. The writer's knowledge and general accuracy are as surprising as his literary style. He has, for instance, the correct date (February 4) for the

opening of the 1512 session, where Hall has January 15; and he gives us not only the substance of Warham's opening address, but also a note that the Speaker, Sir Robert Sheffield, on his election begged "as the maner ys of alle Spekers, to be dysmyssed of that office." After telling how, during the Parliament, Henry VIII had promptly executed a servant of his who had killed a man in Palace Yard, he remarks that "the King won great honor and favor of his commons" thereby—a comment omitted by Hall and by Stow. He corrects in the margin the story he tells in his text of the English capture of Bayonne in June, though his second thoughts are not always his best.

But he is best on Richard III, for whose reign the only strictly contemporary chronicle has hitherto been the brief and anonymous Croyland continuator. A sentence or two about the Princes in the Tower illustrate the rumours of the time and may provide both Richard's apologists and his critics with fresh arguments :

And during this mayres [Sir Edmand Shaa] yere the childyr of King Edward were seen shotyng and playyng in the Gardyn of the Towyr by sundry tymys. . . . All the wyntyr seson . . . ye land was yn good quyet. But aftyr Estyr much whysperyng was among the people that the Kyng

hadd put the childyr of Kyng Edward to deth. . . . But of theyr dethis maner was many oppyn-
yons, for some said they were murdered betwene ii
fethyr beddis; some said they were drawnyd in mal-
vesy; and some said that they were stykked wyth a
venymous pocion. . . . Of which cruell dede sir
Jamys Tyrell was reported to be the doer; but
others put that wygth upon an old servaunt of
Kyng Rycharde namyd—.

The *Great Chronicle* provides a new and a valuable test for the verisimilitude of the portrait Sir Thomas More painted of the last of the Yorkists and Shakespeare made familiar as a household byword. Its loss to England might become a byword, too. At the moment it remains unprinted and unread, hovering perhaps, on the one hand, between ultimate repose in the British Museum, or, even more appropriately, in the civic and spiritual home from which it came, and, on the other, flight across the Atlantic.

THE MYSTERY OF ELIZABETHAN MASTERPIECES

By W. J. Lawrence

FOR the very good reason that there are junctures when paradox is normality, synchronizing truths are not always reconcilable. Never was there another half century since the dawn of the Christian era in which so many dramatic masterpieces were given to the world as in the marvellous Elizabethan epoch, and yet seldom has there been a time when the conditions proved so inimical to the production of masterpieces. There was no vital urge for transcendental work, no extra kudos to be gained by it, and the puzzle is to determine how, in the circumstances, transcendental work came again and again to be accomplished. Nothing is so certain as that the dice were loaded against the painstaking dramatist. His calling was little respected. Not even the finest of dramas was reckoned great literature. Everything written for hire in those days was stigmatized as mere merchandise, and, for the

words indited for delivery on a scaffold for penny-knaves' delight, there was quiet contempt. One recalls how Ben Jonson was derided, even by his fellow-writers, when he had the hardihood to style his collected plays "works." Like Sir Walter Scott, the bulk of Elizabethan dramatists wrote for contemporary success, not posthumous fame, and, equally with him, a round half-dozen of them got both. Yet they wrote simply to be acted, and not to be read, since the possibilities of ultimate publication of their work without corruption were of the slenderest. The players were the purchasers of their plays and were loth to have them staled by appearance in print. Leisurely, painstaking work was out of the question. Playwriting was never undertaken save by commission, and speed was the essence of the contract. It was rare that more than six weeks was allowed for the execution of the task. The conditions so far made for superficial work that the astonishment is how anything better than trashy ephemeralities came to be written. But facility was then practically universal (Jonson, the Scot, being then the sole upholder of the slow English mind), and abundant genius was straining on the leash. Since it never really was let slip, one can only characterize its masterpieces as flukes.

What, then, was the intellectual ferment which, despite all drawbacks, inspired the greater gifted to do justice to their powers and rise on occasion into sublimity? Happily, let it have been what it may, it came early. With some diffidence, I proffer the makings of a solution. There was a notable stirring of the waters in the last fifteen years of the Virgin Queen's reign. Under the influence of the new humanism, the rich possibilities of the hitherto undreamt-of science of dramaturgy had come to be realized. There set in an unquenchable thirst for novelty, so insistent in its demands for slaking that, high and low, stinkard and gallant, all cheerfully paid double price for admission on the first day of a new play. Rivalry between the three companies of players became intense. The creative faculty began to bubble. New ideas for theatrical exploitation were eagerly sought for, and, their potency once demonstrated, became common property. It was a case of "the good old rule, the simple plan," etc. For some years drama was in a state of flux: there was no dominant scheme: new ideas, after being utilized singly, were combined with others equally new. Competition proved the life of art. The mere circumstances of the time provided the flint and steel

by means of which the emulative dramatists of the hour now and again struck out divine fire. In his recent engrossing book,* Dr. Boas has taken occasion to point out a fact which has hitherto escaped observation, namely that the rage for plays dealing with the lives of celebrated sorcerers and with diabolism generally, beginning with the production of Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* by Lord Strange's players in or about 1591, was the inspiring cause of Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*, a masterpiece formerly antedated but now known to have been produced by the Admiral's Men late in 1592. Parenthetically, it may be noted that to the same rage was due the conjuration scene in *2 King Henry VI*. Curiously enough, Shakespeare was not among the innovators of the time. He gave nothing and got much. His policy, as Felix Schelling, the great American scholar, well puts it, was "the seizure on a variety of drama already tried in the popular taste, with a glorification of it by the strength of his genius to a position above its class." In this, too, he preserved a marked independency of attitude. As dramatist, he was the salaried servant of the players with whom he acted, and those who paid the piper generally called

**An Introduction to Tudor Drama*. Oxford, 1933.

the tune, but from the successful new schemes devised by the rival companies he took just as much or as little as he pleased. Whether of betterment or fusion, his methods were masterly. In 1589, Lyly, in writing *Endimion* for the boy-players of Paul's, had introduced Faerie into drama, and the common players had not been slow in their adoption of the new ingredient. In that year also, the Admiral's Men, paramount as pioneers, had created that new type of comedy, the Nocturnal, and established its vogue by the production of Porter's homely play, *The Two Angry Women of Abington*. Though, by an odd oversight, Polonius failed to include the term in his list of dramatic classifications, the term "nocturnal" was commonly understood to mean a comedy of errors in which the blundering took place in the dark. Six years later, Shakespeare adroitly fused the two ideas in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. In greater or lesser degree all the theatrical experiments of the time brought grist to his mill. There would have been no *Hamlet* had not the lasting popularity of Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedy*—seemingly another production of the epoch-marking year of 1589—established a taste for the Revenge-cum-Ghost type of tragedy.

But there were movements also, fruitful enough in their way, which evoked no masterpieces. Of this order was the well-maintained craze for Welsh characterization, mostly of a humorous and occasionally of a satirical kind. Set on foot by the production of *A Knacke to Know a Knave*, by Strange's Men in 1592, this predilection came to be so much catered for that at long last dramatists were compliant enough in their time-serving to inject Cymric types into the most unlikely *milieux*. Instance, the *Patient Grissel* of Dekker *et al.* But, despite these extravagances, have we not reason to feel thankful for the persistence of a craze which ended in giving us Fluellin?

There was, however, one (by no means fleeting) dramatic fashion which Shakespeare in nowise elected to follow. This was the comedy of complex disguise, in which a principal character masqueraded throughout as several people. It was a pattern of abiding popularity, because it admitted of clever acting by players of high personative capacity. An early successful play of this type was Chapman's *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, brought out by the Admiral's Men in 1596. But the mould was of the stage stagey, and for that or some other reason Shakespeare avoided

it like the plague. All he chose to take from it was the idea embodied in the familiar, but invariably misconstrued "All the World's a Stage" speech. He left it to Ben Jonson to provide his own particular company with a complex-disguise play, otherwise *Every Man in His Humour*, brought out at the "Curtain" in 1598, and the verdict of posterity shows the wisdom of his course. For the play, though presenting a certain amount of vivid characterization and successful enough in its day, has an incredible plot, and in the last analysis is no more than brilliant "theatre." Hazlitt, in discussing its revival at Drury Lane in June, 1816, said of Brainworm, the mainspring of the action: "We neither know his business nor his motives; his plots are as intricate as they are useless, and as the ignorance of those he imposes upon is wonderful. Yet from the bustle and activity of this character on the stage, the changes of dress, the variety of affected tones and gipsy jargon, and the limping, distorted gestures, it is a very amusing exhibition, as Mr. Munden plays it." The measure of the gulf between Jonson and Shakespeare lies in the fact that Shakespeare was the only dramatic poet of his day who had wizardry enough to make the unbelievable credible.

FIELD SPORTS IN SHAKESPEARE

By T. R. Henn

. . . When I was in Cambridge, and lay in a Trundle bed under my tutor, I was content in discreet humility, to give him some place at the Table, and because I invited the hungry slave sometimes to my Chamber, to the canvassing of a Turkey pie, or a piece of Venison, which my Lady Grandmother sent me, hee thought himselfe therefor eternally possesst of my love, and came hither to take acquaintance of me, and thought his old familiarity did continue, and would beare him out in a matter of waight. I could not tell howe to rid myself of the troublesome Burre, then by getting him into the discourse of hunting, and then tormenting him awhile with our words of Arte, the poore Scorpion became speechlesse, and suddenly ravished. These Clearkes are simple fellows, simple fellowes.

(He readeſ Ovid.)
The returne from Parnassus, II 6.

AMORETTO'S relationship with his Tutor, the "poore Scorpion," is a pleasant commentary on the traditional simplicity of the scholar, and his bewilderment at the technicalities of youth. Now, perhaps, the talk is of racing cars, of Brooklands or Hendon, of the intricacies of wireless: a language less subtle and striking, but no less capable of being absorbed into the common speech of the day. But to Amoretto the discourse of hunting was one of the many things which distinguished the gentleman from the scholar; a discourse intricate and remote enough to the casual reader of Elizabethan literature to-day.

I have been led to write of this language of field sports in Shakespeare because of two personal reminiscences. The scene of the first is a country house in the West of Ireland; a wet day, and a rather bored small boy turned loose in the library of his grandfather, sometime of eminence as a legal Baconian. Books were a poorish substitute for the open air: in succession he dipped into the Great Cryptogram of Donnelly, Edward Castle, Holmes, Delia, Lord Campbell—the dulled stars of that miscellany. Then a more promising title appeared —*The Diary of Master William Silence*, bear-

ing the author's signature.* The Baconians were forgotten in a new and magnificent world of Elizabethan field-sports: then followed, if I remember aright, the attempted taming of a sparrow-hawk.

Twenty years later the same boy is playing the rôle of Holofernes, or rather of Amoretto's tutor, with an ill-grace. He had set an examination paper on certain of the plays; and, having a general horror of such things, he had tried to make the questions as alive and human as might be. Among the contexts was a passage from *I Henry IV*. The scene is the rebel camp at Shrewsbury. Vernon returns to Hotspur with news of the Royal Army. His news is bad—Westmoreland, Prince John, the King himself, are advancing. Hotspur has reckoned that Prince Henry's army will be slack and dilatory: he at least must fail. But worse is to follow. Vernon is a man whose lips are seldom touched with fire, but he has seen the army in the morning sunlight. His speech is a tissue of simile: at its climax:

All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind,
Bayted like eagles having lately bathed.

* *The Diary of Master William Silence.* D. H. Madden. 1897.

Consider it for a moment. The army is equipped and on parade—seen by the scout, perhaps, from a near-by hill—their weapons fresh-scoured, gleaming—“all furnish’d, all in arms.” They are “plum’d”—a pun, I think, which outweighs the possible reading “prun’d”*: the plumes on the helm-crest, and the feathers of the estridge, drawn sleek and hard like mail. They are like *estridges*, the short-winged hawk, lithe and fierce—to fly low and quick to the attack, not to tower and stoop like the falcon. But the sight of the army suggests dignity and calmness too, so the simile slides easily on—

Bayted like eagles having lately bathed.

Again, I think, an ambiguity. They have “bayted,” rested, refreshed themselves overnight: but the thought is of the great eagle—perhaps the osprey?—bathing in some shallow water, then baiting on a mountain crag. They bate—the tamed hawk on the weathering-block in the falconer’s yard—to dry and smooth their plumage: to loosen their muscles for the great flight of conquest: to express the mere joy of superabundant animal energy, the

* And, I think, a worse line.

terrible energy of the army which waits to be released. Behind them lies, perhaps, the Roman thought of the eagle; all this latent in the two lines to give, miraculously, the strength and beauty of that army before the battle. Holofernes might have been content with Priscian a little scratched: no schoolboy would have known that the Folio read “with” instead of “wing,” adding yet another image at the expense of grammar: yet he hoped that some glimmering of the meaning of the lines might have penetrated. And three hundred candidates, with one accord, stated that an estridge was an ostrich.

There is no need to point a moral: nor is it conceivable that one should dare to explain these most elementary technicalities, or to attempt to traverse the ground already covered in *The Diary of Master William Silence*. But, at a time when Shakespeare’s imagery is receiving so much attention, it might be useful to attempt to trace, “truly though not ostentatiously,” the associative mechanism of a particular class of simile and metaphor.* For psychology has thrown some light on “the

* It is possible that textual emendation is inclined to stress the logical meaning of verse, as opposed to its associative aspects.

manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement": certain material is now available which may have been unknown to Madden. We shall also raise some problems in connection with communication in the theatre, and with it we shall be forced to touch on the question of the audience and its comprehension. If all these are fruitless, there remains, I think, one plea: that the closest possible reading of what Shakespeare wrote is never completely wasted.

In an age of electricity one may be pardoned for considering certain mental phenomena in terms of it. We usually regard Simile and Metaphor as divisible into two types, the illuminative and the decorative. Those which live in our minds, the *verba ardentia*, are usually those which illuminate: we recognize with that incredible $\alpha\pi\alpha\gamma\eta\omega\rho\iota\sigma\iota\varsigma$ that sheep's guts can hale souls out of men's bodies, or see Pity as a naked new-born babe. The flash that illuminates our object is due to a current—the imaginative pressure—which leaps a gap in thought:

What mean you by this, my lord?
Nothing, but to show how a king may go a
progress through the guts of a beggar.

Now the width of this gap, and the vividness of the illuminative spark is determined by two things. There is the traditional "class" of imagery which we accept—the tradition in which we are working, or to which, by the use of the "historical estimate," we may return. Then there is the imaginative principle, the power, which is brought to bear—the quick crackle of metaphysical wit, or the long slow flaring of the Homeric simile. The outward sign of this excitement is usually, though not always, the rhythmic content of its setting.

But there is a further point: this illuminating "spark" does not meet all our conditions. The great "figure"—we are not scientists, so we may change our metaphor again—has the capacity for remaining luminous, like the bright and glorious words of Spenser: for radiating, almost indefinitely, a stream of attributes to give light and warmth to his object. This quality belongs peculiarly to those images which are formed in states of great excitement, as Longinus knew: "Bursts of passion, being seasonable and vehement, and sublimity where genuine, are sure specifics for numerous and daring metaphors; because as they surge and sweep, they naturally draw everything their own way, *because the speaker's excitement is his.*"

Now the response of the modern reader to poetry seems primarily determined by two attributes—custom and knowledge. We accept, readily and willingly, a certain class of imagery, however fantastic its *logical* implication may appear on closer investigation. Cowley's conception of love as a hand-grenade, or Donne's body with soul as an alloy with precious metal, are examples at different poles, and there enters obviously the factor of traditional seriousness in the formation of the image. A generation familiar with the Mills bomb has difficulty in adjusting itself to Cowley's conception of that terrible engine. But to Donne, as to Shakespeare and Marlowe, the *alloy-dross* simile would suggest the stamping of a coin, in itself a well-worn simile for procreation: which links up perfectly with the plan of that very great poem, *The Ecstasie*. But the factor of detailed knowledge is of primary importance. Milton's use of evocative names, and Mr. T. S. Eliot's technique of allusiveness, do not differ vastly in the amount of study they demand from the common reader, for whom, indeed, the desuetude of classical studies is steadily invalidating so much English poetry.

This study is essential if we are to approxi-

mate to a full response. The student of Shakespeare is faced by the problem of providing an immense background of knowledge. We see in varying degrees of recession, like the planes in a Paul Nash landscape, the stage, the plays in relation to that stage, with all its complexity: the life which the plays so constantly touch: the texts mutilated by scribes and compositors, and racked by the ignorance and conceit of the Pharisees who followed. And there is that wealth of language which has passed outside our normal usage to-day: of law, of witchcraft, of seamanship, of medicine, music and botany: all the material of knowledge and allusion from which a horde of biographers have attempted to reconstruct the *non-essential* Shakespeare. Among these obsolete languages is the vocabulary of field sports.

At the outset we are faced with certain problems, both of communication in the theatre and of Shakespeare's audience. His seamanship is not so profound—though it is strictly accurate—that it would have been unintelligible to a Bankside audience: his law is no more than the intelligent layman might have absorbed in an age of so much litigation. But the hunting and hawking language was somewhat different: it was admittedly obscure:

we may glance again at Amoretto's affectedly intricate knowledge, and at Ben Jonson's contemptuous—

Why are we rich or just, except to show
All license in our lives? What need we know
More than to praise a horse or hound, or speak
The hawking language?

The language was—witness Master Stephen's efforts—essentially the acquisition of a gentleman. It was complex: it was liable to be used either for purposes of characterization, or in an affected non-spontaneous manner. For its obscurity we have Cressida's warrant:

O, like a book of sport thou'l read me o'er
But there's more in me than thou'l understand,

in which, in spite of the pun, she was probably alluding to the *Book of S. Albans*. In *Troilus*, indeed, the language is more than usually recondite, which might tempt us to speculation on the mysterious circumstances of its birth.

If we admit, then, that "our words of Arte" were the prerogative of the fashionable classes, how much was comprehensible to the audience of the public theatre? I am prepared

to argue, as against Madden, that the difficulty is more apparent than real, in view of two facts. · This peculiar terminology may be divided fairly sharply into two groups: the superficial and commonplace knowledge of the man in the street, and the far more intricate and specialized knowledge of the country gentleman. We might suggest, for instance, that the play on pricket-sorel in *Love's Labour's Lost* belongs to the latter class: courtly jesting in a courtly play. But the more normal allusions—to a hawk flying a pitch, or a hound hunting counter—must have been familiar enough when the Royal Stables occupied part of Trafalgar Square, and the *Mewse Close*, whence the hawks were flown at hack, was on the site of the National Gallery. And in an age of strict game-laws, the meaning of the hart-royal, as applied to Cleopatra, would not be missed.

A further fact is of importance when we consider the validity of a dramatist's imagery. The audience must be adequately equipped with image-word connotations, but, in view of the speed at which their response occurs, we may suppose (and observation confirms) that it is much less precise than in the study. The meaning is integrated so quickly in the mind

that it is never quite complete: and it can only be "fixed" by the rhythmic setting and by its power of combining effectively with other images. An important aspect of this is the pun, of which a potentially valuable feature, in a play, is its quality of resonance, of lingering on the ear till its latent implications begin to act upon us. To take a simple illustration, the language of modern mathematical astronomy—judging by the crop of sonnets provoked by *The Mysterious Universe*—does not offer the same poetic possibilities as the Ptolemaic system: golf offers less analogies with human life than hunting. Equally, the image must be synthetic rather than analytic, mainly because of the time-factor: Miss Sitwell's

The light is braying like an ass

is less suitable for the stage than

But look, the morn in russet mantle clad
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill

however ingenious or effective the associations of the first may appear in the study. The appeal, then, of dramatic imagery must be

The sporting language fulfilled all these conditions. It was synthetic: it was memorable: it combined readily with more normal poetic material: it provided a point of contact with the life of Shakespeare's England. He uses it almost incessantly, with a freedom and spontaneity which, as Madden noted, was alien to his contemporaries: although one dare not agree with that writer in proposing this usage as a test of authenticity. It recurs perpetually at moments of high emotional tension: it is not infrequently almost startlingly irrelevant. There can be no doubt that it represents Shakespeare's own experience: it is *vécu*, alive, not the product of studiously-assimilated Juliana Berners or Gervase Markham, Turberville or Latham. Where that experience was gained—at Charlecote or Polesworth, the Cotswolds or those other localities which fill our "arid and faulty chronicles"—it is pleasant but idle to speculate.

At the same time there is to be no hint whatever that this language possessed any general or particular symbolic validity, or is, indeed, compounded in any manner but that of normal poetic usage. To find in the plays an infinitely

complex system of symbols, all combining to a particular poetic end, may well seem fantastic, particularly when the system is called in to support biographical deductions. If, as a recent writer has suggested: "The imaginative study of Shakespeare has not yet properly begun," it is well to regard both ourselves and him in that excellent mood of Fielding's: "This I know, could I have dreamt so much nonsense would have been talked and writ about it, I would have blotted it out of my Works: for I am sure, if any of these be my Meaning, it doth me very little Honour."

The use of this imagery shows a well-defined development. For a first example, consider Juliet's famous soliloquy:

Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown
bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.

III, 2, 10.

The central image of the soliloquy is Night; and from this the mind swings to and fro, like

a pendulum, between the disjunctive image and Juliet's own self-questioning. In the first four lines the integration of thought is, relatively, progressive and logical: *Civil—sober-suited—black mantle: lose—win—match.* And then, suddenly, there flashes in the metaphor which seems at first so irrelevant:

Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle.

Yet it is built up logically, out of both sound and meaning. *Maidenhood—hood: sober-suited—black mantle* are obviously connected; but the rest is less obvious, and so effective that it bears investigation. Juliet sees herself as the haggard—the wild falcon, grown to its full strength, but captive beating her wings fiercely, almost in self-destruction. She is captive, but untamed—*unmann'd*—with its obvious pun on virginity. So too *blood*, which is also physical desire; and bating becomes, therefore, not only the struggles of the hawk, but the rush of blood (coming in fierce waves, like wing-strokes) to her face at her own thoughts. And these are to be *hooded*, stilled, as the hawk when she is hooded: but hooded in yet another sense, because she prays that her passion will be not calmed, but hidden—

till strange love, grown bold
Think true love acted simple modesty.

A second invocation to Night, under very different circumstances. The first had all the marks of the early Shakespeare—the single idea lovingly worked over and drawn out and coiled back on itself. It was, I think, rhetorical in character: but now the emotional content is different, and its complexity infinitely greater:

Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear in pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale.

III, 2, 46.

We need not fall back on the romantic explanation of magic to explain the working of Macbeth's mind. "*Seeling*" is again the pun—perhaps a reminiscence from the *Romeo and Juliet* passage which I quoted just now: besides its familiar meaning (which goes with *bond*) it stands for that immensely cruel process by which the eyelids of the haggard are sewn together preparatory to taming it by the process of watching and starving, as Petruchio tamed Katherine. But is also the *seal* of that great

bond, the sixth Commandment: and with it the whole passage assumes a logical shape. For both blinding, and the making of the bond, are in the past; both physical and moral law. The hand that has done the blinding is *bloody*, associated, first with *night* and then with the dagger: it is *invisible*, in the darkness both physical and spiritual. It is thus possible to see the force of *scarf*, whose sense of "bandaging"—something *pitiful*—contrasts violently with *seel*: and *pitiful* is to me both the dropping of dejected spirit and the mercy which might relieve the wound.

A third time the blinded hawk appears in a complicated figure:

You have been a boggler ever :
But when we in our wickedness grow hard,—
O, misery on't—the wise gods seal our eyes
In our own filth drop our clear judgements;
make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion.

III, ii, 110.

Cleopatra has been negotiating with Thyreus: Antony bursts in upon the scene. She has been a *boggler*—the hawk that stoops erratically, waveringly, on one quarry after another,

faithful to none: a comment on Cleopatra's many loves. What follows is more difficult. The idea of growing *hard* in wickedness is familiar enough in Scripture: of hawks it was used in two senses, poisoned by food ill-digested, or stubborn in training. So the *wise* gods (echoes of *King Lear*) *seel* our eyes: the whole cruel scene of the falconer again. The hawk, blinded, struts about the mews, stumbling in the filth of its own mutings—*clear-eyed* no longer: laughed at by the onlookers as Antony is laughed at by the Roman World.

The whole scene is strikingly vivid: it recurs again and again:

No, when light-winged toys
Of feathered Cupid *seel* with wanton dullness . . .

Oth., I, 3, 269.

She that so young could give out such a seeming
To *seel* her father's eyes up close as oak.

Oth., III, 3, 210.

Seel up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brain
In cradle of the rude imperious surge.

2 H, IV, 3, 1.

It expressed perfectly the ruthless cruelty of an external force; the helplessness of the victim;

the loss of that sight for which the hawk was proverbial, and which was its strength and its virtue.

The use of this language in states of intense excitement is also of some interest. We are told by psychologists that, as we approach hysteria, the layers of memory merge into each other, so that the poet draws on earlier strata of experience than is usual in normal states. One has in mind particularly the end of Hamlet's interview with the Ghost:

HORATIO (within): Hillo, ho, ho, my Lord!

HAMLET: Hillo, ho, ho, boy! Come,
 bird, come!

I, 5, 116.

He has set down the Ghost's words in his tablets: the cries of his companion bring him back with a jerk to reality. Horatio's call—the familiar language of the falconer—has touched a trigger in Hamlet's brain already grown tickle o' the sere. Hysterical states embody just this snatching at an old familiar situation to induce a sense of stability. Is it the memory of a past hawking scene with the dead king? The Ghost has glided away—perhaps its swift elusive passage suggested the hawk? Hamlet

flings round with a frantic gesture to the entry of Horatio and Marcellus, as if twirling the mockery of a lure to the empty air.

Hillo, ho, ho, boy! Come, bird, come!

In the same way, *Lear* (fantastically dressed with flowers) returns to the hawking scene. "Bring up the brown bills. O! well flown, bird; i' the clout, i' the clout: hewgh! Give the word." It is worth noting that each phrase in this madness speech is accompanied by an appropriate gesture.

There is a somewhat similar episode in the first orchard scene of *Romeo and Juliet*:

(*Re-enter JULIET alone*)

JULIET: Hist, Romeo, hist! O for a falconer's voice

To lure this tassel-gentle back again.

This is expanded rhetoric: it goes on to the famous "Cave where echo lies." But in its context it has a certain irony which is not always noticed. The tassel-gentle is the male of the *peregrine*—the wandering bird (we think of Romeo's earlier loves). It is *not*, as Prof. Knight would have us believe, "a gentle falcon, fitted to associate with love." And the

male (popularly the smaller bird by a third) is also traditionally less fierce, valiant and constant than the female: we think of Juliet's courage in the vault, so incomparably greater than anything that Romeo envisaged.

We may pause for a moment to add a small gloss to one of the most famous of the hawking metaphors, that from *Othello*:

If I do prove her haggard
Though that her jesses were my dear heart strings
I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune.

III, 3, 260.

"If I prove her to be a haggard—irreclaimable, by reason of her innate wildness or because she has not been properly *manned*, I would give the signal, and release her down wind, when she would be lost for ever, to pick up her living as best she could." But the image goes deeper. The haggard, one properly *manned*, was infinitely more courageous and more docile than the eyass, the fledgling, taken from the nest. Othello's wooing and marriage has been sudden and fierce. But unmanned, the haggard was worse than useless: she would "check at every feather," as Othello thinks that

Desdemona may have checked at the feather, Cassio. The jesses are of course the thongs which pass round the legs of the hawk; they are in turn secured by the leash, the light thong passing through silver rings. The jesses are Othello's *heart-strings*, which suggest music (*pace* Prof. Wilson Knight): there are similar uses in *The Two Gentlemen*, *Richard III* and *Henry V*. But they are carried away with the hawk: who takes with her, too, the varvels, the silver rings, often *stamped* with the owner's device or initial. She is to be flown *down* wind; since no horse can keep pace with the hawk thus flown, it is tantamount to losing her. She will prey at *fortune*: "Fortune, that arrant whore": which is precisely what Desdemona is gradually shaping towards in his thoughts.

There are two interesting fragments of hawk-language in *Hamlet*: of which the notes to the usual editions do not take heed. His reproach to his Mother

Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseaméd bed
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty—

For this the Arden editor quotes the *N.E.D.*: “The French word is now used only in sense to grease cloth, whence perhaps the figurative use in Shakespeare.” But *Blome* in his glossary gives: “Enseame is the purging her of her glut and grease” so that the epithets fit in a balanced fashion:

rank—glut
sweat—grease

the images twisting like maggots in Hamlet’s lust-obsessed mind. The hawk enseamed suggests her *stew’d*—the pun again for the Westminster Stews?—notorious for their loose women. Again the King at Prayer has suggested to him the same falconer’s art:

and am I then reveng’d,
To take him in the *purg’g* of his soul,
When he is fit and season’d for his passage?

The hawk in captivity demands meticulous care; preparation for flight is made by giving castings—crushed fur and bone—and medicine so that she may be purged: till fit and *season’d* for her *passage*. The word is vivid: giving perfectly the old conception of the soul, bird-

like, issuing from the body for its long flight into the dark.

Time after time the mob in full cry suggests a pack of hounds: Gertrude's

How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O this is counter, you false Danish dogs!

expressing perfectly the hounds hunting their cold scent backwards. But it is perhaps less obvious that the

mutable, rank-scented *many*
Cor., III, 1, 65.

is not merely the multitude, but the menée, the pursuit: and particularly the clamorous pursuit of a cry of hounds. It keeps, I think, something of this sense in *Lear* II, 4, 34:

They summoned up their *meiny*, straight took
horse,

since it is used contemptuously, by Kent, in reporting Goneril's action. Shakespeare had no love for dogs: hounds are cowardly, or fell and cruel: and one fancies that he would have subscribed to the cold distich of Wilfred Scawen Blunt:

Assassins find accomplices: man's merit
Has found him three: the hawk, the hound,
the ferret.

One feels in him this dualism, common to many of us: the fierce joy at the sight of the mounting hawk, or of a driven pheasant in the crisp October morning: and the remorse at the mangled bird, or the screams of a wounded hare. But Shakespeare's way was the surer and more merciful.

The language of hunting is less elaborate than that of hawking: one can do little, in the space available, but draw attention to a few of the more famous images: I shall refer only to those for which the more usual editions do not give what, to me, seems the fullest meaning. The first is Fortinbras:

This quarry cries on havoc—O proud Death
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

Those who have travelled through the Forest of Fontainebleau will remember a meeting of the avenue in the centre of the forest, where there are several low stone tables, circular, raised a foot or so off the ground: the largest

perhaps a dozen feet across. On these the curée—the pile of slain—was placed at the conclusion of the hunt: the largest being of course the king's. The deer, we may suppose, were not torn down by hounds in that forest, but driven past the noblemen to be shot. Little channels are cut in the stone to carry off the blood: Hamlet, Laertes and the King are bleeding from rapier wounds.

Give orders that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view.

The quarry, then, cries out—for slaughter? for revenge? But what revenge is possible now? Rather, I think, that the slaughter has been done: it is the sign that there *has* been slaughter, that it is terrible and irrevocable—"All, all, cry shame against me!"

The hunting scene—the baying and the slaughter—runs continually through *Julius Cæsar*: reaching its climax, perhaps, in that "contemptible equivocation" of Antony's

O world, thou wast the forest to this hart,
And this, O world, the very heart of thee.

For there is more in the image besides the pun, so justified dramatically as focussing the atten-

tion of the audience. The *Great Hart*, in Elizabethan hunting lore, is a beast of almost fabulous qualities: watched over carefully, approached almost with awe, his signs of worth observed and reckoned most minutely, free to range indisputed over his own woodland:

O world, thou wast the *forest* to this hart,
And this, O world, the very heart of thee.

There could be no hint of bathos or ineptitude with such noble associations.

Better still is the famous metaphor in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

Bravest at the last
She levelled at our purpose, and, being royal,
Took her own way.

Cleopatra has been hunted by royal hunters: she has been proclaimed as royal, and may not be hunted again. She has levelled at the purpose of Octavius, as the hart turns to bay, sweeping his antlers down to the level of the hounds*: perhaps it has, too, the sense of her deliberate *aim* to frustrate their humiliation of her.

* Cf. Out of the blank
 And level of my brain, plot-proof.
 W.T., II, 3, 8.

The whole play of *Othello* suggests in some way a hunting scene, though not of the lion or the fox. Iago's business is that of the huntsman, running a series of trails till the game is in view: his chief hound is Roderigo who has the unique title of *snipe* too (the only reference in Shakespeare, though the *woodcock* is common). This Roderigo knows:

"I follow here in the chase, not like a hound
that hunts but one that fills up the cry."

and Iago expresses it in a passage which has caused some discussion:

For his quick hunting, stand the putting-on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip.

Halliwell and Furness support the Folio reading *trace*: i.e., carefully watch Roderigo in order to make sure that he hunts as Iago wishes. But this is not the sense of the scene. Iago wishes to do two things: to restrain Roderigo's impetuosity, and to sow his "vil-

lanous thoughts" in his mind. And so he will trash this scum of Venice—hold him back with a weighted strap on his collar. But it is a business requiring tact, and rather uncertain too. Roderigo is an erratic hound: he wants—admirable psychology—too quick results: he is, like Prospero's courtiers, overtopping: will he stand the *putting-on* with the primary sense of *intrigues* (*W.T.*, II, 1, 141)—being laid on a new trail?

In a paper of this scope it is useless to venture on the task of attempting to settle ōt's business, though it is plain enough that some errors, due to ignorance of this language, have crept into some school editions of the plays, and occasionally into more respectable publications. But, if we may take a few obvious instances, we might plead for

enterprises of great *pitch* and *moment*
Hamlet, III, 1, 86.

preferring the Quarto reading to the Folio: this in view of familiar usages in *Richard II* and in *Julius Cæsar*, of the phonetic character of the line, and the sort of two-directional idea—downwards and forwards—that "*pitch and moment*" gives..

As against Madden, I would read in *Measure for Measure*

This outward-sainted deputy
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth *enew*
As falcon doth the fowl.

III, 1, 91.

instead of the *enmew* of the Folio. For *enew*, as found of the falcon in Markham, Turberville, Nash and Drayton, signifies the forcing of the fowl to take to the water (fowl = *wild* fowl) at the flight at the hook: or, later, in *Blome*, to take cover anywhere. I am aware of the passage which is usually quoted from *The Knight of Malta* in support of the reading: but Beaumont and Fletcher are not conspicuous for their accuracy, and this highly technical word stood small chance at the hands of a type-setter. To speak of the fowl being driven into the hawk's own mews seems pointless: particularly when it is preceded by "Nips youth i' the head," suggesting the downward sweep, the slashing stroke at the head, of the falcon's peculiar stoop.

Nor can I find any warrant for Madden's description of a *bribe* buck (*Merry Wives*, V, 5, 27) as "one that is intended as a present to be-

speak good will," and prefer to take Falstaff's description as a parody of one of the many passages for the breaking up of the deer: possibly that in the *Book of Hunting*, p. 127. This gives the reading *broke* buck, which fits in well enough with the pun: "Master Brooke, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave: here are his horns, Master Brooke."

It is perverse, even heretical, to suggest that Bottom's famous phrase might read

Roar you as gently as any sucking *doe*,

but Madden's argument is at least reasonable, and, in view of the rutting season in the *Wood near Athens*, it is fully as typical and vivid a Bottomism as *dove*.

Some light may be thrown on a difficult passage in *Much Ado*, I, i, 222.

BENEDICK: . . . but that I will have a *recheat*
winded in my forehead, or hang my
bugle in an invisible baldric, all women
shall pardon me.

The basic idea is obviously deer—horns—cuckold. The *recheat* was a four-syllabled sound, followed by an interval, blown three

times. It was usually combined with a *moot*—a single note, blown short or long. Thus, when the limer has moved the stag, and sees him go away, he was to blow a *moot*, *and* a *recheat*. The *recheat* only is blown when the stag is moved, but *not seen*. If this is accepted, Benedick's words have a definite meaning: the fact that he is *moved* from his own covert (as a married man) is celebrated by the huntsman by sounding the retreat in his own forehead: i.e., he is cuckolded in his absence. The baldrick reference is obvious.

There are many instances of technical terms in hunting providing startling ambiguities: I select a few at random. Perhaps the most curious is the use of the word "blench." First the normal meaning: flinch or quail; used especially of the eyes:

if he but blench
I know my course.

But it is also used of turning or heading a deer, to drive him into the toils, the net which is spread for him. So if the king *blenches* during the play scenes—turns from his normal conduct—Hamlet will know his course—i.e., what trail he must follow. The two usages are

shown, I think, in *Troilus and Cressida*, I, 1, 30, and II, 2, 68.

But one might talk almost indefinitely of this language and of its supreme efficiency for conveying these complex images, which, with their double or triple *sound*-associations, have this capacity for expanding in the mind. There is its homely side: the hounds of Ariel's kennels (and others) persisting still in English packs—Ranter and Ringwood (with Sir Actæon characteristically in attendance), Fury, Mountain, Silver, Merriman, Lady and Brabbler, who furnished Thersites with such an apt image for Diomed: that hound

that hunts counter, and yet draws dry foot well

which Dromio of Syracuse dragged in so gratuitously. There are the queer lectures on horseflesh, its points and diseases, in *Venus and Adonis* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, or the jest of a Smithfield horse-coper set in the mouth of Enobarbus. I have not spoken of the technical terms of horsemanship—the career, the stop, the manage, but they repay investigation. Do you remember the scene at the end of *Richard II* where the king learns how proudly his favourite horse, Roan Barbary, has

carried the usurper to the acclamations of the people?

So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand.

It is a tiny touch, but, to me, far more real than all Richard's intolerable self pity. The desertion of animals is so impossibly tragic, as the author of *The Twa Corbies* knew:

His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wildfowl hame,
His lady's ta'en another mate—
So we maun māk our dinner sweet.

So in *Lear*

The little dogs and all
Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart—see, they
bark at me.

Or one might mention that strange stage direction in *All's Well*

Enter a gentle Astringer

(V, 1, 7.)

which is not a *gentle stranger* as Malone would have it: since the French were adepts at flying

the goshawk or sparrow-hawk, and this gentleman is an ambassador from the French court. But there is also a note of contempt: the French flew at small game—

We'll e'en to it like French Falconers, fly at anything that we see.

I treasure a friend's description of his visit to a French country house, where the Master, roused in the morning by a series of blasts on a horn carried by his Chauffeur, and appropriately dressed in feathered cap, fringed gaiters and bandolier, went out to a stubble field on the estate: where, hidden in an elaborate hut, and surrounded by a ring of tiny mirrors revolved by clockwork, he shot or missed the larks attracted by the flashes. Shakespeare calls this *daring* larks:

Let his Grace go forward
And dare us with his cap like larks,

which is *not* "to daze in order to capture," but to attract, from the skies, into the nets spread a foot or two from the ground.

It seems to me that the consideration of dramatic poetry involves two distinct stages: the acceptance of that poetry in the theatre,

under peculiar conditions whose chief feature is one of intense emotional excitement, in which individual aspects of diction and rhythm are, and should be, coalesced into one overwhelming effect. Then follows the investigation of that poetry under more normal conditions, in an analysis of all the latent implications and interactions of words. They continue "bright and luminous" through all investigations: because they have been associated—fused by that magical process—because the phonetic and rhythmic aspects combine to produce "that willing suspension of disbelief which constitutes poetic faith."

And so I would plead for still closer reading of all poetry, and of Shakespeare's poetry in particular: believing that the violet is not cast into the crucible, but that its fragrance and beauty is increased tenfold. How else comes it that no one of us ever re-reads a play without apprehending some new and unexplained thing? Poetry is born of intense excitement, of frantic impatience with the logic and the limitations of speech. But it obeys laws which we call those of association, remembering that no thought or experience exists *in vacuo*, but can be traced back and back: that nothing in life is ever forgotten, but only buried till that

So generally: and in particular of this obsolete terminology in which the plays abound, and whose beauty and vividness I have tried to stress. Some of it may well be personal: but, for anyone who has spent a winter's dusk or dawn on a marsh, a modern poet's* lines stand beside those of the writer of *The Twa Corbies*.

"The Dead, like weary snipe, rising on high,
Whined through the gusty pallor of the sky."

I wot the wildfowls are *boding* day

—as examples of this mine of imagery which is still rich. Yet, as Shakespeare knew it, it can never be made to live again: for good or evil, the lives of both man and beast have grown limited, and our familiarity with all forms of wild life is diminishing day by day: Some of this sport was brutal: much of it—to me at least—more human and more humane than that which is fashionable to-day. But this hawking and hunting language is behind so much of Shakespeare's poetry that some study

* Roy Campbell.

appears to me essential: and that study must not be on the surface of things.

May I appeal again to the great *Preface*?

"The compleat explanation of an authour not systematick and consequential, but desultory and vagrant, abounding in casual allusions and light hints, is not to be expected from any single scholiast. . . . Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils. Let him that is yet unacquainted with the powers of *Shakespeare*, and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play from the first scene to the last, with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing, let it not stoop at correction or explanation. When his attention is strongly engaged, let it disdain alike to turn aside at the name of *Theobald* and of *Pope* . . ."

The explanation of these matters is, in the majority of available texts, relegated to very brief notes; which—in my own small experience—are occasionally inaccurate, and very frequently misunderstood. Without some fuller knowledge of this dead language I do not believe that Fancy can be set wholly free upon the wing. To the more serious Shakespearean scholar the material is available, though somewhat diffusely, in the works I have mentioned:

to the less fortunate reader, for lack of a second, more concise and more accessible *Madden*, it is, I believe, largely a mystery.

“When his fancy is once on the wing . . .” I do not believe that it is impossible to combine that full understanding of the whole play, which Johnson so rightly demanded, with the most detailed appreciation of its fabric as poetry. We, who are so largely robbed of stage presentation, must rely more and more on the written word: how many thousand times is each play read to-day for once that it is seen? So we learn to recreate as we read: to uncover layer upon layer of meaning, facing boldly the accusation of “imputing to Shakespeare more than he really wrote” by analysing the poetic fallacies latent in that vulgar phrase. What poet may tell his meaning but by the poetry itself? What critic may paraphrase into a “normal reading”? Ultimately it is the concern of the individual reader: it is for him to interpret, without scorn or intolerance of others, what, on his learning, and reading, this thing may mean that:

—is so lovely that it sets to right
what knowledge, or its lack, has set awry—

Disintegration and integration have progressed side by side. Two decades have seen an incredible advance in the definition of the texts: and one who listened to recent lectures on bibliography can hardly doubt that two more will see a measure of completeness as near perfection as may be. And the texts once established, they must be realized to the full in their power of revealing their meaning in all its implications to successive generations: not numbering the streaks on the tulip, but setting men's fancy on the wing.

Is the work of the Shakespearean scholar so unlike that of Theseus's hounds? Sometimes hunting counter (or may be, as now, filling up the cry): but

Bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded . . .
Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells
Each unto each.

THE GOVERNESS

By Elizabeth Haldane

I HAVE before me a much-thumbed little book entitled *The Governess*, dated 1820, but originating in a story written by no less than the great Fielding's sister about seventy years before.* It was one of the first books of the kind prepared purposely for children, so says Mrs. Sherwood in her preface, and it gives to the children of a century ago an "exact and lively picture of their grandmothers and great-grandmothers and was probably the favourite company of their youthful days."

It all seems strange to us—not least that Mrs. Sherwood of the immortal *Fairchild Family* should even as "the task allotted to her by the dear Parent now no more" have taken the trouble to re-edit it. She justified herself by explaining that some fairy tales introduced to the original work (at the instance of Henry Fielding, one wonders) were suppressed, since

* *The Governess, or the Little Female Academy.*
Wellington, Salop, 1820.

"fanciful productions of this sort can never be rendered generally useful," so that with one exception there were substituted appropriate relations such as "seemed more likely to conduce to juvenile edification." Hence the infant mind was given fare of a highly moral but not very stimulating kind. The Governess in point was, as usual, a lady whose means required her to take certain "Misses" into her charge, and who was a model instructress. In this case she was a widow whose family had been swept away by the small-pox. But she had a difficult task in starting her tiny school, for her charges, well born as they were, were all incredibly fierce: the eight of them began their school life quarrelling over who was to have an apple, and Mrs. Teachum found the room strewn with rags, tatters, and locks of hair! The little "Misses" were of course dealt with "in such a way as they would not easily forget" and so taught the doctrine of human depravity and the fall of man. It is seldom that governesses in the present day could have such opportunities of instilling these lessons!

That was a long time ago, and it may be true that governesses had an easier task later on and that children were more amenable to discipline. But the fate of the governess was still

sufficiently hard. She was, as ever, the young woman of small means who, born a lady, had no opportunity of keeping up her status beyond that of governessing. And no one really considered that as a profession deserving of respect, or if they did, they did not see that the respect which was its due was really given. After all it was a forlorn hope. One of the most tragic instances of the misery of the governess is found in the *Letters of the Brontës*.* The sisters were doubtless not suited to fill the rôle. They were hyper-sensitive, delicate girls who longed for nothing so much as their own bleak home and liberty; they did not understand the "rude familiarities" of children and they were kept in the background, stitching away in the evenings at interminable seams with no time to themselves, when they might have been writing immortal tales. And when Charlotte did succeed in gaining the affection of her little charges so that they declared that they loved her, she was met by the mother's remark: "What, love the governess!" So the iron sank into the sisters' souls, as it did into those

* These *Letters* are produced in their complete form by the Shakespeare Head Press.

of so many others of their day. But they had their revenge, as others did not.

There is again a touching account of what the economic position of a governess was later than the Brontës' time in a little book written in 1865 by Bessie Parkes, Madame Belloc, herself a woman of distinction and the mother of distinguished children. She writes of the sufferings of governesses in later life when their time of work ceases—what she calls their educated destitution. It was estimated that there were 15,000 governesses, she tells us, and "the story of a destitute lady is almost synonymous with that of a destitute teacher." Teaching was really an unregulated and overcrowded profession, for it was the only one open to middle-class girls. Yet of those who applied for assistance to an institution in which Madame Belloc was interested, she found that many had supported aged mothers and invalid sisters and many had literally come upon the workhouse. It was indeed a heart-rending tale which she had to tell.

The cure was not exactly what Madame Belloc thought, but a more stringent one, for the profession is dying out: it is nowadays thought that no family of children can be taught by one individual any more than one

mistress can teach a whole school of varied ages. And doubtless there is truth in this belief, and it is better for children to study together in groups and have different teachers for different subjects as well as to learn the other lessons that only fellow-scholars can instil. It was found that the secondary school girl was better instructed than the home student hitherto of a different class. But before the private "finishing governess" in home or school is quite forgotten, let us have a few flowers to strew upon her tomb, for she had qualities that made her a valuable element in the civilized world. The governesses in more recent days formed for themselves a place that the earlier ones could not have, because more was expected of them and their remuneration was on a very different scale from the £18 to £20 a year of olden times. Altogether there was much to be said for the position and work of a well-educated governess in the later Victorian era, although the occupation was never really popular, and after other professions opened themselves up for women it became even less so. For many long years there had been no choice, and hence there was no "bargaining power."

It is rather interesting to compare the kinds of education that were aimed at in the past and

in the heyday of the governess with that obtaining in the present time; also to speculate on the measure of success that was obtained then and on that which is being obtained now, though the last, of course, is as difficult to estimate as the former. We can but have impressions, and impressions are vague. I have tried, however, in days gone by to get from some of the representative women of the old and truly "governess" days some conception of what were the books which were read in the schoolroom and of how much that reading meant to the pupils. For though the generality of women are better educated now than nearly a century or a century ago, I am not certain that this was so with the élite. It is not certain that even in a General Knowledge paper the grandmothers might not have scored, and in other matters more purely "educational" I think they probably would. The difficulty is that one is apt to choose out the specially qualified and not to take an average, but I have tried to get into touch with those who could speak for their generation and in a sense represent it. I should like at least to mention four who appear to exemplify my meaning. The bundles of their letters which I possess seem to tell a tale of interest.

The first was *par excellence* a woman of the world. She had seen Society in the old sense of the word, and loved to tell of her youthful attempts to escape from its narrow limits. In later days she thirsted after every experience of a new and interesting sort, and got into touch with men and women of outlook as diverse as could be from the older standards. Lady Dorothy Nevill (for it is of her I speak) had a wonderful, delicate, sprite-like charm all her own and granted her by nature; but she had also, in her unconventional way, a wide interest in life. She loved museums and exhibitions of Art and Science and always deplored the lack of interest in them displayed by the so-called higher classes—the Barbarian classes, as Matthew Arnold would have termed them. The Upper Class, she wrote to me, “seem to take no interest in anything but golfing, etc.—it makes me quite sad. When I go to any of the museums I see not a soul hardly there—those that are only giggling, etc. What softened the sight to my eyes were two little Japs poring over every article with a handbook, so eager to know everything—not a soul of the higher class visible. In fact I never heard of any one of them knowing the [Victoria and Albert] Museum, and for this

we are spending millions; it is all too painful." Lady Dorothy never pretended to be "educated." I think she would have despised education in the orthodox sense, and she never troubled to spell any more than did the ladies of the salons or those of the seventeenth century; she often said she had never inherited her Walpole ancestors' gifts, but she loved what she had read in youth. "My father made me read *Les Oraisons funèbres* of Bossuet, and Fénelon, and I ever had a most fascinating recollection of these delightful men. I am quite astonished at my own stupidity, but," she added with her bright sense of humour, "how clever one must be even to own that!" No one who had the pleasure and honour of knowing Lady Dorothy ever thought her in the remotest degree stupid; but if not learned or intellectual, *intelligent* is the expressive word that naturally comes to one's mouth in speaking of her.

Another highly born lady who charmed and delighted by her intellectual grasp as well as by her ready wit and humour all who were privileged to meet her, has often told me about her early days and the education which, however, in her case meant intercourse with the wisest and most interesting men of the day and

free access to the best of its literature. Blanche, Countess of Airlie, gave me a list of the books she read in her childhood, and I find they include the writings of Harriet Martineau and Madame de Genlis, La Fontaine's and Æsop's *Fables* (always included in the old lists), La Motte Fouqué's *Undine*, Macaulay's *Lays*, *Gulliver's Travels*, Miss Edgeworth, and various French books. But she again discredited the modern High School idea of education, which she thought bound it by bands of red tape to certain hard and dry lines and made it something that could only be tested by examination. She dreaded sameness and bureaucracy in education: variety was to her essential, so that each should be able to follow his or her bent. The calling of a teacher, as she so often said, is a wonderful vocation which should be pursued as such and regarded as a privilege, and she herself had the power of instructing even while she merely seemed to charm. Her early advantages were great, but her natural surroundings only helped to draw forth her in-born imagination, and she could not be anywhere without making her influence felt. The schoolmasters around her Scottish home were her real friends and knew this well. This is a quotation from one of her letters:

"People should always read beyond themselves and if the drift is made plain to them they will gather something. Weak story books were quite eliminated from our reading, and very few books were added to our Schoolroom Library. My son fought with his governess because she would not let him and his sister read *Gil Blas*. '*Maman dit que du moment que c'est classique cela peut se lire'!*'"

The next Early Victorian lady comes from a different, though perhaps an equally stimulating milieu. She was the mother of one of the most distinguished of our modern "Women of Action," and was brought up in the midst of a busy life with association with artists like John Leech, Mark Lemon, and Dicky Doyle, as well as novelists like Thackeray and Dickens. This lady, Rosa Paxton (Mrs. Charles Markham), and her sister were sent to boarding schools, the young ladies' seminaries of the day, and had violent experiences there; for on one occasion the former came into conflict with authority in the person of the schoolmistress, and being shut up in a small dark room for some juvenile offence, promptly kicked the panel out of the door and then, alarmed at the success of her attack on the woodwork, jumped out of the window and fell into a water-but^t,

where her career nearly came to an abrupt end! At another school—for a change had clearly to be made—this same young lady, who had a great gift for reading aloud, was reading *Oliver Twist* at a time when Dickens's novels were first appearing, and one excitable girl became hysterical over the scene where Nancy is killed by Bill Sikes. By means of the noise the little company, which was seated in the dormitory round the reader, who was in the middle of the room and furnished with a candle-end, was discovered by a governess and severely punished! One feels that these young people had special advantages in living through an era when masterpieces of fiction were appearing day by day. Her sister wrote:

"I recall as though it were yesterday the effect of the first novel, *Jane Eyre*, I ever read. It was on the drawing-room table and I took it up casually, only to find I could not put it down again. Never was there such an enthralling book written, and the effect of it was so overpowering I could not paint or play games for a fortnight."

She goes on:

"The next book that influenced me was Charles Lamb's *Essays*. I have the volume inscribed in a

girl's handwriting by me to this hour, and I am seventy-six years of age. Oddly enough a queer little volume of very immature Science attracted me greatly. It was Dr. Brewer's *Guide to Science*. That book revealed in simple language the great mysteries of the Universe. I recall to this day the advice as to what to do in a bad thunderstorm: 'Draw your bed into the middle of the room, lie on a feather bed, and then commend your soul to Almighty God.' "

She then tells how her sister discovered with remarkable prescience the writer of *Dr. Gilfil's Love Story*, then appearing anonymously in *Blackwood's Magazine*. This sister (my friend's mother) was devoted to poetry—specially to the poems of Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley, and in a lesser degree to those of Tennyson. Shakespeare made little appeal to her and the obscurities and roughness of Browning's style amazed her. But, as her daughter says:

" Education was to her almost the outstanding fact in life, the supreme gift to be bestowed on her children. She adventured eagerly into the scientific and ecclesiastical controversies which raged round Huxley and the Darwinian school, and at a moment when faith and orthodoxy were hopelessly confused her temperament threw her naturally into opposition to authority. Withal she was a won-

derful housekeeper of the old-fashioned school, and also a keen liberal in politics."

One other Early Victorian lady and I have done. Mary Elizabeth Burdon-Sanderson may be said to have been pre-Victorian, for she dates earlier still, but yet she was born six years later than the great Queen, and was a true Victorian at heart. Her surroundings were very different from the others. Her father was a man of education, but somewhat of a recluse, and she spent her early years in the depths of the country and was brought up on extreme evangelical lines by her parents and instructors. The reading that the young people got through in the schoolroom would have been hardly credible, but that they retained the most vivid recollection of it all into middle and old age. In French there was Voltaire's *Louis XIV*, *Peter the Great*, and *Charles XII*, and *A History of Frederick the Great*. In English, Hume's *History of England*, Robertson's *America*, Buchanan's *History of Scotland*, Mitford's *History of Greece*, Russell's *Modern Europe*, Rollin's *History of Rome* with continuations, and his thirteen-volumed *Ancient History*, Blackstone's *Commentaries on the Laws of England* (save the mark!), and

D'Aubigné's *History of the Reformation in Germany* as it came out. Besides these there were in her list Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Dryden's *Virgil*, Cowper's *Task*, and Pope's *Homer*, and in Italian *Tasso* and *Metastasio*. Italian was the fashionable language then as Spanish had been still earlier. The prejudice against French literature which followed on the French Wars had hardly died out.

All this was done before the age of sixteen, and a great deal of it through reading aloud in the evenings with governess or parents accompanied by questionings on what had been read. The consequence was that the young people were in the best sense highly educated women. No time was wasted on text books or summaries, but a taste for good literature was developed which was never lost. The lighter literature like the histories of Motley and others were the more enjoyed later on by reason of this solid foundation, and the works of Thackeray and Dickens, Jane Austen and the Brontës were then a real joy.

It may be said that these four women had exceptional surroundings, but though it is true that they lived in an exceptional age so far as literature was concerned, I hardly think that their surroundings were such as to prevent

them being regarded as types. They are taken from different walks of life, though all from the educated classes, and were none of them given more than what now would be called nondescript education. The last mentioned had governesses who were in the best sense ladies, but who became governesses because of family misfortune and not because they were trained to teach. And that was the usual way. Even the governesses in the "ladies' seminaries" probably never dreamt of having any specialized instruction so far as teaching went. And doubtless there were, more especially then, wonderful "misfits," and much time wasted. But my point is that the "atmosphere" of education is more important than the technical side when you want to produce an educated being and not one who is simply qualified to undertake some definite task, such as passing through certain ordeals which will lead on to an occupation or profession. The young educated women of the old days (I do not talk of the multitude who were not brought up in educated circles), it appears to me, may have had a wider view of life than some of the young persons who emerge from the High School at the same age, too often "fed up" with "tons of Shakespeare and Milton" as one remarked

to me, and bent on avoiding these worthy but uninteresting authors for the rest of their lives. Of course it is difficult to generalize, and one has all sorts of types in one's mind, but splendid as are our present-day girls (and they are hard to beat) one sometimes feels that too often there is "one thing lacking," and that is Education!

Now, if there is even a measure of truth in this statement we must feel that something should be done to improve the tone of education for our girls. There are many teachers to whom letters mean everything that is worth while in life, who really love their subject and make their pupils love it too. But there are very many who have one eye on the subject and another, and much more intent one, on how it will "count" in the next "School" or "Matriculation" examination—on how the School, which is sometimes made into a fetish, will be glorified by a large number of Honours girls. How often has one asked a girl why she has given up some subject that specially interested her and been told that she has to concentrate on something else because it will help her in her examination. Examinations are a necessary evil, but they should be regarded as recognized dangers to education and treated as

such. They have been responsible for taking from us much love of learning.

Of course one must remember that games take up time and attention in these days which they never had in the past. And I do not think that without them we should, for instance, have had the splendid work that was done years ago by our girls during the War. They have given initiative and purpose, physical endurance, and a quantity of qualities which in war-time were required by the V.A.D., the motor driver, the munition worker at home and abroad, and are now required for other purposes more testing still. It is too great a stretch of the imagination to conceive of our grandmothers doing these things. And again I believe the power of cramming up a subject is not to be despised, unorthodox as this sounds. Not only in professions like the Bar have we to get up facts quickly and certainly which may be forgotten next day, but also in many other lines of life it is a valuable accomplishment not without use. But there is more than alertness, resource, and endurance or the mechanical power of remembering facts required to produce an educated woman. Verbal memory is too often taken as real understanding, and it will be so as long as examinations are

simply memory tests. We must have examinations or one may sink into slackness, but it is surely possible to make them better criterions than they too often have been in the past, even though we have heard this question discussed *ad nauseam* without much practical result.

The whole matter is very difficult, and we realize how difficult it is when we talk with those of the older generation who never dreamt of "tests" and who read and learned because they loved to do so. Is it possible to keep the delicate aroma of the old-world culture in this utilitarian age? When we have been in the company of some of those of whom we have spoken we are tempted to feel it is impossible—that the schools of the present day cannot give it and the teachers of the old stamp are non-existent. But we know that we are misjudging. We must, however, impress upon the teachers, who are the real source of influence in this matter, that they have tremendous power and responsibility in their hands. If we get women teachers of broad outlook and love of knowledge for itself, the pupils will follow suit. So that it is here that our efforts must be concentrated. Are our training colleges what they ought to be? Are they perchance too much concerned to train in "systems" and

"methods" to teach "subjects" rather than to develop mind? I do not know. But the teaching profession, which was once the Cinderella of professions, is changed for the better in that it has now a great position of its own, and has commensurate responsibilities.

It is, I suppose, the truth that a person may be a highly educated and intelligent man or woman and yet be unable to spell or even place a well-known city! These matters of "fact" have to be learned, and must be tested, because, in modern days especially, we must go "through the mill" or else we shall rightly enough never get a job or rise in the world. But let us remember that all such things are accomplishments and not education. We may be good linguists and know nothing educationally of the language we talk so well; we may be perfect mines of information about kings and queens, capes and rivers, and yet never have learned what history and geography mean.

What, then, is our conclusion? How do the Early Victorian women, the products of the governesses, compare with the Georgian? We think of the former as having more *esprit*, as being better to talk to, more human and intelligent, but perhaps unconsciously we select our specimens and forget the many who were dull,

partly because their lives were dull, and who, if we knew them, did not make any impression upon us. In these days we have to remember that freedom which ought to give width of outlook has brought responsibilities that prevent concentration and dissipate energies, and also that instead of the long evenings of quiet reading there are a hundred diversions to take up the attention. In school or college there are all sorts of societies, some literary no doubt, but many not. It may even be that the wonderful movement in the direction of social reform that characterizes the period through which we are passing has diverted our minds into somewhat narrow channels. It is not fashionable to say so, but we know that those who concentrate on one line of philanthropic work are apt to become limited in outlook, also many of the "jobs" sought after by young women are somewhat restricted in their sphere. It is difficult to become engrossed in such work and keep one's vision wide.

This above all is a time for introspection and for trying to see where we fail and how we can turn our attention to what will profit us most. For the older generation the task is hard, but for the younger the possibilities are immense. Only let us not despise the past in pressing on to the future.

THE POET—G.K.C.

By R. Ellis Roberts

“**T**HERE is one sin—to call a green leaf grey,” sang Chesterton in his youth. It is a sin of which he has never been guilty, whether writing as poet, novelist, essayist, satirist or politician. Wherever he looks he sees colour; whenever he writes, it is boldly with coloured chalks on coloured paper. When he looks at dust he sees “a gleam of blue, a glare of gold;” and if he sees grey at all, which he rarely does except as the evil fungus which is the face of King Philip in *Lepanto*, he sees it turned into a “living splendour” and “a crown of glory” by virtue of her who, for a caprice, has clad herself in grey. Mr. Chesterton’s world is the natural world of colours which a child sees, or a poet, unless he be fallen on those sad times when, following the painters of the disillusionment, he discovers “values,” because no longer have strong colours a positive value. He is as English as were the Pre-Raphaelite painters and poets, seeing things

sharply and clearly; he knows the secret of the hedge, and the meaning of the deep-cut, white road. His words may sometimes have more colour than weight; but they always, even in his lightest poems, have shape. They have the direct appeal of speech, and the natural rhythm of good speech. When he writes of battle, he writes of the sword and the spear; and if smoke come in at all, it only comes to vanish in a sky on which it leaves no trace. Even his grey seas glitter, unlike the dun waters of our eastern and northern shores: all things and all people who are alive for him have action and therefore colour, and for him that ancient worm, the symbol of an inactive eternity, must "bite" not hold "his own accursed tail." His condemnation on the ruin of religion in the sixteenth century is that men smashed the gold and red and blue of the glass and "loaded yourselves with the lead," the grey lead, dead when divorced from its proud, predestinate task of displaying the glory of the windows—the lead that was turned into weapons to tumble men who believed in colour into the grey dust of death. Not that death itself is grey for Chesterton; in that fine early poem *A Man and His Image*, the corpse is "blue in the moonlight;" and after the slaying of the chiefs, after the

deaths of Eldred and Mark and Colan in *The Ballad of the White Horse*, when Alfred sees the “grey twilight,” he sees too “a yellow star.”

So when *The Wild Knight* was published in 1900, it had a mixed reception from the young men whom I then knew. We were used to the steel-grey of Lionel Johnson, to the plush-grey of Ernest Dowson, to the opium-grey of Arthur Symons: if we knew colour in our poets, it was the unnatural colours which clamoured under the sign of the Green Carnation—“green wine and crimson seas.” For Francis Thompson demanded more from most of us than we were prepared to give—his red was the red of bitter sacrifice, not of glad battle; and lovely as were the silver and blue and red of Yeats, he had not then travelled out of the Celtic twilight; and even the heaven’s embroidered cloths had not those simple colours which Chesterton afterwards made Alfred see in the coat of Mary, the colour that “was better than good news.” This new poet, thirty-odd years ago, was a portent. He made free with the stuffs of liberty; he was radical and glad; he did not make a song out of sadness, he made the sad sing: and when he was sceptical, he was as sceptical of the scepticisms of the time as of its superstitions.

Often for Chesterton his sense of the ridiculous has been sufficient; and under its impulse we have had some of the best ballades of our time, and many topical poems, some of which are in his volume of *Collected Poems*, though too many are in purely Homeric circulation.

It was the vigour and vitality of Chesterton's poems which were a shock to an age to which a Shropshire Lad had but recently sung of death and infidelity and self-murder. Here was a man who shouted that it was the poet's business to be rapturous about the roses, and cried that the lilies of virtue were tiger-lilies. He was alien from the weariness then the fashion:

To me, like sudden laughter
The stars are fresh and gay;
The world is a daring fancy,
And finished yesterday.

As he found all natural things fresh and exciting, as he could make a poem for the deep-sea fish, the donkey and the seeds; so he brought the same sense of wonder and excitement to man's work, and politics and religion. He looked at King's Cross Station:

God! shall we ever honour what we are,
 And see one moment ere the age expire,
 The vision of men shouting and erect,
 Whirled by the shrieking steeds of flood and
 fire?

Or must Fate act the same grey farce again,
 And wait, till one, amid Time's wrecks and
 scars,
 Speaks to a ruin here, "What poet-race
 Shot such cyclopean arches at the stars?"

A happy Radical—he is half French, and the radicals are commonly more cheerful in France than in England, at least in the nineteenth-century England when they took their doctrine with water—he cried to a friend to rejoice in their day, for they have seen "God and the good Republic come riding back in arms." And as he found art and politics gay and gallant things, so too he found religion gallant and gay, and under his influence Swinburne's "pale Galilean" became definitely outmoded.

Vigour, vitality. And pace. Poetry, except in some poems of Mr. Kipling's, had become slow-moving, at the worst mincing, at the best dancing delicately and decoratively. Even in Mr. Kipling's poetry the pace is often more

apparent than real: but Mr. Chesterton ran to his rhythm, and marched very swiftly to his metre. A poet with these gifts, and story-telling gifts, was bound to write narrative verse. In his first book there is *The Ballad of the Battle of Gibeon*: here was a new master:

Then to our people spake the Deliverer,
"Gibeon is high, yet a host may shiver her;
Gibeon hath sent to me crying for pity,
For the lords of the cities encompass the city
With chariot and banner and bowman and
lancer,
And I swear by the living God I will answer.
Gird you, O Israel, quiver and javelin,
Shield and sword for the road we travel in;
Verily, as I have promised, pay I
Life unto Gibeon, death unto Ai."

In his second book of miscellaneous verse, which contains exquisite love-poems, some incomparable social and political pieces, there is that fine ballad *Lepanto*: between *The Wild Knight* and this book, however, we had had the songs of *The Flying Inn*, and the poet's masterpiece *The Ballad of the White Horse*. The story of King Alfred was the perfect subject for Mr. Chesterton—he is only extravagant over simple things, and Alfred's story has

that startling simplicity which might provoke extravagance in very sober people. The poet's additions to the legend are singularly felicitous. He pictures the wars of Alfred as a war between Christian reason and pagan melancholy, that deep melancholy of the North which can only be assuaged by violence, the melancholy which dooms its deities to the gloom of Ragnarok. So Alfred, representing the England that is to be, summons to his aid the old forces of the England that has been—Eldred the Saxon, Mark the Roman, and Colan the Celt. Their characters have the simple distinction that should mark epic poetry. The Mark is particularly brilliant, and that soldier's wish before the battle anticipates more modestly the sentiment of a famous sonnet of Rupert Brooke's:

“ Dig for me where I die,” he said,
“ If first or last I fall—
Dead on the fell at the first charge,
Or dead by Wantage wall;
Lift not my head from bloody ground,
Bear not my body home,
For all the earth is Roman earth,
And I shall die in Rome.”

As a narrative the Ballad has swiftness, beauty, and a rare interior order. At moments there are digressions—but it is a poet who digresses. At moments the poet may be thinking the fashions and follies of his own time back into the past; but this will not trouble those who find a unity in history and believe that the ultimate error of scholarship is to speak of times past as “dead.” The poet who carefully avoids anachronisms will never catch up with the truth.

I have but small space to speak of the other, later poems in the 1933 *Collected Poems*—which follows, so far as I have checked it, the order of the collected edition of 1927, though it omits two satirical pieces in that book, and includes one new and very entertaining satire. The book does not contain all Mr. Chesterton's poems; and it is a great pity that the arrangement of the 1927 book has been kept. The volume opens with a collection of some of his lightest, impromptu squibs, so that a reader unacquainted with his work would get a wholly incorrect idea of Mr. Chesterton's poetical weight. No one living, it is true, has written more forcible topical poems; but the best are found in *Poems* (1915) and *The Ballad of St. Barbara* (1922). Of the political poems, gay and

grave, *Antichrist* (with the climax “Chuck it, Smith”), *The Secret People*, *The Song of the Wheels*, and the Ballades are known to all who know Chesterton’s work at all; but I am not sure whether *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, distilling as it does his love for the people, his hate for the professional politician, is known as it should be:

The men that worked for England,
They have their graves at home:
And bees and birds of England
About the cross can roam.

But they that fought for England,
Following a falling star,
Alas, alas, for England
They have their graves afar.

And they that rule in England,
In stately conclave met,
Alas, alas, for England
They have no graves as yet.

THE CRITIC'S JOB

By Richard Prentis

IS it not a pity that, the costs of play-production being what they are, the famous actresses who visit us are compelled to come over with trunks full of frocks but only one part? The vexed question as to how great an actress Miss Bergner is will be settled over here only when she has played all those parts in which she has won so much fame abroad. The Yorkshireman's "Show me!" applies to the stage as much as to anything else.

Miss Lynn Fontanne is another actress with scores of parts in her repertoire, and we should all be grateful for the chance of seeing her and Miss Ina Claire in a series of the *rôles* which have made them famous. In the old days these things were managed better. Duse in a single visit would give us Goldoni, D'Annunzio, and a couple of dollops of Ibsen, and I personally would give a week's ordinary playgoing to see Miss Bergner play Nora and Miss Fontanne Hedda. Bernhardt was always generous, and

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in the course of a single week you could see her *Tosca*, *Frou-frou*, *Marguerite Gautier*, and, if she was in good form, *Phèdre* as well. That, of course, meant bringing over a whole company, which in its way was rather fun.

The same actress who was *Marguerite's* nurse would be *Phèdre's* confidante, and listen to very much the same kind of confidences with very much the same air of scandalized amazement. The same actor would figure one day as the pleasure-loving old fribble who was *Frou-frou's* father, and the next as some highly incensed Greek husband, alternating between a top-hat and gloves and a crown and greaves.

In the 'eighties there was a famous French actor called Talbot, who one night would draw the right kind of tears by his performance of the old retainer in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, and the following evening would draw the wrong kind for his Théramène in *Phèdre*. Of this second performance Sarcey, who accompanied the Comèdie Française to England, wrote to his journal in Paris: "I have just seen Talbot play Théramène, and I must say that he who has not seen Théramène as played by Talbot

has seen nothing! None of us French critics dared look at each other. But the London public saw nothing remarkable in the performance. They moved no muscle, and several of them put their kid gloves together and applauded."

One of the functions of a National Theatre would be to provide a stock company ready to receive, surround, and support distinguished foreign players in the classical repertory, meaning all those plays which are the stock-in-trade of theatrical comets on the rampage. Such players could be on the reserve, like soldiers, and if at five minutes' notice a father was wanted for, say, Magda, you could ring up the actor detailed for this duty.

But this is the day not of variety but of monotony. Miss Bergner, for example, when she has squeezed the last drop of English popularity out of *Escape Me Never!* is to do the same thing all over again in New York, after which she is to make a film of it! From the playgoer's point of view this is depressing, and I am not satisfied that the artist must be feeling very gay about it either.



Tentatively let me ask a question. This is whether it isn't time that plays should resume being *about* something. There are too many plays in which the appetites of two young men and the hankerings of two young women are treated like a pack of cards, and the evening's entire entertainment consists in looking on at their shuffling and re-shuffling. In the plays of Pinero, Jones, Barrie, Galsworthy, and Maugham something happened. The pistol-shot with which Mr. Maugham began *The Letter* set the playgoer agog for the rest of the evening, whereas all that startles him to-day is the crackle of an epigram.

I confess to a liking for the old-fashioned drama in which an irate husband thumped at a locked bedroom door, and I am not ashamed to admit that I prefer this kind of play to the modern one in which the bored husband says to his lissom friend: "Why don't you take Sybil to Dinard? I'll stay at home with the decanter!"

An earnest soul has written to ask whether when critics criticize a play they are guided by

fixed rules and standards. My answer is that I am not a dramatic critic, though I have been in the company of that august brotherhood and wondered how it is that such extremely distinguished pronouncements can come from a faculty which is not conspicuous for personal distinction. I have been still further amazed at the way in which these learned gentry will verbally describe a play as "muck" and then expand that word into a column of brilliant diatribe.

My ideal critic was always Max Beerbohm, who had less professional fudge about him than any of his colleagues. He was either amused or he wasn't; and that, together with sticking to the English language, is the whole duty of English dramatic criticism as I see it! Max was the Mr. Wemmick of criticism. His essays were accounts of playgoing adventures, each of which was prefaced with the unspoken: "Here's a theatre—let's drop in!"

Yet I suppose at the back of my mind, as of Max's and of everybody else's, there must be rules of a kind; and this brings up the question how the rules of any art are arrived at. Obviously nobody would want to establish a chair of poetry before there were any poets, or make rules about playwriting before there were any

playwrights. The horse comes first and then the cart. I imagine, therefore, that a principle is created as soon as you find a number of artists putting it into practice. Take the elementary rule about not keeping a secret from your audience. It is not to be supposed that Aristotle woke up one morning, got into his bath, seized the soap and shouted: "Eureka! No dramatist must keep a secret from his audience!" What Aristotle did, or what later professors did after him, was to discover that the great practising dramatists made so little use of the quality of surprise that it was obvious they didn't think it a good quality.

Sophocles in his play of *Œdipus Tyrannus* lets his cat out of the bag at once. We in the audience know almost immediately that the dreadful prophecy has come true, and that *Œdipus* has killed his father and married his mother. But the French dramatist, Corneille, when he treated the same theme in *Œdipe Roi*, kept the fulfilment of the prophecy equally from the audience as from *Œdipus* himself, and filled in with three acts of piffle so as to spring

his fourth-act surprise on both sides of the curtain at once.

The result is that the French play gives only a momentary and belated shock, after which virtue goes out of it, whereas the Greek play braces the spirit of man for ever by showing how much agony a noble mind may endure.

Take the play of *Ten Minute Alibi*, where the whole secret is given away in the first few minutes, just as in *Malice Aforethought* the whole novel was exposed in the first sentence : “It was not until several weeks after he had decided to murder his wife that Dr. Bickleigh took any active steps in the matter.”

But the rule about surprise is only one rule, and the significant thing is that all rules, from whatever point they start, converge to the same focus : Is the playgoer interested or is he bored ? Max never left you in any doubt, whereas to-day's critics are shy of hinting at tedium. In the good old days managers regarded their ventures as gambles, and if a show went wrong took their ill-luck with a good heart and a good face. Your theatre-manager of to-day imagines

that he has some sort of prescriptive right to success, that if he puts his own brains and somebody else's money into a show the public is under the moral obligation to support him. That is all wrong. A playwright may spend two years over a play, upon it a backer may lavish a fortune and a producer all the treasures of his imagination—and the actors may rehearse till they are black in the face. But there is still no obligation on the public to declare itself amused if it is not.

My idea of a good critic is one who praises or condemns with enthusiasm, and my idea of a bad one is he who holds the scales evenly. This because scales which are evenly held may actually contain nothing, and you cannot tell whether your neutral critic has arrived at a level judgment through the careful weighing of pros and cons, or because no emotions of any kind have gone into the scales.

If one violent fellow goes into ecstasies over a play and another critic of like temper describes it as intolerable, I am minded to go and have a look for myself. Whereas a critic

who tells me that "the play's essence is less in its anecdote than in its psychological antiphony" merely invites me to give that particular play a miss.

ASPECTS OF MORTALITY

MAGIC WHITE AND BLACK

By E. F. Benson

A CASE quite recently brought into the English Courts of Law has served to remind us that the belief in magical powers, whether black or white, still exists and is probably far more widespread than we imagined. The earliest records of the annals of mankind testify to the same belief, which, though it might have been expected to die out, as scientific knowledge increased, from the minds of educated and intelligent people, has evidently not done anything of the kind. Its past history is interesting. In early days mankind knew nothing, say, about microbes and infections, and since it regarded health as the normal condition, it attributed plague and disease generally to the malign agency of some power outside its ken, which must be propitiated by such sacrifices, human or animal, as it might find agreeable. The Gods to primitive peoples were always the foes of the human race, and since they were figured as responding

to respectful attentions, they could be induced by a votary to exercise their lethal powers on his enemy: hence, broadly speaking, arose the conception of witches and all their brood.

By degrees (though these evil powers could still be efficaciously invoked) mankind evolved a further stage of belief. They observed the growth of their crops, the beneficence of rain and sunshine, the ripening of harvests, and deduced therefrom the idea of beneficent gods. Sometimes we can trace such a change actually going on. There was, for instance, not much more than a hundred years ago, a deity on the Gold Coast of West Africa called Abroh-ku. His speciality was to upset the native canoes as they came through the surf to land. But when fashions in gods changed, he changed too, and he became the friendly guardian in the waves who brings canoes safely to shore. To the Greeks of classical times similarly Asclepios was the healer, but he still had for his symbol the snake, once dealer of death, which he retained from the time when the god who could heal was an evil power to be propitiated. But having become kind he used his snake as an agent in healing. In Aristophanes's play it licked the eyes of the blind Plutus, and restored to them the power of sight. Then science was

grafted on to magic: Asclepios's priests were surgeons and doctors, and the records found in the sanctuary at Epidaurus show that they used the most modern remedies, such as water-cures and fastings and sun-baths. But magic remained, and the main agent in these healings was the faith of the patient himself.

Superstition, as human knowledge increases, gives way to science: we have found the true cause of bubonic plague, not Siva the destroyer, but the fleas on rats, and so we kill the rats; and whereas, three hundred years ago, if an old lady sitting by her fireside had twiddled the dials of a wooden box and had reproduced for her friends, audible to all, the voices of those engaged in the trial of King Charles I, she would have been burned as a witch, whereas to-day we should only congratulate her on the clearness of her portable wireless. But the dim tracts of the unknown which hold the key to the ultimate mysteries of human life are so vast that science has as yet explored only the narrowest margin. Within lies the secret of the power of the psychical over the physical, and there are few folk materialistic enough to deny that such power exists. It can be tapped, it can be applied, for instances of mental healing when medical attempts have proved vain are

too numerous and well-authenticated to allow us to doubt them: these powers we may roughly label "White magic."

But power, if it can be used beneficently, must also surely be available for evil purposes, and thus used we may roughly label it "black magic." In any case, whatever its method of functioning, it demands faith on the part of its beneficiary or victim: he must believe in it. In this sense magic of both sorts exists to-day, and magicians also. For a man who devotes his mind to any subject inevitably gains a peculiar insight into what he studies. If he pursues chemistry he may infer some new gas and then demonstrate its existence: if he investigates, like the Indian yogi, the vital forces that govern the human body, he will very likely arouse within himself physical powers that appear to be magical, but are really the previously unknown application of some natural law.

So, too, with the man who devotes himself to the study of the human soul: he will learn fresh secrets about it, he will be able to establish a strange power over the souls of others, and become to them a minister of things unseen, part of their faith, and that power he can use to the infinite betterment of their psychical health. Or, if he so chooses, he may use it to

other ends: he may devote it to their corruption and to their infinite deterioration. He will thus possess them, through their faith in him, with a power that appears to be magical, and under its influence they will become, like himself, lovers of evil for its own sake, and the Black Mass, perhaps, that supposedly mediæval rite, which exists to this day, will be their inspiration and their obscene Eucharist.

And their tutor may be likened to one who, when there was plague in the city, caught infected rats and let them loose in the houses of his disciples.

MEN LIKE ANTS

By *Montgomery Belgion*

CERTAIN distinguished men are exhorting the rest of us to let the life of mankind be transformed. There is Mr. Bernard Shaw, who, returning not so long ago from a brief visit to Russia, declared that other governments would do well to follow the Russian Government's example and allow individuals to live decently only if they proved efficient servants of society. There is Mr. H. G. Wells, who bids us apply to human affairs the same technique of directed thought and scientific method which has been so successful in dealing with the material world. There is Earl Russell (better known as Bertrand Russell) who wants us to let our young be so educated, and if necessary so doped with queer drugs, that they will grow up incapable of being anything but happy. There are Mr. Julian Huxley and Mr. J. B. S. Haldane, who seek to make converts to the belief that the abilities of different people require to be scientifically

determined and that society needs to be so organized that the demands for various kinds of human ability shall equal the supply. .

Nobody can legitimately object to the making of such proposals. These distinguished men are certainly free to exhort the rest of us if they please. But it is another matter that we should listen to them. It is another matter that their exhortations should be received with respect and that their proposals should meet with the support they are finding.

Of the respect and the support there can be no doubt. Within my own small circle of acquaintance, I have come upon mature professional men, earnest school-mistresses, and plain business people, who look on Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells, and the others I have named, as the hope of mankind. They say that the world is ailing and that these distinguished men offer the only cure. Of course I should not regard my circle of acquaintance as typical if the attitude I find taken up in it were not reflected in the press. But even in newspapers and periodicals which one would expect to be hostile, the books in which these men put forward their proposals are usually reviewed, not only without criticism, but actually with approval. And since undeniably the men are all skilful and

persuasive writers and are widely read, it would indeed be surprising if they did not carry conviction with those whom skill and persuasiveness can convince.

Yet their exhortations can only be listened to and their proposals can only be entertained so long as we remain oblivious to three considerations. It is to these three considerations I wish to call attention.

They are: (1) That the distinguished men in question are devoid of the least qualification for advising on how the life of mankind can be improved; (2) that the benefits promised by them as a result of the adoption of the measures they recommend are vague; and (3) that the loss to men from the adoption of the measures would be great and precise. I take these three considerations in order.

As I have said, these writers are heeded because they are skilful and persuasive, and I now add that they are heeded also because they are famous. Yet, just as their skill and persuasiveness are no warrant for the soundness of what they say, so they do not—any one of them—owe their fame to their political wisdom. I do not dispute for a moment that they are all exceptional men in their several ways. My point is that their ability, which has brought them

celebrity, is irrelevant. To heed Mr. Shaw because he is famous is to heed him because he is a highly successful playwright. But his success as a playwright is no indication whatever of his competence as an adviser on social reform. So with the others. Because Mr. Wells has shown himself to be a remarkably gifted storyteller, because Bertrand Russell is an eminent mathematician and attracted attention as a pacifist during the war, because Mr. Julian Huxley and Mr. J. B. S. Haldane are apparently excellent biologists—all those are no reasons for supposing that when any of these men talks about what society should be or about what the community requires, he knows in any way what he is talking about.

On the contrary, the fact is that when Mr. Shaw—to take him first—lays down rules for sound government he does so with next to no administrative experience behind him and in almost complete ignorance of political and ethical theory on the one hand and of the history of political practice on the other. Mr. Shaw has been abundantly frank about the events of his life, and so to the questions: What actual experience of government has he had? and What training has he undergone to make him an authority on social reform? we

have explicit answers. His actual experience of government has been confined to a spell as vestryman in St. Pancras, and if he became an authority on social reform after hearing Henry George at a public meeting and reading *Progress and Poverty*, as he himself has said, it seems that it is with the same slender equipment that he has gone on.

It is the same with Mr. Wells, except that his practical experience has been, if anything, even more limited. He has been a J.P. in Kent and a candidate for Parliament in the University of London. That is all. Lord Russell, too, has been a parliamentary candidate, and now, of course, he has a seat in the House of Lords, but not only has his possession of that seat been very recent; his chief activities continue to be carried on outside the Upper Chamber. Like Lord Russell, Mr. Julian Huxley and Mr. J. B. S. Haldane are equally ignorant of life in the "great world" and of the real desires of human beings; they have spent the greater part of their existences in the artificial and "narrow" atmosphere of a university.✓

Again, it is to be noted that when, for instance, Mr. Shaw has had the opportunity of giving his admirers a lead, he has done so in

the wrong direction. He has republished his *Common Sense about the War*. Now, fourteen years after the end of the war, this essay may seem not entirely devoid of that which it purports to contain, but if it can thus be viewed with the war in a safe perspective, there can be no doubt that at the time it originally appeared it was mischievous—not common sense, but nonsense. If then any number of Mr. Shaw's admirers had adopted the beliefs he was expressing in the name of "common sense," they would only have brought trouble on themselves and, worse, on the country as well.

Even more remarkable has been Mr. Wells's career as publicist. He is now urging the formation of a single world state. Is it likely that he is any more right this time than he has been in the past? At one period he was bidding us prepare to resist the Yellow-cum-Russian Peril. China and Russia, not Germany, were the enemies, he told the readers of the *Daily Mail*. Then came the war with Germany, and Mr. Wells set himself frenziedly to affirming in the Liberal press that it was the war to end war. Whatever the war was, it was not that. Then came the peace, and Mr. Wells, who at one time had been a Socialist, at another a

Liberal, suddenly urged the country to vote on the other side, for the "Hang the Kaiser" and "Squeeze Germany till the pips squeak" programme, the attempt to carry out which is largely responsible for the situation of the world to-day. Then a few years went by, and lo! Mr. Wells had turned Labour, and was standing in the Labour interest for Parliament.

Mr. Julian Huxley and Mr. J. B. S. Haldane are both still too young to have had such a varied past, but Bertrand Russell's public behaviour hitherto has not been such as to inspire confidence in his political wisdom. One may applaud the courage he showed during the war; one will nevertheless remain convinced that he would have been wiser if he had kept quiet. In any case his behaviour then seems to have been in flat contradiction with his precept. He would, he says, have human beings cultivate only "harmonious desires;" whatever they may be, the desire he satisfied during the war does not appear to have been one of them.

Now, of course, all this evidence of incompetence for advising on social reform would not matter if there were any sign that these men had—any one of them—ever given real thought to the problems for which they glibly offer solutions. But there is no sign, and that

brings me to my second consideration—the consideration that the benefits which these men promise as the result of the adoption of the measures they recommend are vague.

It may first be remarked that the proposals themselves will not stand examination. I cannot, in this article, discuss them all, but take Mr. Wells's proposal that there should be a single world state. In urging this, he talks as if international effort were a new thing he had been the first to think of. So delighted is he apparently with the feeling of being a discoverer that he has never paused to ask himself whether the single world state must necessarily be more successful socially and economically than the present plurality of states. He just takes it for granted that it must. Yet there is obviously no necessity in the case. Size alone has never guaranteed success—witness the recent suicide of Mr. Ivar Kreuger, the Scandinavian financier. Mr. Wells reminds one, indeed, of the farmer who has not succeeded with his land and is persuaded that if only he had more land he would at once be successful. No business man imagines that if two or more undertakings are not doing well a sure remedy is to amalgamate them. Mr. Wells, in arguing that since so many of the various states are at

present in economic difficulties, the trouble must be due to their not being all one state, is, in short, just talking rubbish.

And he is able to carry conviction in doing so simply because, as I say, the benefits he promises as the result of the adoption of his recommendations are vague. Vague, too, are the benefits promised by the other writers with whom I am dealing. In fact, they all promise the same vague benefit. Mr. Shaw still declares what he was declaring at the beginning of the 'nineties, that the majority of men in Europe at present have no business to be alive. One should be alive only if one is helping in the promotion of that social well-being which, Mr. Shaw insists, must be our common aim. Unless a man is judged an efficient member of society, he should, Mr. Shaw says, be suppressed. That is why Mr. Shaw commends the Russian policy of sending persons to the mines or the Arctic lumber camps. Only the efficient should be allowed to survive and reproduce their kind. But what is the social well-being for the sake of which we must all be efficient? Mr. Shaw has never said. As I have emphasized, it is vague.

Mr. Wells professes to differ from Mr. Shaw and to have a superior nostrum to prescribe.

But about the good effects of the nostrum, supposing it could work, he uses the same jelly-like language as his rival charlatan. Form a single world state, he says, and apply scientific method to human affairs, and mankind will be released for the realization of a fuller and better life. But regarding what is "a fuller and better life" he keeps silent or resorts to empty rhetoric.

So Lord Russell argues that if only the young are educated, and if necessary doped with queer drugs, in such a way that they will come to "act so as to produce harmonious rather than discordant desires," mankind will attain the good life. But how there could be one uniform good life for all mankind, or how the possession of many desires, however "harmonious," would be good, he is as vague as the others are.

So Mr. Julian Huxley and Mr. J. B. S. Haldane insist that society needs so to be organized that the demand for various kinds of human ability shall equal the supply, but how that will be good for human beings they fail to say.

On the other hand—and now I come to the third consideration, that the loss to men from the adoption of these various writers' recom-

mendations would be great and precise—on the other hand, there is no doubt that if the proposals, whether of Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells, Lord Russell, Mr. Julian Huxley, or Mr. J. B. S. Haldane, are carried out, it will mean the setting up of a central authority with absolute powers of planning and controlling the activities of the mass of mankind. The central authority would have to be invested with absolute powers to direct the physical and mental doctoring and drugging of the young, to make the mass of men think and feel in a certain way, to decide how and at what people should work and where they should live as it would be thought the needs of the community required, to regulate human life according to laboratory tests of which it alone would judge the value, and to decide who were the socially inefficient and these inexorably “to weed out.”

In short, the “general good” which the various writers declare should be our prime concern may be vague, but there is nothing vague about its having to be fostered only on condition that the mass of human beings enslave themselves to a privileged few. The so-called “general good” would, in fact, be the dictation of the central bureaucracy.

It is, of course, impossible to imagine that a

central bureaucracy could be recruited which would be *competent* to wield such unparalleled powers of planning and control over the rest of their fellow men. Again, it is unlikely, since a bureaucracy of this kind must be incompetent, that if one were set up the social and economic system of which it would be the keystone could have enduring *stability*. The bureaucracy would be doomed to encompass in its policy its own downfall, and with that downfall the ruin of the system. Even if the bureaucracy's actions did not lead to its collapse, there would remain the threat of a conspiracy against it. Some of those whom it condemned to subordination would want to be bureaucrats, and if they could not become bureaucrats by intrigue and currying favour, they would band themselves together to become bureaucrats by force.

Thus it is not to be believed that the proposed reorganization of society could, if attempted, endure. Even, however, if the proposed regime were no more than set up for a time, there must ensue for men what I term a loss both great and precise. Under such a regime men would become like ants. And let the great majority of men become like ants and they must cease to be human. During the

past two thousand years the central tenet of the European tradition has been that the human being matters primarily as an individual. Certainly many have been exploited by their fellows, yet all men have been free in some measure each to bury or cultivate his talents and to discover for himself what he most desired and how he could realize his desires. In particular, all men have been allowed each to call his soul his own if he wished and to damn or save himself in his own way—the only way.

But if we go on listening to Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells, Earl Russell, Mr. Julian Huxley and Mr. J. B. S. Haldane, if we allow ourselves and our posterity to be condemned to a future of emmet-like efficiency and subservience, that freedom must be no more. Yet, let that freedom be suppressed, let men become like ants, and for my part I cannot see that human life will be worth living.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO LIVE A HUNDRED YEARS?

By Bernard Falk

WOULD you who read these lines care to live to be a hundred? I ask the question because it interests me, and, I am conceited enough to believe, thousands of others quite unlike myself; furthermore, because the possibility of becoming a centenarian can no longer be dismissed as fantastically remote. Quite honestly I believe that the future has in store an epoch, perhaps twenty decades after I am grass, when people who have lived to be a hundred will be as common as octogenarians in our own day.

For slowly, but surely, the average expanse of life is being extended. Compared with the Psalmist's three score years and ten, ultimate standards of longevity may well be in the nature of an astonishing evolutionary jump forward. The day when many will live to be a hundred is as inevitable as the triumph of medical science over curable disease.

Half way to the hundred mark myself, I can remember when the mention of a centenarian created endless excitement. ~~He~~ or she was thought to be a marvellous freak, a human Dinosaurus. Now these tenacious ancients (chiefly ladies) are regularly in the news, often enough, at least, to be dismissed in a six-line paragraph.

Yet to the latest example of the *genus*, did I sit at a sub-editor's desk, I should be kinder, for even in days when we have exhausted the whole gamut of thrills it is something to read of a centenarian being congratulated on her hundredth birthday by a sister aged 101. The birthday meeting of Mrs. Sarah Ann Long, of the Isle of Wight, with her slightly older sister, Miss Louisa Ann Tarver, a lively spark of 101, is surely a haunting event to stir the imagination, and make us wonder whether it were wise to crave their great age.

Even to visualize what is meant by life over such a tremendous stretch of years calls for a serious mental effort. Sarah Ann and Louisa Ann were born when William IV, "the Sailor King," third son of George III, sat on the throne, and his niece, little Victoria, albeit her mouth showed ominous signs of firmness, was but a slip of a girl.

They have lived through two-thirds of the nineteenth, one-third of the twentieth century. The Crimea has been an international battle-ground, and Sedan lost and avenged, and still the generous years have had abundant life to offer them. When they were nursing dolls old Talleyrand, who had been made a Bishop by Louis XVI—so far back did he go!—had not yet exhausted his bag o' tricks.

Permitted to reach the same age as these two sisters, we should probably own memories equally rich in range, variety and significance. But could we reckon on a sufficiency of good health, and material contentment, to enjoy these memories? That is the issue which it were cowardly to burke. To want to go on living when, in extreme old age, existence has lost all its savour, and one feels a burden to oneself and everybody else—surely that cannot be part of the desire of any sane man or woman!

Yet so long as life is tolerable there is no reason why anybody, however advanced in years, should sigh for release from its bonds.

I used to know a sweet, white-haired lady of ninety who was as *soignée* as a debutante, her hands always beautifully manicured, and a friend of my parents was a graceful dame of ninety-five who could write without the use of

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glasses! Firm in my memory, too, is the vision
of a bothered grandmother of ninety-four who
was always asking me if I had seen her ~~young~~
sister; a girl of eighty-five. If all women could
age so becomingly, we should wish to see
many more in the world like the two Isle of
Wight sisters.

On the other hand, if extreme old age is to
load us with physical pains and crushing anxie-
ties, what argument can there be for an in-
ordinate greed of life? Is it not better to share
in the normal experience, to pray only for the
reward of a reasonable span of years, the close
of which may be a calm sunset beyond which,
as religion teaches, we feel there must await
us the peace that passeth understanding?

Speaking for myself, I have no wish to
linger on until a day when my life is void of
thrill or zest, and men should speak of me as
one who was sadly in his dotage. A hundredth
birthday! Yes, *but not at any price.* I would
not want to rust or mournfully decay, or find
echoing in my soul the unforgettable words
from *Ecclesiasticus*: ". . . the years draw
nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure
in them."

For the most part the vicissitudes of the
ordinary man's career compel him to face

squarely up to facts, however disconcerting. He is left a realist, sometimes a limited liability optimist, with an incurable leaning towards safety-first measures. Such a one is neither deceived by the romantic pictures of advanced old age which too often masquerade as the truth, nor is he depressed by exaggerations which convey a wrong impression of life in the twilight.

We can believe that many at eighty or ninety are quite happy and serene in spirit, without disputing that, with an equal number, the grim reverse must, unfortunately, be the case. Fate is capricious in its dispensations, and for every octogenarian who can manage a two-mile walk daily, there must be ten who feel unsteady on their legs and have to be assisted in getting about.

So, to all who would pay heed to my philosophy, I say: let us not expect too much of life, or of the untrustworthy future, but, stout of heart, undaunted, let us meet old age with some warming ideal in our souls to keep us cheerful against whatever may befall. Then, arrived at full years, we shall deserve, most of us, to be peaceful onlookers of the human comedy, even genial participants in appropriate activities.

To borrow Shakespeare's incomparable phrasing, we may hope that our flame shall not lack oil, nor we be found the snuff of younger spirits. If our destiny is to be preserved to a great age, no envy of the growing generations should enter our souls, only the feeling that we have had our innings, a full share of human privilege, and in the time that is left to us are consecrated to the service of our fellow-men, notably struggling youth.

Given that stimulus, nothing should make us afraid. Whether we live on to the incredible years of the two Isle of Wight sisters, or are cut off in the normal span of life, small cause for complaint shall be our portion.

Interpreting my own feelings, I should want, in the dusk of life, to be regarded as an old man with a well-stored mind, fed from a wealth of experience, whose counsel is valued by those of tender years in comparison—one who found welcome in a joyous family circle that embraced all ages. Watching the younger generations take wings (helped by an encouraging word or two in season from me), I should, in part, live my own life again, sensing in moments of reverie the joyous ache of many a distant thrill.

Often I tell myself that, granted I were hale

and well, independent of financial worry, and mellowed in spirit by Time's soft winds, age would lose most of its disabilities, and a hundredth birthday might, indeed, be a blessing to ask at the Almighty's hands. But to count on so benign a fate is surely presumptuous, perhaps unreasonable.

Only too well I know that, for some of us, old age synchronizes with dimmed eyes, shrunken physique, and the feeling that life has become a burden rather than a boon. And have I not learnt how numerous in old age they can be who, with unimpaired bodily health to teach them kindness, are yet so divorced from genuine human feeling as to be intolerant of youth, and youth's courage and enterprise—nay, lamentably puffed up with the conviction of their own importance, and the room they supposedly occupy in the world? The thousands to whom old age brings poverty, dependence on others, weary anxiety and a multitude of gnawing fears—how much less may they be ignored in this consideration?

After all, it is still as true as ever that we cannot command our fate, though, at the best, we may influence it. Nothing gives us the right to say that, where we ourselves are con-

cerned, the advantages of extreme old age will totally outweigh the frets. The centenarian whose abnormal years seem, to the unreflective, a cause for envy, may long have sighed for eternal rest. That which his neighbours choose to regard as a wonderful blessing he, in his heart of hearts, may have come to look upon as an affliction.

What do we know of the centenarian's feelings? Not enough, I am certain, to persuade us that if we do not reach his age we miss something of great value. On the whole, I repeat, they are happier whose span of years is nearer the normal limit, whose days, to the very end, are rounded by tranquil enjoyments.

Vanity might incline men and women to wish to live as long as Sarah Ann and Louisa Ann, but in their saner moments, I am certain, the vast majority of people would be satisfied with three-quarters of the term on earth already enjoyed by these astonishing ladies in the Isle of Wight.

FALLING IN LOVE

By V. Sackville-West

I THINK sometimes of that Sultan who found his amusement in making experiments. He must have been almost the first practical biologist. He experimented not only in blood-horses, keeping a strain of white fillies and white stallions on an island somewhere in the Sea of Marmora, but also in keeping a strain of human children on another island lying in the same blue waters off that Bithynian shore. He caught them young. He caught them so young, indeed, that they had no idea of human speech, let alone of human emotion. They could have had, for instance, no idea of what it meant to fall in love. And amongst other things which interested the curious and experimental mind of the Sultan, was the question whether they would or would not discover this peculiarly human experience for themselves.

History does not relate what happened. One may safely assume that at the appropriate age

they would be overcome by the normal animal instincts and would gratify those instincts in the usual way. But what of the refinements of feeling, which, known to civilized man, are said to be denied to the lower savages and to the brute creation? Would they discover these? Fidelity, perhaps, they might accomplish; but then both the dove and the lion display a commendable constancy in the choice of their life-partner. Would these untutored children progress of their own accord beyond such elementary arrangements?

Would they ever know the fantastic, unreasonable, and incomparable excitement to which we give the name of falling in love? To fall in love is indeed an apt expression, for a more headlong tumble is scarcely conceivable. All else is eclipsed, and it becomes a hard struggle to keep the mind adequately fixed upon the requirements of daily life. One thing, and one thing only, retains any importance; but "retains" is not the right word, for love when it enters our life is a brand-new ready-made monster with no place in our tidily arranged cosmogony, yet it devours and upsets and ravages and makes such divine havoc that we are hard put to it to keep our poor heads screwed to the right point of the compass at

all. We may resent it, yet it is impossible not to let ourselves go. "No!" we exclaim angrily; "this obsession goes beyond all reason; I'll resist; I'll think no more . . ." and then next moment we are off again, lost in a cloud, thinking of nothing but the one thing, the only thing, the monster that crawls, devouring and distorting all the landscape of our mind. "When shall I see her—or him—again? When shall I see just that turn of the head, that lifting of the eyebrow, that gesture of the hand?" When we get into that state of mind, we know that we are lost indeed. And yet, resentful though we may be, we are persuaded that it is the only state of mind worth living for.

Strange contradiction! we struggle, and yet we succumb. Something within us warns us against love's falsity, while something else persuades us that in this illusion we have discovered the only truth. That is the odd thing about falling in love: our reason tells us one thing, and our instinct tells us another. Our reason tells us that this is a drunkenness, a delirium, a fever; our instinct induces us into an almost mystical credulity. Our reason tells us that one person is, intrinsically, no more admirable or desirable than another person;

our instinct insists that that person is the only person worth waiting for in the world.

On the whole, are we to envy the children in the Sea of Marmora for their ignorance, or are we to condole with them for the unique experience they have missed?

I WANT! I WANT!

By A. E. Newton

THE son of a friend of mine, a lad of eight, upon being asked what he wanted to be when he grew up, having in mind his father's satisfaction in devoting his days to sport and his nights to cards, replied: "I think I should like to be a retired business man." Now, although I have no liking for sport and know not one card from another, I applaud his choice. Why should I not?—having just made that election myself.

During my life I have changed my wants several times, but the time approaches when I must settle on something and stick to it. Time was when I wanted to be an angel!

"I want to be an angel
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead—
A harp within my hand."

How often have I joined in singing this old-

time catch! But I have given that over, the more curiously as I shall soon be coffin-ripe, the next state to which is being an angel. Decidedly I have now no wish to be an angel, and my friends assure me there is little chance of it.

In a very tiny and excessively rare little booklet, by William Blake, which rejoices in two titles—one is *For the Sexes*, the other *The Gates of Paradise*, there is a small engraving, measuring only $1\frac{5}{8}$ by $2\frac{3}{8}$ inches, which excites my interest. It does not represent, as might be thought at first sight, a man climbing up to the moon—*sic itur ad astra*—but quite the reverse. It shows a man coming down to earth, a journey which most of us have recently completed. Our position is now much safer than it was; if we fall now it will not hurt us much.

“There is always room at the top,” they say, but many who have reached an exalted position have found it very uncomfortable. I suspected as much and, long before I reached it, decided to climb down as soon as I conveniently could. The small figure on the ladder may, then, be considered a portrait of the writer seeking a position of safety.

Regaining the earth from which I started

more than fifty years ago, I looked about me to see what I would like to do with my hard and recently won leisure. This question of leisure is a difficult one; we have not been trained to it, and most of us do not take to it kindly. I see much in the papers about the five-day week and the six-hour day, but I have yet to read anything about highly paid executives who have accumulated more money than they can wisely spend retiring from the business trough in order that some younger and probably more capable fellow may get a chance at it. They affect to feel that their places cannot be taken, that "they have duties to perform to their stockholders!" Don't laugh. Our "Captains of Industry," of whom we once heard so much, deserve to be reduced to the ranks. Instead of which, our President sends for them—the Bankers and the Business men—who, with the help of Congress, pretty damn near wrecked the country, and asks them to suggest a way out of the difficulties they had created. Their suggestion is a shorter day and less wages for labour, not a shorter year for themselves. *La morale est toujours pour les autres.*

In this frame of mind I decided to capitalize some of the honorary degrees I have received

and become a college professor, and I was furthered in this notion by visits to my friends: Osgood, of Princeton, pleasantly summering in Woodstock, *Vermont* (he having invited me to come to him in Woodstock, New Hampshire!); Schelling, of Pennsylvania, turned farmer for the nonce (I don't know how long a nonce is, but he is the owner of a tithe barn big enough to hold a tenth of everything grown in his county), and Tinker, of Yale. I cannot expect the gods to be as good to me as to them, but if the luxury in which they live is general among college professors, and I am assured that it is, I ask nothing better.

And I was confirmed in this decision by an experience I had a few evenings ago. The house was quiet, my wife had gone to bed and I was just debating whether I should turn in or light a fresh cigar, when the 'phone rang. I answered it, and heard a nervous and unknown voice saying:

"You don't know me, Mr. Newton"—and then a pause. This gave me an opportunity of saying, nastily: "Well, if all the people I don't know call me on the telephone, I shall have a sleepless night."

"Yes I know," was the reply, "but I want to ask you a question."

"Well, do you mind asking it?"

"You know all about Dr. Johnson. What was the name of his cat? Someone asked me and I didn't know, but I said you would and that's the reason I've called you up."

(College professors ask and answer lots of silly questions like this.)

"Madam," I said (I was talking to a woman), "the name of Dr. Johnson's cat was Hodge. Johnson said, 'that Hodge was a fine cat, but that he had a cat that he liked better,' and then, as though perceiving Hodge's feelings were hurt, added: 'But Hodge is a very fine cat.' Now the question you should have asked me, as an authority is: 'What was the name of Dr. Johnson's *other* cat?' Every schoolboy knows of Hodge, but the name of Johnson's other cat—that is known only to the college professors, to people who are privileged to put initials after their name and wear Phi Beta Kappa Keys."

"Are you so privileged?"

"I am."

"Do you know the name of Dr. Johnson's other cat?"

"I do."

"What was it?"

"Madam, that is a profound secret. I will

let you into it only so far as to say that Dr. Johnson's other cat was a lady and well behaved. I can tell you no more without permission from my chapter." Here I said "good night" and hung up the 'phone.

I wonder how many good Johnsonians know the name of Dr. Johnson's other cat?

But after all, I have decided upon being a lawyer.

I want to be a lawyer
And with the lawyers stand,
A wig upon my forehead—
A big fee in my hand.

I don't want to be a practicing lawyer; I prefer to be a sentencing one. I have long had the idea that a judge's life was a very enviable one and I was confirmed in this belief by a remark once made to me by that eminent jurist, Ellis Ames Ballard (an eminent jurist is one who is especially gifted in making twelve men believe that the worst is the better cause), who once said to me: "It is very easy to be a good judge. Give your opinion but do not give your reason—if you do, your reason will reverse your

opinion—give your opinion briefly and go home.”

And so it was that not long ago, when the late Sir Henry Fielding Dickens, the still surviving son of our greatest novelist, asked me if I had had any judicial experience, I took a chance and told him I had “concurred” in a famous decision rendered by a Supreme Court judge in the State of California. A man had sued for damages sustained in falling into a coal-hole. The lower court, finding that the plaintiff had been intoxicated at the time of the accident, decided that he had no case. Thereupon the plaintiff took the case to the upper court. The decision was: “If the defendant was at fault in leaving an uncovered hole in the side-walk of a public street the intoxication of the plaintiff cannot excuse such gross negligence. A drunken man is as much entitled to a safe street as a sober one, and much more in need of it. The judgment is reversed.” *Newton concurring.*

“Excellent,” said Sir Henry. Thereupon he asked me if I would not help him the next day at the Old Bailey and I agreed to do so. “Very well,” said Sir Henry. “You meet me at a few minutes past ten at the Sheriff’s Entrance to the Old Bailey. I shall be glad of

your help." I was punctual to the stroke of ten and after a brief delay was ushered into a court-room, took my place in a great arm-chair and began to look about me. The court-room was crowded. On the desk in front of me, on the carpet and wherever they could be lodged, was a scattering of herbs, a custom introduced centuries ago to sweeten the air and reduce the chance of gaol fever (Cardinal Wolsey, in Shakespeare's Henry VIII, always carries an orange for the same reason). Presently Sir Henry entered, his horse-hair wig hardly serving to give one of the most humane of men a ferocious aspect. His Worship carried a small bouquet of fresh flowers; this, with the scattered herbs, gave a sweet and fragrant atmosphere to the court-room. But there was another atmosphere even more important than the one which is occasioned by the herbs and flowers, which is never absent from an English court-room, an atmosphere of justice and dignity, which is sadly lacking in our court-rooms. I have seen circus performances given in our courts which . . . But we are in the Old Bailey.

The streets of London afford opportunities for a wide range of crime and the police use a fine meshed net, leaving it to judges to assess

the value—if I may use the word—of the crime. “Ten days or ten shillings,” says my friend Sir Chartres Biron almost automatically at Bow Street Police Station. The problems presented to Sir Henry Dickens were more complex. Several hours were occupied with a case in which a pearl necklace of the value of four or five thousand pounds had disappeared. I think the necklace will reappear after a time, as Lloyds, by whom it was insured, is deeply interested. Then there was an adjournment for luncheon, with a glass of port and an excellent cigar afterwards, and presently we are on the Bench again. Half a dozen petty cases are heard, sympathetically as it seems to me, and then there appeared before His Worship an old man accused of coining; in other words, of making and circulating base sixpences, shillings and half-crowns. Brief testimony is given.

“Are you innocent or guilty?” says Sir Henry.

“Guilty, your Worship.”

“I seem to remember you. Have you been in this court before?”

“Yes, your Worship.”

“What for?”

“Coining.”

“How old are you?”

“Eighty-seven.”

Whereupon Sir Henry, turning to a court clerk, says: “Have you this man’s record?” It is produced, and Sir Henry glances at it and then leaning over to me, says: “God bless my soul, look at this. The man is eighty-seven and has spent forty years in jail. He’s entitled to five years at the least, but I can’t sentence a man of eighty-seven to five years.” Turning to the prisoner: “You’re sorry for what you’ve done, of course.”

“Yes, your Worship.”

“And you’d do it again to-morrow, if I let you go?”

“Yes, your Worship.”

“I say, you’d do it again to-morrow if I let you go?”

“Yes, your Worship.”

“Don’t stand there saying, ‘Yes, your Worship,’ to me. Is the man deaf?”

“Yes, your Worship.”

(Louder.) “I say don’t stand there saying, ‘Yes, your Worship,’ to me. Are you deaf?”

“No, your Worship.”

“I’m giving you a very light sentence in consideration of your age. When you come out of prison, where will you go—who will look after you?”

"No, your Worship."

(Louder.) "I say, who will look after you?"

"My landlady, she will take care of me."

"Well, we'll not let you give her any trouble for twelve months. Twelve months."

"No, your Worship."

"Don't stand there saying, 'No, your Worship.' I say twelve months."

The prisoner is taken away and while the next is being called, Sir Henry says to me: "They were terribly severe in my father's day in sentencing criminals. At one time this old fellow would have been hung; later he would have been sent to Botany Bay." To which I suggested that his father had been the father of more reforms in England than all the professed reformers put together. And I thought how proud he would have been to see his son tempering justice with mercy.

A few weeks later upon our leaving Paddington for Plymouth to take our steamer for New York, how reluctantly I need not say, Lady Dickens was at the station to see us off. They were dear old people, full of the courtesy of a generation—of two generations ago. Sir Henry has since passed away, soon after he retired from the Bench. Before I left London

I got him to write in a copy of *Pickwick Papers* that he had found me an excellent Judge, admirably fitted to preside at such a trial as Mr. Pickwick's.

It constitutes a sort of testimonial in the event that my judicial experience is ever challenged.

* * *

The more I thought of my qualifications for a judgeship the more certain I became that a nice snug berth upon the bench was just the thing, and so I got in touch with my friend, the Hon. William B. Linn of the Superior Court of Pennsylvania, and asked him to reserve the next vacancy for me. I told him of my qualifications and experience and I think that I was making some headway with him when a brilliant idea occurred to me. Why not secure a seat upon the Supreme Court of the United States and make a speciality of sentencing Senators and Congressmen, making punishment fit their crimes? As I read in the papers of the stupid, useless, not to say criminal, wrangling in Congress in regard to passing a tax law that would "balance the budget" as the saying goes—the country

meanwhile bleeding, and not too slowly, to death—it came upon me with the force of a blow, what good thing should I not deserve from the country if I could send a crier out, as they did in the good old days, and say to Senator Loudmouth and Congressman Dolittle: “Come into the court and be hanged first and tried afterwards?”

Don’t tell me that we get as good politicians as we deserve. I deny it. If you are right, the country’s done for. It is merely one of those silly sayings, such as: “History repeats itself”: it does, but never in the same way, so that it continues to be what Gibbon called it, “the register of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind.”

P.S.—Dr. Johnson, in a letter to one of the Thrale children, written about a year before his death, says: “*Lily*, the white kitling who is now of full growth and very well behaved.”

THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER

By *Llewelyn Powys*

IN my library I have an old edition of the Common Prayer Book of England published by the Clarendon Press at Oxford in 1813. The book belonged to my grandfather and his name, written in pencil, is still legible after one hundred and twenty years. The affection I feel for it is strengthened by the fact that it was the one I was accustomed to use sitting by my mother's side in the chancel pew at Montacute in Somerset.

As I opened its pages yesterday, so discoloured with age, there came back to my mind a thousand associations of my childhood, clear memories out of the past of those old-fashioned services attended by me in the "innocency of my life." Once more there returned to my consciousness the recollection of the particular hush that used to follow the first appearance of my father coming out of the vestry with his aged clerk close upon his heels. Once more I remembered the old-time atmosphere of sum-

mer services, when, on every side of St. Catherine's Church, the harvest fields were bearing aloft the food of man thick as bread; the old-time atmosphere of winter services when the country lanes, between the leafless hedges, were foul, and the road that led from the vicarage to the church ran with two streams of rain-water, the Thames and the Severn, as we children named them.

As I continued to read this manual of my father's religion, of my country's religion, so plainly set down in the vulgar tongue, my imagination became stirred by the comprehension of its long usage beyond my own experience, beyond the experience of my father, until presently my spirit was utterly submerged as by a huge wave of human emotion that for centuries had been gathering about this grave and ancient script, this impressive portfolio of religious wisdom, so painfully stored up by our fathers, and by the old men before them. Words from this book have mingled with the cries of babies held at the font, cries whose impotent disobedience has sounded so pitiful to adult hearing, as they have echoed along hollow aisles adorned with memorial tablets to men and women long since dead. They have mingled with the subdued whispering voices of

village people called together for marriage feasts so many generations ago that the brides and the grooms, the priests and the clerks, with the whole company of their attendant congregations, are now as though they had never been. They have mingled with the tears of how many mourners, of mourners standing desolate when the corpse awaits burial, the corpse of an octogenarian; of a dutiful mother, the stay of a large family; of a child suddenly fever-stricken for no reason; of a girl foredone in the flower of her youth, passionately beloved by her companion of the fields beyond reason and religion; the words were heard again when the bitterness of five faithful decades was at last cancelled and the outraged heart at peace, and he who had sorrowed and she who had been sorrowed for were at one, with the honeysuckle lanes of their summer walks obliterated from memory for ever and for ever.

Even to-day if I enter a church and listen to these ancient words being said I feel upon me the impressive weight of their immemorial cadences, of the cadences of this ancient ritual that represents so hoar a thoroughfare, and with its long, long memory bestows upon frail mortal life so chartered a significance, offering,

as it were, causeway shelter to so many individual souls, timid, eager for guidance.

Many influences went to make up the present form of our Prayer Book. Except in the case of those insertions that have to do especially with England it is possible to trace to their original Christendom sources the greater part of this celebrated Reformation liturgy. This fact in no way detracts from the value of the book as a national document, the prayers and the forms that have been preserved, and the prayers and the forms that have been omitted, seeming to reflect with a perfect sureness the predominating slant of the English temperament. For this reason it is by no means easy for a British subject to consider the book with impartial objectivity. Such an attempt is however in no way dishonourable. In our advance towards a higher civilization it is necessary for us to be constantly concerned with revaluations, and to preserve from traditional teaching, from traditional practices, only those things that accord with our acquired knowledge and with the ideals to which we have given our adherence.

On examination, then, it is possible to distinguish in the Anglican Book of Common Prayer three distinct moods. The first of these

component moods, and perhaps the strongest and most prevailing, is the essential racial character of its feeling, revealed, not only by the reserve of its language, but also by the good sense of its stubborn disregard of logic and obstinate reliance, at every chance, upon compromise. The spirit of the book, the wide scope of this very practical broad-meshed net of St. Peter, is well illustrated by certain sentences from its Preface.

"It hath been the wisdom of the Church of England ever since the first compiling of her Publick Liturgy, to keep the mean between the two extremes, of too much stiffness in refusing and of too much easiness in any variation from it. . . . The minds of men are so diverse. . . . some think it a great matter of conscience to depart from a piece of the least of these ceremonies, they be so addicted to their old customs: and again on the other side, some be so new-fangled, that they would innovate all things, and so despise the old that nothing can like them, but that is new."

To find metaphysical solutions, infallible and conclusive, for the conflicting Reformation controversies was, so it seems, beyond our island wits, so as usual our good bishops had resort to practical measures and this sensible

attitude from the first was strongly supported by the crown, by King Edward VI, and still more by Queen Elizabeth, the limit of whose patience before theological conundrums was very soon reached. In the Caroline Declaration prefacing the thirty-nine articles of religion "from which We will not endure any varying or departing in the least degree" we read some very plain speech.

"No man, hereafter, shall attempt to draw a single Article aside in any way but shall submit to it in the plain and full meaning thereof; and shall not put his own sense or comment to be the meaning of the Article, but shall take it in the literal and grammatical sense . . . We will that all further curious search be laid aside . . . and if any Divine in the Universities shall preach or print anything either way, other than is already established in Convocation with Our Royal assent; he or they the Offenders, shall be liable to Our displeasure and the Church's censure in Our Commission Ecclesiastical, as well as any other: and We will see there shall be done Execution upon them."

With manifest truth it is asserted that the book contains nothing "which a godly man may not with a good conscience use and submit unto," and in a tone that belongs to

philosophy rather than to ecclesiasticism we find it solemnly affirmed "There was never anything devised, or so sure established, which in continuance of time hath not been corrupted." Always the Church of England has been suspicious of exact schoolmen definitions, has become restless in the presence of too nice theological disputation, has favoured broad interpretations, not hesitating to give tacit encouragement to the ministers and "stewards of her mysteries" to exercise the civilized habit of looking both ways at the same time.

The royal hatchments nailed up at the Restoration testify to the fact that confidence in God and confidence in the King are sentiments hardly to be separated in this constitutional persuasion. In the Englishman's mind God Almighty and the lion and the unicorn are closely associated. For this reason it almost seems when one of the King's subjects is buried "in the sure and certain hope of eternal life" that the solemn covenant depends for its fulfilment as much on the broad seal of England as upon any divine dispensation.

How national, how close to the buttercup pastures of the English shires are the prayers that ascend each Sunday to this island God, to this God of Raleigh, of Drake, and of Nelson;

to this old-world deity of an insular people re-nowned and patriotic! "O Lord, raise up (we pray thee) thy power, and come amongst us, and with great might succour us . . . and defend us. . . . Deliver us, we humbly beseech thee, from the hands of our enemies, abate their pride, assuage their malice, and confound their devices." This is the outcry of a primitive clan whose chief concern is for protection and preservation. Semi-barbarous though these prayers often are they are seldom lacking in dignity. Nevertheless, one cannot help wondering, how a free citizen of a nation other than England would regard the following example of ingenuous arrogance! "O Eternal Lord God, who also spreadest out the heavens, and rulest the raging of the sea; who hast compassed the waters with bands until day and night come to an end. . . . Preserve us . . . that we may be a surety for such as pass on the seas upon their lawful occasions."

Once long ago for a short interval the lion's tail was rudely trodden upon and the "glory" on the unicorn's brow almost brought to the ground. The Church of England has never forgotten the shock of those indignities.

"Almighty God and heavenly father, who thine infinite and unspeakable goodness towards us, didst in a most extraordinary and wonderful manner disappoint and overthrow the wicked designs of those traitorous, heady, and high-minded men, who, under the pretence of Religion and thy most Holy Name, had contrived, and wellnigh affected the utter destruction of this Church and Kingdom . . . Protect and defend our Sovereign Lord the King, with the whole Royal Family from all treasons and conspiracies. Be unto him a helmet of Salvation, and a strong tower of defence, against the face of all his enemies; clothe them with shame and confusion but upon Himself and his Posterity let the crown forever flourish."

In the rubric of the Common Prayer there are to be found many directions that have to do with the life of the realm far enough removed from Principalities and Powers. They reflect to perfection the monotonous, humdrum, day-by-day existence of the Commonwealth that continues without change from generation to generation. Fathers, mothers, masters, and dames are exhorted to cause their children, servants, and apprentices to learn their catechism. No ordinance for the seemly conduct of a man's life is omitted. Even such

a practical affair as the making of “a last will and testament” is not neglected, and in one passage the Clergy are duly advised that men “should often be put in remembrance to take order for the settling of their temporal estates, whilst they are in health.”

Could anything read more unemotional, more homely than the arrangements to be made in preparation for a wedding? “At the day and time appointed for the solemnization of Matrimony, the persons to be married shall come into the body of the church with their friends and neighbours.” One would hardly have thought it possible that any religion, even by law established, could have introduced in so imperturbable a manner the celebration of love’s flaming passion, with most other nations a matter for flutes and pipes! The same pain is taken to render the celebration of the Communion Service matter-of-fact and sensible, to preserve, as the Prayer Book naïvely says, “the dignity of that holy mystery.” The wafer must be of “bread such as is usual to be eaten,” so the directions run, “but the best and purest Wheat Bread that conveniently can be gotten.” Finally, “in the black rubric” the frenzied disagreements that have always surrounded this wild Christian rite are firmly brought to an

end: "For the Sacramental Bread and Wine remain still in their very natural substances and therefore may not be adored; (for that were Idolatry, to be abhorred of all faithful Christians) and the natural Body and Blood of our Saviour Christ are in Heaven, and not here, it being against the truth of Christ's natural body to be at one time in more places than one." After so simple and solid a fashion might Sancho Panza have reasoned had his island estate demanded theological adjudications.

The second mood of the book derives from the early Christians, from the neurotic emotionalism of those dispossessed populations whose passionate zeal first spread abroad the faith. It is possible that the catacomb worshippers caught their tone of religious obsequiousness from their proximity to the Oriental forms of superstitious faith that were concentrated in Rome in the early days of the Empire. To a natural man there will always seem something unhealthy about approaching the mystery of life with a servility so abject. The deity is assumed to respond to the same baits that would appeal to the prayer-maker, who during his devotions transfers to God his own crude psychology—a love of personal glory, a susceptibility to the grossest flattery, and a

lively intention to avenge all slights. These early Christians demeaned themselves before God as before the great Cham, and were foolish enough to imagine that it only required the most elementary deceits to catch the attention of that mysterious spirit who “spreadest out the heavens like a curtain, Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: and maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind.” After the manner of men in a very early state of culture, they implore their God to rouse himself and come to their assistance for the Glory of his name’s sake; they bewail their manifold sins and wickedness; they confess themselves as being unworthy “so much as to offer sacrifices,” being nothing—“vile earth, sinful dust and ashes.”

Certain aspects of Christianity have never been suited to the English temperament, with its congenital thickness of apprehension before subtle spiritual issues. How strange upon our lips sounds the prayer for enlightenment “to acknowledge the glory of the eternal Trinity, and in the power of the Divine Majesty to worship the Unity.” Such Latin sophistries mean little enough to the Squire dozing on his well-worn cushion of red baize, nothing at all to

"Dairyman Dick—on Sunday Mr. Richa-¹ Crick." In prayer after prayer notes are struck that are obviously incompatible with the heavy, idiosyncratic complexion of the Englishman's mind. "Almighty God, who seest that we have no power of ourselves to help ourselves"—"We do not presume to come to this thy table"—"worthily lamenting our sins and acknowledging our wretchedness." I do not suggest that the English as a race are immune from sin-obsessions. Such states of spiritual disability, however, would never naturally find an outlet in sanctimonious insincerities. If use and wont had not dulled their attention their sense of good form would be offended, that national helmet of Salvation, under the protection of which all Englishmen conduct their temporal affairs, and with which at the last they fortify themselves against the stare of eternity.

In recapitulation, we find, then, that the ground influence that makes up the spirit of the Prayer Book is English, is the voice of England rising sturdily to the heavens from her counting-houses, from her ships at sea; rising to heaven from her chalk downs, from her mill-pond meadows, from her manor houses, vicarages, and cobblers' shops; a law-abiding

voice, loyal, uncontinental, reluctant to meddle with change.

The second influence is from early Christian sacerdotalism out of keeping in our opinion with the prevailing religious mood of the country.

What can be said of the third influence? Below the Prayer Book's insular truculence, below its apostolic casuistry, there flows a strong river of pure religion deep as life itself. It is from this deep river of pure religion that men of every faith can draw in their need. Again and again in this singular book can be found the tap-roots of piety in all their first earth strength. In this common service book men can come upon prayers that go down to the very marrow-bone of human flesh, prayers which no one need hesitate to utter, prayers coeternal with mortal life, congenital with that reasoning animal who breathes to live, and who of necessity, from the moment when he leaves the womb, confronts mystery, confronts eternity, confronts God. These prayers can be confused with no petty national preoccupations; they can be confounded with no pontifical make-believes. For the white man, for the brown man, for the yellow man, and for the black man they have the same high con-

sequence. None can escape from them, none can gainsay them. Their relation is below all creeds below atheism, out of the reach of human disputation. They are between the dust that is man and the incomprehensible that is God.

How our hearts respond to these elementary cries, to these simple tragic cries incident to our doom. Here is nothing for shame, here are no petty interests, no proselytizing designs. From the grass of the fields they rise, from the dry deserts, from the noble sea. It would be possible to compile an anthology of such prayers, of prayers that give expression to this elementary and incontestable religion. To illustrate my meaning I would suggest certain ones written in that honourable style that belongs only to what is easy to be understood and true.

A prayer to be said each day at the rising and going down of the sun :

“ We bless thee for our creation, preservation and all the blessings of life.”

A prayer to be said in times of economic depression :

“ O God, heavenly Father, whose gift it is that the rain doth fall, the earth is fruitful, beasts increase, and fishes do multiply . . .

grant that this scarcity and dearth . . .
be mercifully changed into cheapness and
plenty."

A prayer to be said in times of sickness and pestilence:

"That it will please thee of thy tender mercy . . . to restore the voice of joy and health in our dwellings."

A prayer to be said in the hour of death and again when the corpse has been made ready to be laid in the earth:

"Teach us who survive in this and other like daily spectacles of mortality, to see how frail and uncertain our own condition is. . . . For man that is born of a woman hath but a shadow of time to live, he cometh up and is cut down, like a flower: he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay."

And the most moving prayer of all, a prayer suitable for every sort and condition of mankind, a prayer appropriate to every generation scattered throughout the millenniums; a prayer plainly applicable to what we are—a breed of aspiring mammals with warm blood in our veins, exultantly, tragically begotten out of the riot of unhallowed matter; a troop of unstable phantoms, changelings of chaos,

Lords of our rabble senses, Lords of our
haughty minds, fearfully, awfully alive:

“ That it may please thee to have mercy
upon all men.”

